

December 22, 1965

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 22, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 30

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WORTH REPORTING

A YOUNG Australian girl living in New Guinea is a teacher with a difference.

She is the football coach for the mission school at Mt. Hagen, and she joins her native pupils in scrambled games on the Australian Rules football field.

Ria Smit, 24, has taught at the Divine Word Mission for 2½ years.

Secretary of the Australian National Football Council, Mr. Bruce Andrew, says she is one of very few women coaches. He sent her three footballs from the Council to help her teach "kickball," as the children call it.

Previously the children had made do with small cloth bags filled with empty coffee bean shells.

Ria, a former Melbourne clerk, writes regularly to her twin sister, Lucy.

As well as her football and sports training programs, Ria teaches a variety of subjects ranging from crafts to religion and social studies.

Dutch-born, she and her twin were brought up on their father's pig farm at Yarroweyah, Victoria, with six brothers and sisters.

They left school after their sub-Intermediate year.

"There wasn't enough money to educate us all," said Lucy.

At 18, the girls came to Melbourne and matriculated at night school.

Happy in her new life, Ria relaxes in her spare time by travelling on a small motor-bike.



● Ria Smit with small children at the Divine Word Mission, Mt. Hagen, New Guinea.

A dog's life?

WE heard an extraordinary anecdote from British multimillionaire Leonard Matchan (we featured Mr. Matchan and his secretary Sue Groves in a March issue) during his recent return visit to Sydney.

He told us in March about buying a plane just to airlift his alsatian dog Match from London to his Jersey hotel-home, but that isn't the only reason Mr. Matchan calls his pet "the most expensive dog in England."

"It's at the office all day long with us," he said. "We leave the office at eight to return to the hotel where we live when we're in London. For dinner, Match has the finest: two pounds of the best fillet steak — it costs £2!"

"Sometimes Match has halibut," said Miss Groves.

"At 11.30, I'm turned out for the dog to spend its last penny," Mr. Matchan continued.

"The dog will not foul the pavements. So for three years my habit has been to hail a cab, put the dog into the cab, and go round to Hill Street.

"I open the big iron gate into the office garden and wait. At 5/- cab fare every night, it costs about £110 a year for the dog!"

"Once in a while, a cabbie recognises us. 'I know, I know, guv'nor,' he'll say. 'Stop and wait at the fourth parking meter on the right.'"

OUR COVER

● Summer beauties have a cool, polished look (see page 19); the beauty on our cover is cool and very polished in a shovel-brimmed hat of fine "hot orange" straw. Picture by David Hewison.

They are namesakes

WITH Christmas so close,

Dorothy Dowling, of Adelaide, is thinking about Dorothea Dowling, of Sydney, and wondering if she has enough Christmas cake.

Dorothy Dowling, of Adelaide, says that while the namesakes were in London 13 years ago they had the same bank address.

Result: Their mail became so mixed up that they were eating each other's Christmas cake, receiving each other's letters, bills, and cards.

"Strangely enough, we have never met," says the Adelaide namesake. "I often wonder if the Sydney Dorothea is ever confused with me. I don't seem to be able to escape from it."

"Only the other day I was addressing a Rotary Club meeting where someone said how much they had admired my verse and enjoyed hearing it read over radio."

"Of course, the poet is Dorothea, of Sydney."

Nevertheless, the Adelaide Dorothy Dowling has a considerable claim to fame.

In her work as travel consultant for one of the Australian airlines, she opened up the centre of this country as a tourist attraction—she instigated the first personally conducted tours to Ayers Rock (including the famous Petticoat Safaris) in 1957.

A YOUNG man told us this story about women who come into his men's-wear shop at Double Bay, N.S.W., to buy presents for husbands, boyfriends, sons.

"Sometimes they ask for certain sizes, sometimes they gesture in the air to show us his size and shape," he said. "But almost invariably, when HE comes in to exchange the garment, he's such a little guy you can hardly see him!"



● Dorothy Dowling, of Adelaide.

Carols by Candlelight

BOBBY LIMB will lead the singing at the 20th annual Carols by Candlelight Festival in Hyde Park, Sydney, next Sunday.

The festival, which starts at 7 p.m., is sponsored by the Daily and Sunday Telegraph and Radio Station 2UW.

Proceeds from the sale of souvenir programs (2/-) and candles (1/-) will go to the Rachel Forster Hospital, Redfern.

Any time to spare?

AN S.O.S. to housewives or retired men and women who have leisure to spare is being sent out by the Royal Blind Society of N.S.W.

Voluntary workers are wanted to learn braille to transcribe books and music for the blind. Volunteers usually take six months to learn braille before they begin transcribing.

Anyone wishing to help can contact the secretary, Braille Library, corner Boomerang and William Streets, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 22, 1965

TENNIS and BULLFIGHTS

● Glamor boy of the visiting Spanish tennis team, Juan Gisbert, is not only a star on the courts but in the bull-ring, too. A popular amateur matador in Barcelona, Gisbert says bulls never scare him — "But I am terrified of Emmo."



Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt

SPANISH TENNIS PLAYER Juan Gisbert, an amateur matador in Spain, swings the cape in Sydney while fellow player Luis Arilla plays the bull. The fighting clothes were lent them by Brazilian Consul Mr. Carlos Zalapa, of Point Piper, N.S.W.

GISBERT will meet "Emmo" — Roy Emerson — in the Davis Cup Challenge Round, which begins at Sydney's White City courts on December 27.

"He is tougher than all the bulls," said Gisbert, who shocked the tennis world in September when he downed America's Dennis Ralston 6-6, 8-6, 6-1, 6-3 in the Davis cup interzone semi-finals. "I will really have to fight to kill Emmo."

Gisbert ranks number two in the Spanish team, which is led by Manuel Santana and includes Juan Couder and Luis Arilla.

Just for fun

"The Australian officials promised to have a bull for this visit," said Gisbert, who spent two months in Australia earlier this year. "I wonder if they remember — hope so."

Although he's been in the ring "many, many times," Gisbert has killed only two bulls.

"I don't like to kill the bulls — I just like to work with them in the ring," he said. "I don't have to kill, as I don't fight for money — just for fun and for my friends to watch."

"I haven't been with the bulls for some time now because I have had to devote all my time to tennis."

But Gisbert hasn't entirely missed out on the exciting atmosphere of the bull-ring, for when Spain won this year's "Copa Davis" interzone final against America, the scene was reminiscent of those after a famous matador's triumph.

The 6000 spectators who

had filled every seat around the centre court in Barcelona threw cushions, hats, flowers on to the court and chaired the victorious players.

"We were kings for the day," remembered Luis Arilla. "It was our biggest sporting victory for many years, and everyone in Spain was very happy and proud."

Santana, who in Spain's advance to the Cup final had played 27 sets and won them all, became a national hero overnight.

In fact, after they defeated India last month a gold medal was struck and a pop record written and recorded to thank Santana — for bringing glory to Spain.

The record, "Santana and His Racquet," is being played continually on Spanish radio, and reports say it is predicted to top the Beatles on local hit parades.

"I wouldn't say it will beat the Beatles but I guess it shows how big tennis has become in Spain since our victory," said Santana, whose success story is enough to impress people, both in and out of the sporting world.

When he was ten, Santana (the son of a 12/- a week laborer and the youngest of

By
KERRY YATES

five children) was given a free ticket to watch his first tennis match at an exclusive club, The Velasquez, in Madrid, and that's when he decided he wanted to become a great tennis player.

With a racquet shaped out of a plank of wood, he played daily for a year against a brick wall in a dis-

used loading yard near his home.

The ball he used was just a shiny black rubber shell, stuck together with adhesive tape.

A man stopped to watch him play one night. This was a banker, Juan Romero Giron, who was so impressed with Santana that he got him a job as a ball-boy at The Velasquez.

"Senor Giron made me what I am today," said Santana, who sold newspapers to save up for a tennis ball, the most expensive thing he had ever owned.

"He is — how you say — my fairy godmother."

Manuel Santana, who now lives in a luxury apartment in Madrid, and Juan Couder, also from Madrid, are the two married members of the Spanish team. Each has two children.

The bachelors, Gisbert and Arilla, hail from Barcelona.

In Spain, Santana, 27, is a public-relations consultant for an international cigarette company. Gisbert, 25, is a lawyer. Couder, 31, an industrial engineer. Arilla, 24, is at university studying economics.

"But with all this tennis we do not get too much time for work," said Arilla, who started to learn tennis when he was only five years old.

"Anyway, we like tennis better than work."

The Spaniards were very surprised to hear of the turmoil they caused by arriving in Sydney several days after they had been expected by Australian tennis officials.

In fact they believed they were early.

"We just stopped off in Tahiti for a little holiday on the way," said Couder.

With them is Dr. Mario Cabanes, the team's physician, who is also acting manager until their captain, Dr. Jaime Bartoli, and coach, Kurt Neilsen, join them.

"They are like racing horses — just rearing to go," said Dr. Cabanes. "The first night we arrived they insisted on coming straight to the courts — just to smell the grass."

Dr. Cabanes's job includes watching their diet ("plenty of fresh meats, vegetables, and fruits") and seeing they get at least ten hours' sleep a night.

Sunny days

Although the team has travelled extensively around Spain this is the first big overseas tour. They expect to be away from home about 50 days.

They have favorite racquets, but they don't believe in good-luck charms.

"But I am hoping for sunny days," said Santana. "We love to play with the sun on our backs — it makes us feel good."

Santana didn't want to say if he thought the Spaniards would win or lose. "So many teams come to Australia and get beaten 4-1 and 5-love, but we hope not to do that."

"We shall try to make it 3-2 — to Spain."

And if the Spaniards win?

"We shall go straight home — because Spain will be waiting for us," said Gisbert.

"If we lose, we shall take our time to get home . . . maybe via the South Pole!"

DAVIS CUP Spanish team—at left, Manuel Santana, then Luis Arilla, Juan Couder, and Juan Gisbert.



Inia Te Wiata—a life of song

● Singing or just talking, on or off stage, New Zealand's Inia Te Wiata is a man with a big, warm, basso profundo voice and a big, warm personality to match.

NOT even his full given Maori name of Inia Morehu Tauhia Watene Larahi Waihurihia Te Wiata seems too large for him.

Translated this means "the sun's rays radiating through the mists of the sea at dawn."

But for many years now his friends have called him "Happy"—and both names are equally appropriate.

Melbourne audiences responded to his cheerfulness five years ago, when they applauded him in the made-to-measure role of Tony Esposito, the "Most Happy Fella" of the musical of that title.

Now he is winning the same sort of appreciation all over Australia as the big-hearted, gallant cripple Porgy in George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess."

Inia, internationally known, and for many years a member of England's Royal Opera Company, is one of many New Zealanders in the cast.

Born in Otaki, 50 miles from Wellington, in New Zealand's North Island, of a Maori/Scotts father and a Scots/Swedish mother, he has been singing as long as he can remember.

"Maoris are singing people," he said.

"They have big gatherings, and when they are together they sing. This results in a natural voice-training and great breaking down of inhibitions."

When he was a very small

boy in Otaki, quartets, choruses, and groups, largely composed of his relatives, filled his days with singing.

At six he was chosen as soloist in a school concert and was later a leading boy soprano until his voice broke when he was 13, and he became a basso profundo.

"I joined an established quartet, sang at concerts, and became known as 'the baby bass,'" he chuckled.

Scholarship

His first tour of Australia was made as a member of the Waiata Chorus. Not long afterward he won a New Zealand Government scholarship to the Trinity College of Music and sailed for England and study.

When funds began to run low he decided he "might as well start at the top and, if necessary, work downward," and applied for an audition for the Royal Opera Company.

Another young hopeful who auditioned on the same day was an Australian girl named Joan Sutherland.

Since then, both have sung their way to the top of their profession. As members of the Opera Company they sang together in England, France, and South Africa.

Inia's first trip back to New Zealand, in 1958, was a triumphant three months' tour in which he gave 42 concerts.

Back in London he toured for a year in "Chu Chin Chow," and when he auditioned for "Most Happy Fella" it was his Broadway

co-star-to-be, Jo Sullivan, who shouted from the depths of the empty theatre, "That's him," as he started to sing.

Since then Inia has sung in Russia, America, made another tour of New Zealand, and toured South Africa in "Show Boat."

For the Royal Opera Company he has sung in "The Mastersingers," "Billy Budd," "Il Seraglio," and with Australia's John Shaw and Marie Collier in Prokofiev's controversial "The Angel of Fire."

Somewhere along the line he has managed to appear in British movies, including "The Seekers" and "Pacific Destiny," and on TV.

Inia's first loyalty is to singing, but he thoroughly enjoys straight theatre, movies, and TV.

It was his willingness to try his hand in a variety of roles that led to his first meeting with his charming, slim, blonde wife, Beryl, who, with their two-year-old daughter, Rima, is with him in Australia.

A New Zealander and an

actress, Beryl McMillan had gone to England to try her luck. Finding the breaks came slowly, she wrote some scripts about New Zealand and found herself with a regular program on BBC radio and, later, TV.

"One day I was waiting for a train in London and I saw this man in a New Zealand Rugby League blazer," she said.

"I wanted to go up and just say hello to someone from home but was far too shy."

By BERENICE CRAIG

"The next week we both appeared on a BBC-TV program called 'The Commonwealth' and I recognised him at once."

After their marriage Beryl gave up her own career to become Inia's professional manager.

As much as possible, the Te Wiatas make a threesome on travels round the world.



SINGING STAR Inia Te Wiata with his attractive blonde wife, Beryl, and two-year-old daughter, Rima, who are with him for the Australian tour of "Porgy and Bess."

"Rima hasn't seen a winter yet," said Inia. "This one in Australia will be her seventh summer in a row."

"She is a wonderful traveller. She was born in England, had her first birthday in South Africa, her second in New Zealand, and will have her third in Australia."

Inia is also an expert wood-carver. He does this in a big way, too.

His current task is a 52ft.-high pouihi, or Maori "pole of recognition," which has been commissioned by the New Zealand Government for the entrance hall of the new New Zealand House in London.

"I said New Zealand House needed a pouihi in the foyer, and they said, 'Right, go ahead and do one for us,' and had a huge totara tree shipped over for me to work on," said Inia.

"The totara, a type of pine indigenous to New Zealand, is wonderful to carve, with a mahogany-like texture."

"Normally the job would

take about a year and a half, but because I have been away so much I am about two-thirds through after two years."

The figures he is carving on the pouihi represent all parts of New Zealand.

"Traditionally, the pouihi stands in a Maori village and is carved to represent the people of that particular tribe. I have gone away from this tradition, but kept to the same idiom," he said.

"Long-range"

Restoring old furniture is another of Inia's hobbies, and the Te Wiatas' permanent flat in London is full of his handiwork.

One of these days they intend to transfer it to a house of their own, preferably in the highlands of New Zealand's North Island.

But although he would dearly love to bring his family home for good, Inia's commitments in England make this a very long-range plan indeed.

It's glamor for the garage girls

● Next time you pull up to a service station, ladies, have a look at your fingernails. Neat, aren't they? Polished, too? But petrol breaks nails.

IT'S hard to keep them looking glamorous when you're manning a petrol pump, checking dipsticks, watering radiators, and all the other odd jobs that take place on the driveway.

Trying to stay feminine in a far-from-feminine job was one of the problems that 25 women garage attendants discussed at a recent conference in Sydney.

They were gathered at their oil company's first all-female merchandising conference to discuss the latest ideas on customer relations, selling associated products like wax, keeping the stations looking attractive, and dealing with decimal currency.

Most are in partnership with their husbands.

"If you didn't work with

them, you'd never see them," said Dorothy Hempstead, a wife-partner.

For most couples work a 90-hour week between them. Another wife-partner, Lea Gonci, of Fairfield, commented, "It is difficult."

Mrs. Gonci, her husband, and their son came to Australia eight years ago, after escaping from Hungary during the revolution.

"We walked from Budapest, the capital of Hungary (by legs — walking), to the Austrian border. A farmer took us over the river in a little boat. It was winter, and my husband had our boy up here, on his shoulders."

FROM LEFT: Mrs. Hempstead, Mrs. Edith Jones, Mrs. Begg, Mrs. Baggeler, Mrs. Gonci.

She is such a dainty creature, only five feet tall, that it's hard to credit that she does such a tough job.

Freda Millard has worked in partnership with her husband, Bill, for 20 years.

"In this business you do housework in your odd moments—I often work as

much as 16 hours a day."

In what spare time they do find, they try to keep up appearances. Ann Baggeler, of Matraville, who migrated to Australia from Germany, has every Monday morning off: "Even before I go to the bank, I have my hair done!"



"I thought I was going to an easier job!" Nancy Begg said ruefully.

"But our customers give me fish they've caught, loaves of bread, doughnuts, bananas — it's really surprising."

This sort of co-operation probably results from her customer-handling technique.

By JUDE AINSWORTH

"I think it's always a good idea to call a lady 'Miss' even if she's in her 50s."

"Some chaps come in who look after their car. They forget their garden, their wife, everything—but they have a well-kept car. You can almost always sell them polish."

"But the little fellow with the twin carbs, he'll buy anything for his car—and go without food!"

One absorbing topic was

salaries. Did their husbands pay them?

One New Australian wife confessed that her husband didn't pay her a wage but managed all their bills: "When European husbands say 'no,' well, you can't have it."

"Hmmm!" sniffed a dinkum Aussie. "That's where we're different. I get all the money."

It was extraordinary to hear these well-dressed, feminine women arguing over the best way to clean windcreens in various kinds of weather.

Mrs. K. Purchasehouse, of Werris Creek, was especially elegant in cool white linen, but told the rest with great satisfaction how her theory had been proved right: "At our station there are eight men and me. They all voted for chamois. I still used paper — within a month not one of those men picked up a chamois."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 22, 1965

STORM OVER THE SNOWDONS

BEST OF BOTH WORLDS?

Criticism of the royal visit to the U.S. reflects British irritation that Margaret and Tony seem able to have their cake and eat it, too.

THE Snowdons relish their royal privileges — they make no secret of it. They also like to enjoy themselves in their own way.

In other words they want to have the best of both worlds. But in doing so, there is bound to be confusion.

A typical instance was the outcry in Britain following their 20-day visit to the United States last month.

The visit cost the taxpayers £A37,500.

"A damned expensive holiday," said Labor MP William Hamilton in the House of Commons. It was, he said, "one of the worst royal extravaganzas of the century," especially when the Government was telling British workers to take it easy with their wage claims.

"There is no doubt in my

mind that Princess Margaret regards herself as a private citizen," he said. "Fair enough."

"But on this basis she should contract out of the royal round, give up her £15,000 (£A18,750) a year, and live on her own very considerable income."

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

"They (the Snowdons) have enough money to enjoy themselves at their own expense."

Mr. Hamilton's outburst did not spark off the criticism. This had been mounting almost from the moment Margaret and Tony set foot in California.

One British columnist

summed up as Margaret and Tony flew home:

"It was not a dramatic tour, but given that royal tours have any purpose, this one seemed as useful as any other in promoting goodwill."

But not every paper showed this mildness. Here is a sampling of British Press treatment of the tour:

"The Sunday Telegraph":

"One day, somewhere, the memoirs of Lord Snowdon will doubtless explain how it came about that Princess Margaret's wish to see the United States as a tourist turned into an expensive, exhausting, and dubiously successful semi-royal tour."

"It will be known which minister recommended that public money should be spent on first-class air transport for a party of 14 which included, at least for part of the time, a leading London hairdresser."

The public wouldn't grudge a "good time" to Princess Margaret "even if it cost some dollars."

"But," added the paper, "about Lord Snowdon, opinion is more reserved."

"With his profession and his patrons (Lord Snowdon works for the rival "Sunday Times," owned by Lord Thomson) he is something more than a private person, something less than royal."

"There has emanated from this an unmistakable whiff of the expense account, for which the responsibility may lie as much on the other side of the Atlantic as here."

"The royal family as a whole has long succeeded, by scrupulous judgment and fastidious taste, in avoiding the kind of ambiguities which have marked this visit."

"The Daily Express" was pro-Snowdon:

"If we want to send the Queen's sister on a tour to promote goodwill, then we must be prepared to foot the bill."



In the paper, Robin Douglas-Home wrote:

"No other pair of ambassadors, apart from the Queen and Prince Philip themselves, could have achieved the same success."

He approved her taking her own hairdresser.

"Sometimes she had to change her hairstyle two or three times a day. Imagine the criticism if she had

appeared with a scruffy hairdo." And he considered the official itinerary "exhausting enough just to read, let alone go through."

"The Observer" was also sympathetic, although still in doubt as to the exact purpose of the trip.

"Like all royals on tour, the Snowdons were, of course, showing the flag. They were Britain's most prized exhibits on tour, but this time with rather more than the usual hint that trade might follow, a boost for British exports in the dollar markets of America."

But they had a few not-so-sympathetic words about Tony publicising his new, seven-guinea book on modern British artists.

"Like any commoner who has produced a book, Lord Snowdon made the best of his chances . . . Time and again he brought up the subject."

While some papers considered the 20-day visit a breeze, according to one of their staff, the Royals worked so hard that "they had us all on our knees."

"I couldn't do it again," said one of the Queen

THE SNOWDONS share an aside in Washington. Tony stole the fashion lime-light from Margaret's tweed coat and pot hat with his superb suit and high-cut boots.

Mother's pages, who was lent for the tour.

"They never went to bed until the last detail of the next day's program was thrashed out. And they were always up by dawn preparing for the day's events."

The Snowdons themselves believe they have a right to their pleasures which they consider innocent enough. They believe they pay well for royal privileges by official duties.

Margaret is rich in her own right. Tony isn't exactly poor if his pay (about £5000 a year) and royalties on his pictures are a guide.

But does this mean they should foot the bill when they are showing the flag?

And if publicity is what Britain was hoping for, the amount of editorial space the Snowdons got in the U.S. is the envy of every high-powered public relations man in the business.



"AWFUL CLOTHES"

MATRONLY styles, **seamed** (sometimes crooked) stockings, **overscaled accessories**, were some of the American criticisms of Margaret's clothes. They were not unjustified, as shown here by her dress (above, with President Johnson) at the White House dinner dance (left, with Mrs. Bill Welch) at the charity ball in Hollywood, and (right) at a ranch in Arizona. They were all British, and she footed the bill.





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 22, 1967

*In Vietnam, the story of a
nine-hour wait for . . .*

FLIGHT 200

By
DOROTHY DRAIN

● Three days the American sergeant had waited at the airport. This was the fourth and his 15-day leave was slipping away.

HE wanted to get to Korea. He had just finished telling me why when his flight was called.

It was 10.30 a.m., five hours since photographer Ron Berg and I had checked in before dawn at 8th Aerial Port, Tan Son Nhut military airport, Saigon. We had been scheduled to leave for Da Nang by Flight 200 at 6.30 a.m.

Correspondents wishing to go north to Da Nang should put their names down seven days ahead, we had been told. This we had done.

There would be no trouble getting back to Saigon, they had said. Getting OUT of Saigon was the hard part.

Not much wonder when you considered the number of American troops pouring into the country, and most of them destined for points north. One hundred and sixty-five thousand at mid-October count. Two hundred thousand promised by the end of the year.

The passenger terminal at 8th Aerial Port, a building that possibly once was a passenger terminal in the accepted sense of the word, was a shifting mass of jungle green and khaki.

Orange bonnet

The wearers were about two-thirds American to one-third Vietnamese. U.S. Army, Air Force, Special Services, Vietnamese Regular Army (ARVN), and Popular Forces.

The Americans were rejoining units or going on leave to Hong Kong and Bangkok. An envied few were headed home for the States. There were two nurses, one a colonel and one a major, old campaigners both, returning to Da Nang after leave.

In the distance I glimpsed an orange bonnet with khaki jacket and slacks. Some American servicewomen's unit, I supposed.

Six-thirty, seven-thirty passed without a call for Flight 200. We strained our ears when flights were called and lists of names were read over a loud-speaker.

Eight o'clock. Could we have dozed? I dodged through the crowd, stepping over kitbags and rifles, to the checking counter and saw the scrawled notice:

Flight 200: Delayed indef.
Cause: Tac. emergency.
Departure: Unknown.

"Tac" is short for tactical. A tactical emergency could mean carrying supplies or



● Sleeping, reading, waiting . . . servicemen at Saigon airport.

troops. There was a big battle raging in the north; any number of emergencies elsewhere. The night before, a flare ship (an aircraft that drops flares to light ground action) had crashed at Da Nang.

What this tactical emergency was there was no way of knowing.

The small counter labelled "Snack Bar" had come to life. At first, bare in the early dawn, it had looked like some kind of joke. Now two very small Vietnamese girls were selling paper cups of coffee for five cents. Also, from a battered old refrigerator, doorstop sandwiches — cheese and bologna. Not appetising, but a boon to the breakfastless.

Eight-thirty a.m. The sergeant beside me is pallid under a suntan, the look of Vietnam. He is the one who has been waiting three days to get to Korea on leave. Why Korea? So he tells the story:

Thirteen years ago, in 1952, he was serving with the U.S. Seventh Division in Korea when they took a village north of Seoul. Lying in the rubble was a baby girl.

"About two and a half months old, she was." (Indicating her size with his hands.) "Same age as my little girl I'd never seen, home in California. So I picked her up. Her mother and father were dead. An old man asked where I'm taking her. To an orphanage, I tell him. And I carry her in my arms. Right back to Seoul."

At that time there were hundreds of thousands of refugees in Korea. Children survived or not, as they

could. But the sergeant was determined. He found an orphanage and promised to provide for the baby.

He wrote and told his wife. Together they agreed to pay for the little girl's education. He had seen her once again when she was five. Now she was 13. And he was spending his leave in another effort to see her.

"We want to send her to high school. College, maybe. Just what she wants."

Yes, he had taken out papers for formal adoption, but these were not yet complete. But whether she came to live with him and his wife was up to her — when she was old enough to know her own mind.

The announcement interrupted the story: "Flight 103 for Okinawa." Okinawa was the first stage of the sergeant's journey. Then Japan. Then Korea. With a grin that said hooray, he picked up his bags. We waved congratulations as he went.

Still no news of Flight 200. Suddenly there is music from a piano accordion. Nothing is surprising now. Standing on a counter near the entrance to the terminal, under a sign reading "Incoming Baggage," is the girl in the orange sunhat.

She says: "Well, we're stranded here. So we said, 'Let's give the boys a show'."

She is obviously a professional entertainer. She would need to be to rouse the passively faces that form in a semicircle round the counter. But she does. Not to wild enthusiasm, but to appreciation of a break in the long monotonous waiting.

She is Kathy Nolan, of the TV shows "The Real McCoys" and "Broadside." A pretty girl.

"I asked Bob Hope what to bring you boys," she begins, "and he said, 'Take them a couple of cases of spam'." A half-hearted, polite response greets this war-weary joke.

It works up through powdered eggs to minute rice and the punchline becomes



● TV star Kathy Nolan, who went to Vietnam under the auspices of the Hollywood Overseas Committee.

obvious: "So I thought I'd bring a couple of little things that were my own idea and here they are . . ."

Two other pretty girls, Lois Roberts and Jill Jarman, join her in singing "There's Nothing Like a Dame." It goes down rather well and the audience increases. The girls are about to launch into another number when someone signals them.

I just have time to con-

firm their identity before they are whisked through a side door. Lucky people. Going SOMEWHERE.

Back to a seat. By now we have established claims on a couple of seats, which are a luxury, especially as three U.S. Air Force officers are taking turns to sit on one chair, and others are sleeping on their baggage.

The negro sergeant beside me is smoking a cigar and reading a paper-back entitled "Inspiration From The Bible." He is earnestly studying a page headed, "Check Your Power To Read."

Airfield guard

He belongs to a unit that guards airfields, is stationed at Da Nang, but two weeks after returning there he will be on his way to join his wife and six children in El Paso, Texas.

"I'll see the newest addition to our family," he tells me. "She is three months old and she was born on my 20th service anniversary."

"Australia? I met some of your Australian girls in Germany. My family were with me when I was stationed there."

"I was on my way to see my wife in hospital in Wiesbaden — we were having our second-last addition to our family — when I saw these girls hitching a ride. They had packs on their backs."

"I picked them up. They told me Australia was something like Texas."

Perhaps he is not so anxious to get to Da Nang when he is due home on leave so soon? Ah, but there will be a week's mail wait-

ing for him. His wife writes to him every day.

The notice about Flight 200 has been replaced by one concerning another delayed flight. It is nearly midday and the familiar heat of Saigon is at its peak.

The roar of jets, the whirr of helicopters, the music of transistors blend into a hardly noticed background. Another sandwich? But the refrigerator is empty.

"Attention."

"Passengers for Flight 200 are cleared from the terminal till 12.30. Repeat, 12.30."

If you knew your way round this vast airfield and its buildings, there would be some reason to leave the terminal; probably there would be something to eat. But we don't. Ron Berg wakes from a doze as a civilian jet passes over. "That's the flight we arrived on. It's going to Singapore." The civilian airport uses the same runways.

I go outside for a while, stare round at the planes, recognise the old D.C.3s lined up, still going strong. Note the bigger transports, the tiny spotters. Then I, too, go to sleep. I wake at 2 o'clock.

"Passengers for Flight 200. Flight 200 is cancelled. There will be no more flights to Da Nang today."

We will never get to Da Nang. Our time is running short. We cannot spare another day on the airport on the chance.

People mill around the Flight Check counter. The two nurses consult each other. There is a plane going to Nha Trang. They decide to take it on the chance of catching a lift farther north.

Suddenly I see a familiar face. It is the sergeant who had gone out the exit gate four hours ago, the sergeant who was going to Korea. When he sees my jaw drop he bursts into laughter, and so does the young captain with him. "Three hours we sat on the strip. Engine trouble."

"Look, there's Air France going. They could've put us on that," says the sergeant bitterly.

"I've a mind to pay my own fare," says the captain. "My wife flies into Okinawa in the morning from Springfield, Missouri. We were married three days before I left."

It could cost the captain something under 100 dollars if he could find a civilian seat. For the sergeant's journey it would be nearer 300. Out of the question. They fall to talk between themselves and we leave them, wishing them luck.

Four days the sergeant had waited to go to Korea. I hope he made it on the fifth day. But I will never know.

QUEENSLAND'S POPULAR



GOVERNOR Sir Henry shows the route of a proposed car trip to his daughter, Mrs. David Littell-Grainger, her husband, and Lady May. The Littell-Graingers flew out from Scotland for a holiday.



CAR BOOT is left open until the last moment before a trip because Sir Henry says that, like most women, Lady May generally has something important at the last minute that simply must go in.



SETTING OFF on a 280-mile trip to a property at Eidsvold, Queensland, the Governor drives the Rolls. With him went Lady May and Mr. and Mrs. David Littell-Grainger. Staff see the party off.

● The Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, and his slim, attractive wife, Lady May, have won the affection of thousands of Queenslanders in the seven and three quarter years they've been in Government House, Brisbane.

Pictures by Bob Millar



LADY MAY ABEL SMITH, wife of the Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, in the gracious drawing-room of Government House in Brisbane, which contains many of their own possessions.

SIR HENRY'S term as Governor ends in March, 1966, when they will leave for England, where Sir Henry has a mixed farming property and an Arab horse stud near Windsor, Berkshire.

Sir Henry and Lady May have a son, two daughters, and five grandchildren.

The elder daughter is Mrs. David Littell-Grainger, who recently flew to Australia with her husband for a two-month holiday.

They live in Ayton Castle, Berwickshire, Scotland, and have three sons and a daughter.

Elizabeth, the second daughter of Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, is now Mrs. Peter Wise, of London. She married a shipping executive.

The son, Captain Richard Abel Smith, farms in England. He has a daughter.

Soon after Sir Henry arrived in Brisbane, in 1958, he announced that he wanted to see as much as he could of the big State that he was to govern, and get to know as many Queenslanders as possible.

There's no doubt he has succeeded in these aims.

By JEAN BRUCE

It was a formidable task, because Queensland covers 667,000 square miles.

In spite of long distances, heat, and occasionally other discomforts, Sir Henry and Lady May have travelled many thousands of road, air, and sea miles to reach remote places.

Queenslanders in tiny country townships, on long, dusty dirt roads, distant properties, mission stations, and in lighthouses have had the chance to say "hello" to the vice-regal pair.

Most days at Government

House, Brisbane, have contained as many official engagements as could be crammed in. Generosity with their time has made Sir Henry and Lady May enormously popular.

The white stone three-storey residence of Government House on the heights of Ashgrove, overlooking the city, has gained in graciousness during their stay.

Oil paintings, watercolors, family portraits, handsome furnishings, glowing timbers, and good lighting have given Government House added warmth and individuality.

A swimming-pool was added to the grounds not long after they arrived.

Sir Henry is a keen bird-watcher, so on the way to his early-morning swim he often wears binoculars around his neck, and he has become familiar with many of the beautiful birds that come to the area.

He told me: "I'm anxiously

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 22, 1965

GOVERNOR



JEWELS: Lady May wears a diamond necklace, Sir Henry the star of the KCMG, for an evening engagement in Brisbane.

awaiting the return of the oriental cuckoos which appeared for six weeks last year at Government House—this is a very rare bird which has been seldom seen and reported in Australia."

From Siberia

The oriental cuckoo, quoting a museum expert, is a migrant that comes from Siberia, flying through India and New Guinea to Australia. It's 12 inches long, has greyish-fawn feathers on the back of the head, and right from the shoulders of the wings down it is barred brown and off-white. The tail is dark grey. Usually the oriental cuckoo arrives in Brisbane around January, February, or March. It never nests in Australia.

Of his stay in Queensland, the Governor said: "Queensland has given me a wider appreciation of

human values and humane achievement.

"It has given me a wonderful opportunity to meet people in every section of the public and see something of their daily chores and their remarkable successes.

"A lasting impression has been made on my mind of the splendid family spirit in Queensland — everybody always ready to hold out a helping hand to those in real need, in youth, sickness, and old age.

"Also, I have been tremendously moved by the way that humanitarian activities are sponsored and financed by the generous donations of the public, encouraged and supported financially by the State Government.

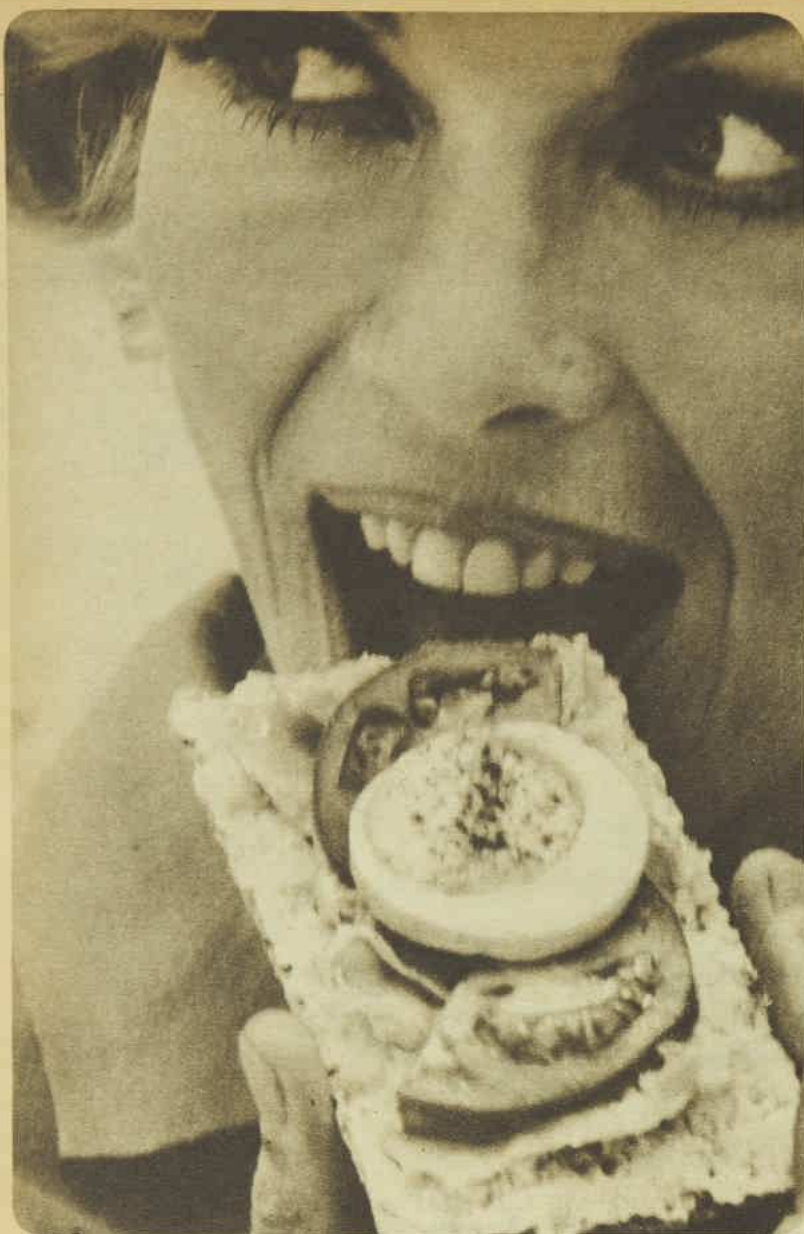
"I have been tremendously touched by the friendliness and kindness I have met wherever I have been, whether on the railways with the gangers, in the mines, in the factories, on the wharves, or on the sporting fields."



SIR HENRY AND LADY MAY enjoy an early-morning swim. The pool, backgrounded by gums, was added to the grounds of Government House not long after they arrived in Queensland. Much of the grounds is still almost natural bushland — very beautiful.



PRUNING ROSES with secateurs carried in his dressing-gown pocket is routine for Sir Henry before a morning swim. This particular day, he also took binoculars to watch some nesting magpie larks in the wooded parts of Government House grounds. This is one of his hobbies.



Sweden has some beautiful ideas

Swedish Smorrebrod: Colourful, fun-to-eat open-faced sandwiches. With tempting toppings you can yield to. With shredded lettuce, slices of hard-boiled egg sprinkled with paprika, garnished with tomato or red pepper strips. Or with any toppings you like, but *always* with the good rich taste of rye. The good rich taste of Ry-King. Crunchy, flavoursome goodness that satisfies and delights — with never a worry about calories. Try the king of the crispbreads, Ry-King.

After all, why should the Swedes have all the good things of life?

Ry-King

CRISP BREAD



Ry-King from Sweden with flavour!

RK23.5

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

DECEMBER 27 — the first day of the Davis Cup — will see the beginning of a round of parties to rival the current Christmas festivities.

Distinguished guests here for the three-day tournament will include the Governor-General and Lady Casey, who'll come down for the last day and will be staying at Admiralty House.

Also staying there will be the Governor of Victoria, Sir Rohan Delacombe, Lady Delacombe, and their daughter, Miss Frances Delacombe.

The Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, and Lady May Abel Smith (who will come down on December 28) will be the house guests of Lord and Lady Portarlington, who will have just returned from a trip to England for the wedding of Lord Portarlington's brother, John Dawson Damer, and Rosemary Hancock.

As well as private parties and dinners, there will be a dinner at the Australian Golf Club given by the International Lawn Tennis Club, at which the president, Mr. Adrian Quist, will be host; the Davis Cup dinner at Menzies Hotel which Lord Casey will attend; and the Davis Cup Ball at the Chevron Hotel when Dr. Cecil Morgan, chairman of the entertainments committee, and Mrs. Morgan will receive guests.

In deference to the visiting Spanish team (which includes Manuel Santana, who was recently named as the world's No. 1 player) the decor at the ball will have a Spanish as well as a tennis theme.

VISITING Englishman Peter de Peterson, who is staying with Dr. and Mrs. John Laszlo, sounds like the perfect guest. When Mrs. Laszlo suggested a dinner party for him he agreed only on condition he was allowed to do the cooking. From the property at Harden where he is spending a few days she received a telegram giving her a complete shopping list for the party.

THIS was one occasion when you really had to be dressed to be part of it — **THAT** Pop Art opening. Most stunning "with-it" outfit of the evening was worn by Raina Campbell. Made of vibrant pink crepe, it was a short "knicker dress" (trouser dress) worn above the knees, starkly simple with a polo neckline.

BUSY planning a surprise party for her son, Rush, who arrives in Sydney by air on December 21, is Mrs. Rush Clark. Rush, jun., is studying business administration at the University of Rhode Island, at Kingston, Newport, and will be in Sydney for only nine days to spend Christmas with his parents and brother, Jonathon. In his last letter home he told his parents he had just been selected for the freshman sailing team at the university.

EXCITING telephone call for Mr. and Mrs. Ian Thyrd came from their daughter, Helen, who was ringing from her own wedding reception at the home of her husband's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Craig, on Long Island, New York. Helen and her husband, Dr. Thomas Craig, are honeymooning in the West Indies at St. Croix, and on their return will make their home on Long Island, where Thomas is a psychiatrist.

CHRISTMAS in Western Australia for Anthony Wykeham-Fiennes, who will stay on "Anna Downs" Station, at Boyup Brook, with his fiancée, Prue Pearce, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward Pearce. Prue flies to Sydney on January 3 to make final arrangements for their wedding at St. Michael's Church, on February 24, to be followed by a reception at Royal Sydney.

OFF on Boxing Day for two weeks at Narooma, on the South Coast, where they have taken Dr. Kevin Hume's house for two weeks, are Dr. and Mrs. Tom Bateman and their family. They're planning lots of fishing, swimming, and general lazing, Mrs. Bateman told me.

PRETTY wedding planned for December 20 at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, is that of Raewyn Mullis with David Dorrington, to be followed by a reception at the Australian Golf Club. Raewyn's two sisters, Pam and Rosalie, and David's sister, Sue, will attend her, and David's best man, Ian Hall-Johnson, has flown home from Canada especially for the occasion and will spend a month here. After a honeymoon in New Zealand, Raewyn and David will make their home in a flat at Bellevue Hill.

GREAT excitement in the Edmund Collins family on December 5 at 3 a.m. when they received a call from London from their son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Collins, to tell them their grandchild, Angus Edmund, had just been christened at St. Paul's Church, Goodmayes, in Essex. It's the first child for Dr. and Mrs. Collins, who was formerly Ruth Cranna, of Northbridge.

NEWS of a four-month-old baby daughter called Belinda (her first child), and a new Georgian-style cottage with a mountain view in Capetown, South Africa, is included with Christmas greetings to friends out here from Mrs. Geoffrey Blooman, formerly Buntly Turner, Australia's original "My Fair Lady."



ABOVE: President of Torch Bearers for Legacy, Mrs. Lionel McFadyen (left), with the President of Legacy, Dr. Max Halliday, and Lady Lloyd Jones, who was guest-of-honor at the Torch Bearers Annual Christmas Party at Legacy House.

AT RIGHT: Newly engaged Miss Carol Henderson and Mr. Greg Schneider plan to marry late next year. Miss Henderson is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Henderson. Her fiancé is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schneider.





MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Keady with their attendants (left to right), Miss Cecily Wade, Miss Helen Lyons, and Miss Carolyn McAlary, after their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay. The bride was formerly Miss Louise Lyons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Lyons, of "Parmedman," Culargambone. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Keady, of Coonamble. A reception was held at Princes.



JUST WED. Dr. and Mrs. Peter Isbister after their marriage at St. Peter's Church, North Sydney, with their attendants (from left) Miss Sylvia Bardley, Miss Helen Isbister, and Miss Jocelyn Wilks. The bride was Miss Helen Fowler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. N. Fowler. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Dr. James and Dr. Clair Isbister. A reception was held later at the Australia Hotel.



AT RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. Peter McAuley, with their attendants, Miss Katherine Newsam, Miss Jeanette Cooper, and Miss Suzanne Sandral (left to right) at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel which followed their marriage at the Holy Name Priory, Wahroonga. The bride was formerly Miss Jill Sandral, second daughter of Mrs. J. C. Sandral, of Turramurra, and of the late Mr. E. H. Sandral. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McAuley, of Manly.



ABOVE: Miss Virginia Statham with Mr. Jan Utzon in front of the painting, "Love Minus Zero," by Martin Sharp, which was included in his one-man exhibition called Art for Mart's Sake at the Terry Clune Galleries. Young people flocked to the opening in way-out go-go gear — trouser suits, short little girl dresses, and mad floppy hats were the order of dress.

AT RIGHT: Miss Erica Greentree had some of the finer points of Sidney Nolan's painting "Burke" (from the Burke and Wills series) explained to her by Mr. Robert Ecatt at the opening of the Dominion Galleries Christmas Exhibition. Paintings included those by Cedric Flower, James Gleeson, Reinis Zusters, Donald Friend, Tom Gleghorn, and Robert Dickerson.



NEXT WEEK

★ Sixteen-page lift-out ...

CHRISTMAS COLORING BOOK



It's packed with drawings by Ron Laskie, all ready to color-in ... and it's just the thing to keep the children amused when there is "nothing to do"—a boon for busy mothers, too!

And:

★ Every fashion-conscious woman these days has a wig—

—and so does every teenage doll!

Impossible? No, indeed. We tell you exactly how to make ...

SMART AND } WIGS "WITH-IT" } FOR TEENAGE DOLLS

... the styles (all from one switch of synthetic hair) include pigtailed, a Mod cut, and a Shrimpton swing.

And:

We've got it!

★ Our new serial is the latest novel from the famous English author

MARGERY SHARP

It's "THE SUN IN SCORPIO," the story of a romantic misfit. Don't miss the first instalment.

And:



★ Fun, and easy for the hostesses (who prepare only one course), a PROGRESSIVE DINNER PARTY ... our menu is marvellous!

And:

★ FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS (simple and elaborate) FOR CHRISTMAS



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Odd customs!

I AM intrigued by the various, and often odd, customs that the male head of the house will adopt. Some, such as carving the Sunday roast, are traditional and handed down from their fathers. Questioning my friends, I have found that husbands, before going to work, perform other odd daily rituals such as pouring the morning cereal, clearing the table (but refusing to wipe up), and taking the mats out ready for the wife to sweep through. My own husband's special ritual is to serve the sweets each night at dinner.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Judy Morgan, Kendall Grange, N.S.W.

Such a question

HAVING to use reading glasses, I often mislay them. I then go through the house looking for them. My husband is always willing to assist, but renders me speechless when he never fails to ask, "Where did you leave them last, dear?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Brooker, Mt. Hawthorne, W.A.

Sunday clothes

A RECENT letter mentioning a little boy wearing new clothes and being given 5/- to spend by his grandma brings to me memories of this old custom in the north of England when I was a child. We would always have new "Sunday clothes" bought for Whitsuntide, and on Whitsunday, after Sunday school, we would visit our near neighbors and any relatives living nearby to be admired and be given a small sum of spending money "for our new clothes."

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. M. Christlo, Moruya, N.S.W.

Origin of compulsive eating?

WHEN my son came home very upset about something, I listened to the tale of woe and then gave him a biscuit to cheer him up. Then suddenly it dawned on me that this could be how turning to food for solace originated. There are many explanations for compulsive eating, but maybe it often starts with a well-meaning mum trying to soothe hurt feelings.

£1/1/- to "Not Any More" (name supplied), East St. Kilda, Vic.

To a child's eye

AT the christening of his baby brother, my two-year-old nephew announced in a piercing voice for all the church to hear, "Mummy, that man is washing baby, but he hasn't any soap."

£1/1/- to Miss Putland, Bungunya, Qld.

Did as told!

MY mother once left me to cook the potatoes for dinner. I was to do them in their jackets in the oven. She said their skins would not split if I put a skewer in them. As I had followed her instructions, I was amazed at her laughter when she arrived home. She had meant just to prick them with the skewer, but I had left a skewer in each one. She then told me of a friend who had been instructed that sausages cook better if a fork is put in them. The friend did so and the sausages were found with a fork standing up in each of them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Gaudion, Sandringham, Vic.

Got no torque

A FRIEND, who has an apprentice mechanic son, is quite used to conversation being liberally sprinkled with incomprehensible mechanical terms. But when, after a fruitless attempt to teach her the twist, he said, "Ah, gee, Mum, it's no use, you've got no torque," she headed for the dictionary. Torque's meaning? Twisting or rotating power.

£1/1/- to "Me, Too" (name supplied), Yass, N.S.W.

• A Barry Humphries EP record at the bargain price of 10/- is offered this month to readers of "The Bulletin."

Called CHUNDER DOWN UNDER, on one side there is "Snow Complications"; on the other, "The Old Pacific Sea." Both are popular numbers from Barry Humphries' current Australian tour and were specially recorded for "The Bulletin."

There's a coupon in the issue now on sale.

Ross Campbell writes...

PRESIDENT KENNEDY sometimes talked back to his television set.

I read this in one of the many books that are being written about him.

It adds to the picture of him as a very human statesman.

Most of us at times give the TV or the radio a piece of our mind. The temptation must be extra strong when — as often happened to the late President — someone is criticising you.

I can imagine how I would feel if a speaker came on the screen and said: "Ross Campbell is a disgrace to this country. He is ignorant, stupid, and unscrupulous. What's more, he is a bore."

Probably I would shout: "Dry up, you squirt! I'm only trying to earn a living." Or something like that.

I don't matter enough to be talked about on the air. Yet sometimes I feel things personally.

A man on the radio said this morning: "Remember, if you apply this cream, your pimples and blackheads won't stand a chance."

FREE SPEECH

"Pimples and blackheads yourself!" I replied.

Some of the songs on the radio provoke a word of comment.

One that irritates me is *The September Song*, which is about the worries of an aging ladies' man. He



tells a girl to hurry up and show some interest because he "hasn't got time for the waiting game."

Last time I heard it I called out rather rudely: "You old goat! Why don't you give the young chaps a chance?"

I don't talk to the TV set quite as much as to the radio.

If someone is creeping up behind Zorro I may cry: "Look out!" But I do not often become abusive.

I did make one effective retort to Professor Julius Sumner Miller. He asked in his aggressive style: "Why does wood float?"

I said: "Why did you wear that shirt?" If you've seen his shirt you'll know it was a good question.

The TV shows that get heckled most at our place are cookery demonstrations.

My wife has a grudge against a cookery expert who persuaded her to make a new kind of apple dumpling.

The dumplings were a terrible failure.

Now when this woman comes on my wife says: "What do you know about it?" or "You couldn't boil an egg!"

That is the great satisfaction of talking back to the TV set. You have the last word.

• "MUMMY, WHO IS YOUR HUSBAND?", a selection of Ross Campbell's writings, is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.

When a child swears

I WOULD like to offer my views on Mrs. Butler's problem of her six-year-old son swearing. As I see it, she has two choices. She can tell her husband and ask him to have a man-to-man talk with the boy, or herself warn the boy against so-called smart language, making it understood it will never be tolerated.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Thelma Buckland, Guildford, N.S.W.

IT is only a new word phase he is going through. When my lads started coming home with a few swear words, I introduced replacement words they'd never heard of and they soon forgot all about the swear words. They went off to school bragging about the big new words they had learned and could give the meanings of.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Gwen Wearne, Moc. Vic.

WHEN our son brought home his first swear words, no notice was taken until it became apparent he was testing Mum's reactions. Then, matter-of-factly, I explained that his new words were known to everyone, including Dad and Mum. When he found we were neither horrified, amused, nor ignorant, his "bombshell" words lost their appeal.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. L. Dunn, Berrigan, N.S.W.

WHEN my small daughter swore, I said to her, "Do you hear Daddy use those words, or Grandma, or Grandpa, or Robert?" and went through the names of those she loved best. "No," was her honest reply. "Well," I said, "they don't want to hear you speak like that either." And they never did.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Stevens, Timboon, Vic.

TEACH 'EM YOUNG — AND SAVE LIVES

● **Practically any child can learn to swim, declares a well-known Sydney veteran**

A HOWLING westerly had made my pool so rough that I decided there could be no carnival that afternoon.

But then the buses arrived, and before I could stop them 150 eager kids had spilled out of them.

Purposefully, they ran to the changing rooms. You could see the excitement in their faces at the prospect of an afternoon's competition.

They were the most enthusiastic pupils I had ever taught. But it had to be done and I approached the teacher. "You couldn't hold a carnival in that rough water," I said. "It wouldn't be fair to the kids."

He eyed me steadily.

"Couldn't we do something?" he said. "The disappointment would be terrible to see."

Several of the kids who had changed quickly were standing nearby. They sensed what was going on. Their pleading faces were more than I could stand.

"OK," I said. "Let's get on with the races."

My instructors stood at vantage points along the catwalk, ready to dive to the rescue of any kid in trouble. They weren't needed.

There was plenty of puffing and blowing and salt water swallowed. Some just made it, but every kid finished his or her race.

I had to present the prizes later. In my face the kids could see, I know, the admiration I felt.

It was no use trying to make a speech to them. They would not have heard me.

Because they were all deaf.

Start at three

This brings me to a point I cannot make too strongly. There is no excuse for not being able to swim. It simply entails having the will to learn.

Unless you are hopelessly incapacitated, you can learn to handle yourself in the water in some way.

Hundreds of deaf kiddies have been taught to swim at Watson's Bay. They came each week from the deaf school at Darlington before it was moved to the far western suburbs.

Then there have been polio cases; some with limbs missing and others with comparable disabilities.

Many parents, in my opinion, leave it too late to begin their children's swimming instructions. I believe that kiddies aged three can at least be introduced to swimming. They can become water-conscious.

The children must not be rushed. Their swimming education should be gradual.

My technique is to teach them the arm strokes and how to kick their legs in a series of land exercises.

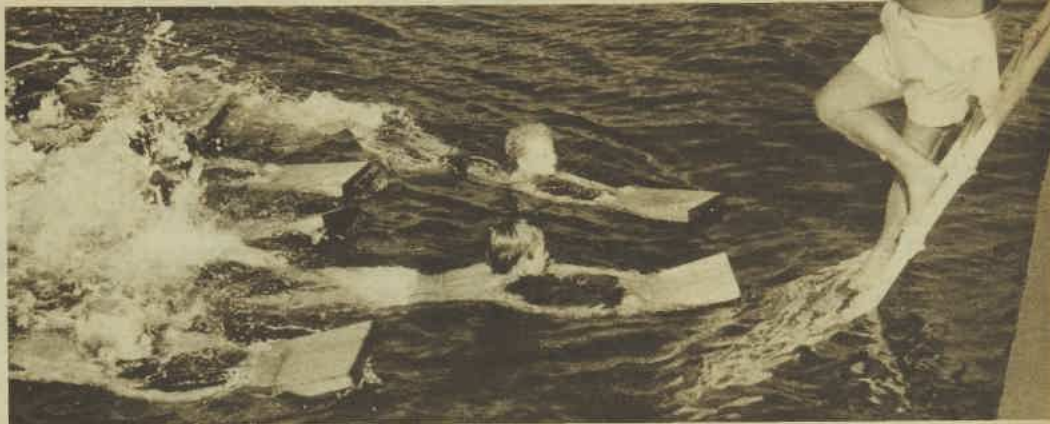
Then I put them into the shallow water with kicking boards, which teach flotation and balance. They can also practise their stroking with these boards.

When I consider they are sufficiently advanced — and not before — my instructors take them into the deep water, where they swim from ladders, generally in a safety belt.

Gradually, as the pupil progresses, the safety belt is held more loosely. Finally comes the stage where the pupil launches off into the deep without any aid at all. This is, briefly, my teaching technique. But there are many occasions when slight changes have to be made to suit the physique and temperament of the child.

I have found that family men make the best teachers. All my instructors have children of their own.

Getting back for a moment to the starting age, I might mention that a former Watson's Bay baby champion,



Don't create dangers. Too many people by their own thoughtlessness do exactly this, with dire results to themselves and others.

People who skylark in pools and beaches provide a classic example of danger-creating.

"Bombing," or jumping in on top of swimmers, is a particularly dangerous practice. A slight miscalculation can cause serious injury. I have a clubmate who was permanently disabled this way.

"Pushing in" brings peril

probably does not know that her three young children would be dead only for the fact that I managed to get there on time.

I was a beach inspector at Bondi at the time.

The kids were frolicking on the edge at the southern end, far away from the safety flags, when one became trapped in a swift undertow.

The other two tried to help — and they were quickly in trouble.

The three of them had been carried out nearly 100 yards when I reached them with a belt. All were frightened and sick from swallowing salt water, but otherwise unharmed.

And scampering about on the shore, barking furiously, was their pet dog.

It was the same old story. The kids and the dog will be all right at the beach for the day!

Letting them go unaccompanied might bring the harassed mother some relief. But remember, unless they are properly aware of the dangers of the surf they may never return.

If your children must go to the beach on their own, tell them to seek out the beach inspector and ask him where they should swim and whether he will keep an eye on them.

because the victim of the prank might be a weak swimmer or unable to swim at all.

"Ducking" can cause panic — and panic can be fatal.

All these practices and others like them should be strictly banned at any pool. They are at mine.

Allowing young children to bathe without supervision is putting them right into danger.

There is a mother who

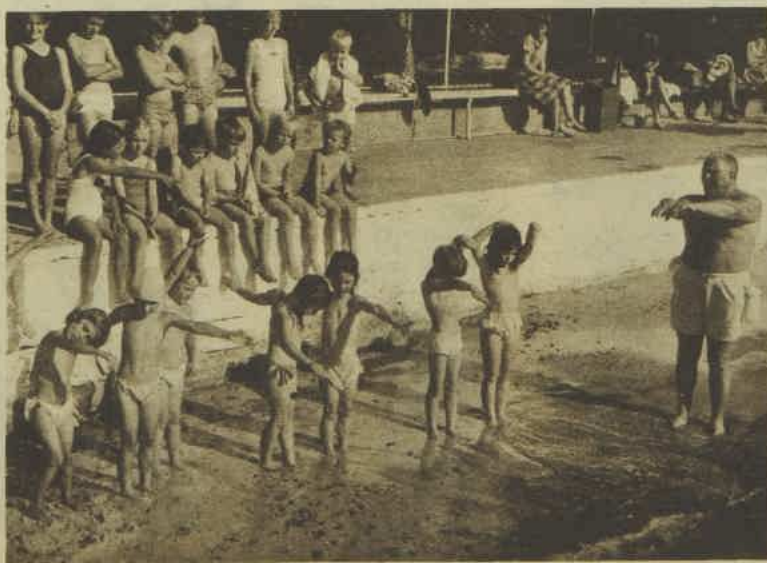
By ALF VOCKLER
proprietor of Watson's Bay Baths, who has taught swimming there since World War II

who swam at three, won two gold medals and one silver in his age group at the last State swimming championships.

And I believe the lad could go on to Olympic honors. He is Marcus Lincoln Smith, now aged ten. Watch for him.

Learning to swim is, of course, the first principle of water safety.

There are others equally important.



LAND DRILL is the first step in teaching children to swim, according to Mr. Vockler, who teaches hundreds each year. Once they learn the strokes on the beach, they're ready to try them in the water.



MR. ALF VOCKLER
with a few of his pupils. Hardly anyone, he says, is too young or too old or too weak to learn to swim. LEFT: Tiny Kimberley Deever all gets in some good kicking practice.

before diving should always explore the water to check its depth and see whether there are any snags, sandbanks, weeds, or rocks.

● People should never call for help unless it is needed. This is a stupid prank.

● On a surfing beach always bathe between the flags when they have been placed there.

● If you must swim on an unpatrolled beach, select an area where the waves roll evenly toward the shore.

● When caught in an undertow, the bather, unless he is a very strong swimmer, should swim with the current and at the same time try to edge across it. Once clear of the undertow he can then swim to shore at a safe point.

● Brickpits and quarries which contain water are menaces to the lives of those who swim in them. They must never be regarded as swimming areas because the sides slope into deep water.

● When entering a small boat, step gently into the centre and steady yourself with the hands placed on each side of the boat. When passengers are sitting in the craft, care must be taken to keep their weight balanced.

● If it is necessary for a person in a small craft to change his place, he should crouch low and move carefully along the centre of the boat. If somebody falls overboard, his rescuer should lift him aboard over the stern of the boat and not over the side.

● People fishing from rocks should wear hobnailed boots and never sandals, since these will not grip when wet. Try to have a mate with you.

Even on the beach there are dangers to be watched. Take your sunbaking gradually — a severe dose of sunburn could put you in hospital. Watch for broken glass, and don't offend by throwing it about the beach yourself.

On all occasions as a cardinal principle **USE YOUR COMMONSENSE.**



The inspector will be pleased to oblige. I know. My service in the job taught me this.

With the Christmas holidays approaching, this warning to parents becomes even more cogent. Take heed before it is too late.

Another important principle is to learn what to do in an emergency.

A knowledge of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation should have No. 1 priority. It is easily obtained.

The Royal Lifesaving Society and the Surf Life Saving Association are both only too glad to supply you with a practical demonstration or to provide literature for you to study.

At Watson's Bay I have formed a mothers' class in which lifesaving instruction is given every Thursday morning. Attendance at this class is increasing rapidly.

The following lifesaving hints have the imprimatur of both the SLSA and the Royal Lifesaving Society:

● Allowing children to use inflated water wings, rubber floats, rings, and tyre tubes can be dangerous. They may be carried out of their depth, panic, and drown.

● Diving into shallow or unknown water has caused many serious and sometimes fatal accidents. A swimmer

Television

"THREE BRIDGES TO CROSS," an ABC documentary to be telecast all over Australia on Saturday, December 18, illustrates vividly the scourges that grip the South-East Asian countries of Thailand, Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam.

The scourges are war, poverty, and disease, three bridges that have to be crossed before the countries can progress.

The documentary was made by three groups—by the ABC, who provided the director, Gil Brearley (see inset below), by NHK Japan, who provided the camera crew, and by the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East, who financed it.

Gil Brearley, the man from the ABC, told me: "The U.N. believes that if it can develop these countries economically in spite of war, disease and poverty will be wiped out."

He spent three months in South-East Asia on location. He was with a team of Japanese technicians, only one of whom could speak English. The official interpreter could speak Lao and Japanese.

All the film directions were a slow procession from English to Japanese, from Japanese to Lao, the language of the country, and from Lao to Mao, a village dialect.

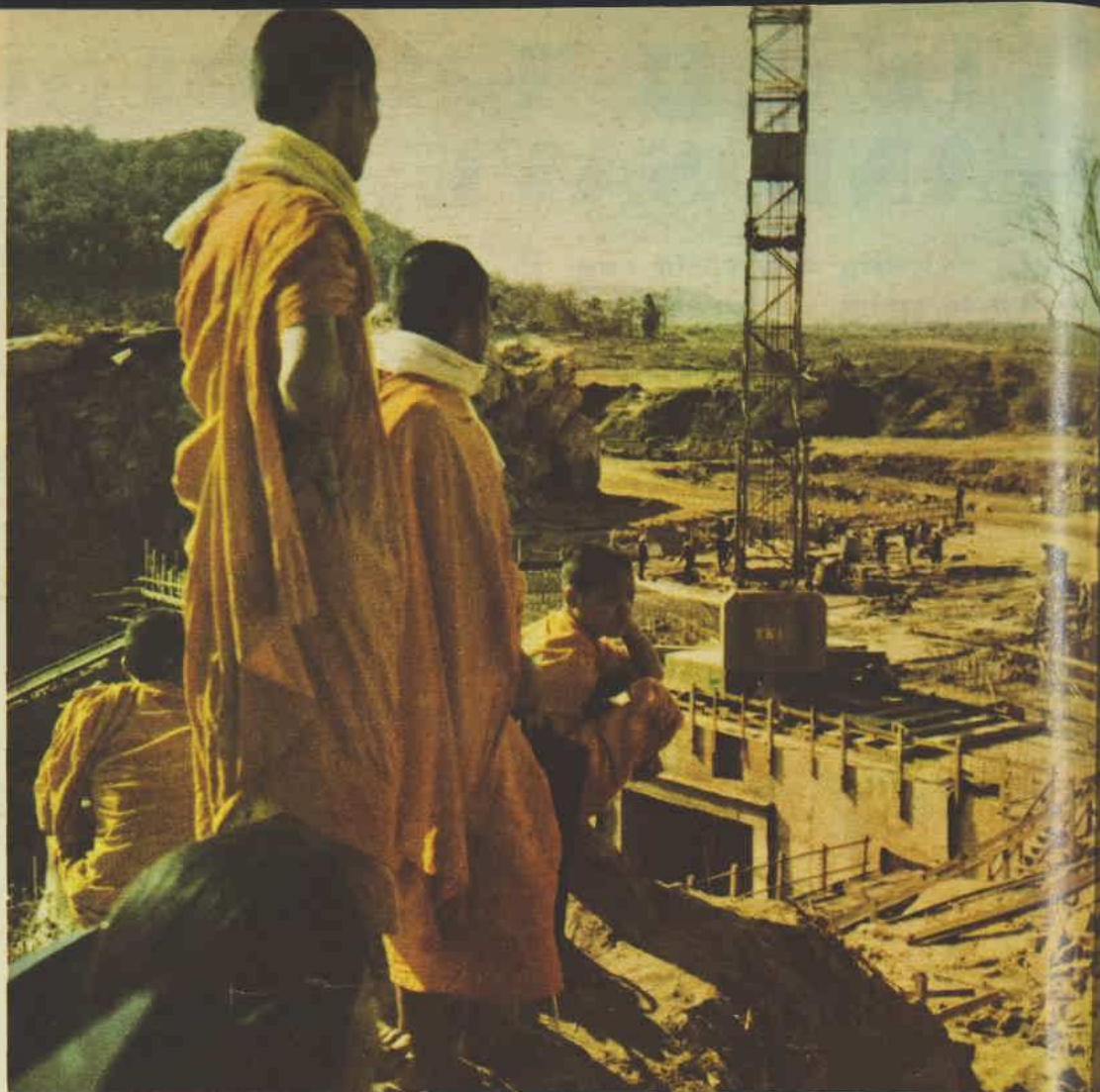
The water carried disease, and for weeks the only drinkable liquid was a local whisky called Lao-lao.

"I got to the stage of dreaming of a glass of iced water," Gil Brearley said. "The food was difficult, too. I used to try to get boiled eggs, and when I couldn't I settled for rice."

He had also to come to terms with local philosophy.

"When you see things that are frustrating, you must see them within the frame of everyday life," he said. "Some people expect hill tribesmen to have the same values about life as they have." — NAN MUSGROVE

BUDDHIST monks (right) look at the development of the Mekong River dam at Nam Pong, Thailand.



A TV-eye view of South-East Asia



GORGEOUS processions feed the souls of the people, even if they live in poverty. Here, the King of Laos rides in state.



TROOPS go to war, but not before they are blessed. In this picture Buddhist priests bless Thai troops in Bangkok.

• "Three Bridges to Cross" may be seen on December 18, on ABC-TV, at 8 p.m. in Sydney, Melbourne, Perth, and Brisbane; at 7.50 p.m. in Adelaide; at 8.25 p.m. in Hobart.

"Hey Frankie" (says everyone) . . .

"D'you know... there's a beach called Avalon?"

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The millionaire world of teenage idol Frankie Avalon is a world of hard work, discipline, and new goals. Frankie's aims are to keep the fans happy—and to win an Academy Award Oscar for acting.

FRANKIE AVALON, famous singer and TV star who flashed across Australian TV screens this week, is a poised, smiling millionaire aged 25.

Visiting Australia for the second time, Frankie appeared on the TV interview circuit, on Don Lane's TCN9 "Tonight" show and on a special edition of "Bandstand."

Sydney is nothing to him but a blur of faces, hotel rooms, and a place where everyone tells him straight off that there is a beach here called Avalon.

The first time he was here, in 1959, Frankie stayed two days to star in a Big Show at the Stadium.

"Then Sydney was the Stadium, a blur of faces, and my hotel room," he said. "It is the same this time, except instead of the Stadium it was TCN9's TV studios, and inside radio stations, and inside my hotel room."

The hours he spent inside TCN9 were golden hours for Avalon fans. The special "Bandstand" show he made was great.

Frankie sang "Venus," "Don't Make Fun of Me," "Beach Party," "Ski Party" (he came here to publicise the movie, "Ski Party"), "Let's More."

"I was very impressed with the standard of Australian TV at Channel 9," he said.

Impressive

"The show was done on a class-type level, it was very well organised and well-produced. For a one-day shooting job, I think it worked out fine."

Avalon is an impressive young man to meet. After spending half an hour with him I am quite prepared to join the Frankie Avalon Fan Club (Mature Division).

He is easy to get along with, co-operative, and has great dignity—a quality that one expects more from a young diplomat than a singer.

He is different from most

pop stars. He is a trained musician (he was a trumpet virtuoso, recording for RCA Victor when he was 11), he began his singing career as a rock singer, has gone on to standards (pop classics), ballads, and become an accomplished TV and movie actor.

Discipline has obviously been one of the key words in this man's life. Talented and all as he is, nothing but hard work and discipline could have made him the success he is today.

On movies, he is the idol of millions of the world's teenagers through the swell of surf pictures he has made. The latest, "Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine," he describes as a "fun picture," which is vastly different from a funny one.

(He is an accomplished surfer and swimmer himself,

exactly what I have to do from one hour to the next."

Frankie is volatile and gay. It must be rather hard for him to discipline himself into such good behaviour. He has remarkable poise, and talks entertainingly and fluently.

He has plenty to say, definite opinions, and is unabashed but courteous at all times.

Desert island

I talked to him in a small, crowded room with five members of his entourage gathered round, photographer Ron Berg clicking away taking pictures as we talked.

But we may as well have been on a desert island. He gave me his complete attention, his interest and concentration shutting us in, away from interruption.

Avalon is Italian, his real name is Avallone, and is an honest character who doesn't agree with his publicity handouts.

He is short but well-proportioned.

"I'm about 5ft. 7in. tall if I stand up very straight," he said, "not 5ft. 9in. like they say."

He is very slim, weighs 9st. 4lb., although his favorite food is "good old spaghetti with meat sauce," is slim-hipped, has small, well-shaped hands, size 8 feet.

His skin is olive, he has a very good suntan, and thick hair that fits his head close and tight. He does not favor long hair, likes his cut close, and wears it without a part, en brosse.

His eyes are such a dark brown they look almost black, and his teeth are bright-white and even. I thought they must be capped, but they are not.

"My wife, Kay, was a dental technician, and she sees I look after my teeth," he said.

"You should see her teeth. They are wonderful. They are white and even, and she has a lovely smile. She does a lot of TV commercials for toothpaste."

Frankie's wife is obviously top of the hit parade with him. "Her hair is terrific, too," he said. "She is blond



FRANKIE AVALON on his second visit to Australia. Eager fans bruised his neck, but the forehead scar came from a childhood fall.

and very pretty, and does commercials for hair preparations, too."

The Avalons were married in 1963. They have two sons, Frankie Jr., 2, Tony, 1, and are expecting their third child in April.

Frankie's name used to be coupled with Annette Funicello, one of the most famous Mousketeers of the Mickey Mouse Club.

"We used to date at one time," he said. "Annette is a very lovely girl, very sweet. Last January she married my agent, Jack Gilardi, who is also one of my very best friends. Just two weeks ago she had a little girl and I was godfather for the baby."

Had marriage and a family tarnished his image as a teenage star?

"Everyone asks me that," he said. "You know what I think? I think that is strictly an old-fashioned idea."

"It started, I believe, during the days of the 1940s when the movie studios played it big with the stars they had under contract. They didn't want their stars to get married."

"They thought it would hinder a star's career, but it has been proved, over and over, that it really is not true today."

"That went out. Why, it made no difference to those old movie men like Clark Gable—they used to call him 'The King'—and, say, Gary Cooper. And look at the Beatles. Two of them are married, and it hasn't hindered their careers."

"Marriage certainly hasn't hindered mine. I am more popular today, and certainly make more money than I did when I was single."

"Marriage is not the important thing in an image.

The important thing is the performance you give.

"You have to work hard and keep trying to improve and give a better performance."

As far as TV goes, there is hardly a show Frankie hasn't appeared on... the Red Skelton, Perry Como, the Ed Sullivan, the Jackie Gleason shows. You name it, and he can tell you about it.

In the series shows he has guest starred in "Combat," "Burke's Law" several times, "Rawhide," "The Eleventh Hour," and many others.

He enjoys good, strong dramatic roles.

He likes the choice his versatility gives him—singing, playing, acting.

"To be honest I don't care what I do. What I like is to perform. I guess I am a natural born ham. Some people like reading, painting, watching. Some people like to entertain. I'm one of them. I love it."

Horror films

Frankie enjoys TV and his favorite thing is watching old movies. "I like the old Bela Lugosi pictures—'Dracula,' and all the horror stuff."

Frankie says he learns a lot from the old movies. What he is setting out to do now is to keep his fans happy and win himself an Academy Award for acting.

I don't doubt he will do both. He will watch and learn and discipline himself into being an Academy Award actor, keep fit (100 push-ups a day, plenty of swimming), and keep his fans happy.

Fans he just loves. He says they make "a sweet noise" when they yell and scream for him, and he even comes smiling out of closer, more painful contact with them.

Two hours before I saw him he had run the gauntlet at a radio station.

He had nearly lost his shirt, still bore the marks of one of their attentions—what looked like the beginning of a bruise on his neck down beside his ear.

"Did she try to bite you?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I think she put all her affection into a karate chop. That's what it felt like."

The neat scar over Frankie's eye didn't come from fans. It is the result of a cut that had to be stitched when he skidded and fell on an iced-up Philadelphia footpath when he was eight years old.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, when she came into the kitchen with a cup of sugar: "What in the world would we ever do without neighbors? Wouldn't you know I'd run out of sugar just as I started to make a cake... and what would we do without neighbors? How many times have you borrowed their shovel or lawnmower or an onion? And for that matter, how many times have they borrowed something from you? Aren't you glad you have somebody just next door to call in times of strife? Oh, you may have little spots, but isn't it nice to think that if you ever need help it's just next door?"

Momma's moral! A good neighbor is one who, when he wants to borrow your corkscrew, asks you to bring it over.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 22, 1965

Ugliness—it's the fun

• **BOW LEGS, BUMPY NOSES—
A MODEL WITH A BROKEN
TOOTH WAS "BRILLIANT"**

SUPERB
trouser suit,
perfect for lazy
Sunday
luncheons, was
made for Di by
two young Eng-
lish designers
22-year-old Mar-
tin Pallant and
his wife, Jean.



DISCOTHEQUE GEAR—
vibrant Thai silk knickers
worn under a backless halter-
neck coat, cleverly sequined
on the lining of the hemline.



WIDE TROUSERS—all the rage
in Paris—are featured in this
plaid-patterned Indian silk
trouser suit. Di bought the silk
in a Cannes, France, boutique.

By **MARY ELLEN JOHNSON**

● Classical beauty, or even a pretty face, no longer takes a girl to the top in Paris photographic modelling, according to Sydney model Di Young. Women should be plain. Better still, **UGLY!**

IT'S all a kind of super-sophistication — part of the new way-out look," explained Di, 21, who returned to Australia recently to spend Christmas with family and friends in Sydney, after working overseas as a photographic model for two and a half years.

"This look was highly developed in Paris, especially," said Di.

"There, a girl with skinny, bandy legs, crooked teeth, a bumpy nose, or millions of freckles was far more popular for photographic work than the most beautiful girls.

"I remember one girl who had capped front teeth, and one day lost one cap, leaving an ugly half-tooth showing. "For two weeks, while the dentist made her another, she was booked for more jobs than ever — looking absolutely horrible.

"But she was regarded as brilliant for this way-out thing."

Di said other girls with quite perfect complexions would take great trouble to paint on false freckles with

brown make-up — the more the better, for the "plain ugly" look.

"Only one concession to traditional beauty has survived — and that is eyes," said Di.

"They must be large and wide-set."

Di first travelled to England in 1963, after working in Sydney as a model with a well-known Sydney agency for a year, and signed on with a leading London agency in August of that year.

"I worked in London for 14 months," said Di.

LOTS OF SHRIMPONS

"Although I eventually earned an average of about £A50 a week, I was 'just another model' doing mainly junior-sophisticate photographic and mannequin work."

In contrast to Paris, Di said, in London the classical beauties like Grace Codrington and Tanya Mallet still reigned supreme as far as top jobs are concerned.

After them, the popular Shrimpton prototype—long-haired, wide-eyed and

"pretty" — was "a dime a dozen."

In October, 1964, Di left London to seek work with the Ford Agency in New York.

"But unfortunately I wasn't able to get a working permit from the Government, so it was a three-month holiday for me, instead.

"Then I ran out of money, so before I reached starvation level, I decided to go to Paris to try my luck there."

It was the best thing Di could have done. Paris Planning—the big Paris agency whose topflight names have included Australians Margo McKendry and Maggi Eckardt — fell for Di's thin 5ft. 7in. frame, off-beat looks, and personality.

"Much to my consternation, they delightedly announced: 'Ah! vous êtes une fille vraiment moche' (meaning plain, or ugly!)."

"Before I knew it they had invented a new name for me—Diayoung (pronounced dee-ar-yoong)—and I was suddenly averaging £A200 a week!

"I finished up working there for nine months."

In Paris Di worked with "the current big-deal glossy

SAME DRESS,
two colors:
Dinner - dress
version of the
'Thirties Look
(left and
right). "Jean
and Martin
had film star
Harlow in
mind when
they designed
it," said Di. It
is barebacked
and halter-
necked with a
long back tie.



look for models

(The same girl, but you'd hardly know)

BOY LOOK, GIRL LOOK



LITTLE BOY LOOK: Di achieves it with authentic gear—boy's jeans and shirt from London, a "Steve MacQueen" suede motorcycle jacket from Paris, cowboy boots, and slicked-down hair. **LITTLE GIRL LOOK:** Jersey vest-dress from Sally Tuffin and Mary Foale, London, teams with long socks and quaint patent flats.

photographer," 30-year-old Jean Loup Sieff.

She was featured in fashion magazines including "Elle," "Brigitte," "Jardin des Modes," and "Marie-Claire" (for whom she covered the 1965 winter collections).

"Jean, and in fact most of the French photographers, encouraged a natural approach to the camera," said Di.

"They like to photograph you as YOU are, not the way a fashion editor or advertising agent thinks you ought to be."

"I often stand pigeon-toed unconsciously—I have never outgrown it since I was a little girl—and they adored using this in shots."

Di said that chic girls in Paris are wearing:

- Long straight hair
 - Bare brown legs
 - Wide trousers for EVERY occasion
 - Almost no make-up — just a hint of lipstick and eyeshadow
 - Short, short skirts
 - Chanel accessories (bags ALWAYS over the shoulder)
 - Thick-heeled "granny" shoes
 - "Little boy" clothes with jeans, T-shirts, caps, ties, and suede jackets
 - "Little girl" clothes with long white socks, patent-leather shoes, and hairbands or pigtails
- Many champions of these two looks have a practised "little girl" walk and stance,

as opposed to the "little boy" swagger.

Di herself considers that absolute simplicity is of prime importance in her own clothes.

"I like gear that shows off your figure — but in a subtle, unobtrusive way," she said.

"My favorite colors are pale — beige, cream, white, and brown — and I place a lot of importance on fabric texture."

"For instance, I never wear tweed or linen because I think it has an ugly touch to the skin — but I LIVE in cashmere wools, silks, chiffons, and crepes, because they are so soft and feminine."

"For casual wear I live in jeans and T-shirts — and for a more dressed-up look, I adore culottes and trouser suits, and starkly simple little nothing dresses with short, short skirts and bare backs — and plain rather than patterned fabrics to give complete emphasis on the cut and line."

"SWINGING PEOPLE"

The startlingly simple "gear" that Di is pictured in on these pages are from her own wardrobe, and were nearly all made for her by a young English couple, 22-year-old Martin Pallant and his 21-year-old wife, Jean.

"They are swinging people who met at design school, married, and have now set up shop in the sitting-room of their flat in Surrey."

"I met them at a parade

in a London boutique when I wore some of their things, which I loved so much that I ordered a complete wardrobe."

"Their big hero is Balenciaga, and they have managed to achieve something of his superb craftsmanship and cut in their work."

The Pallants have also been responsible for a mild "return-to-the-thirties look" in London — with the simple, sexy clothes of that era, bare-backed crepes with halter necks, square-shouldered jackets that "hang" to a belted waist, even peep-toe shoes. But always with one concession to the 'sixties. Hemlines are SHORT.

One rule laid down by Jean and Martin, Di says, is that these clothes may only be worn by girls with slim, boyish figures, and legs to match.

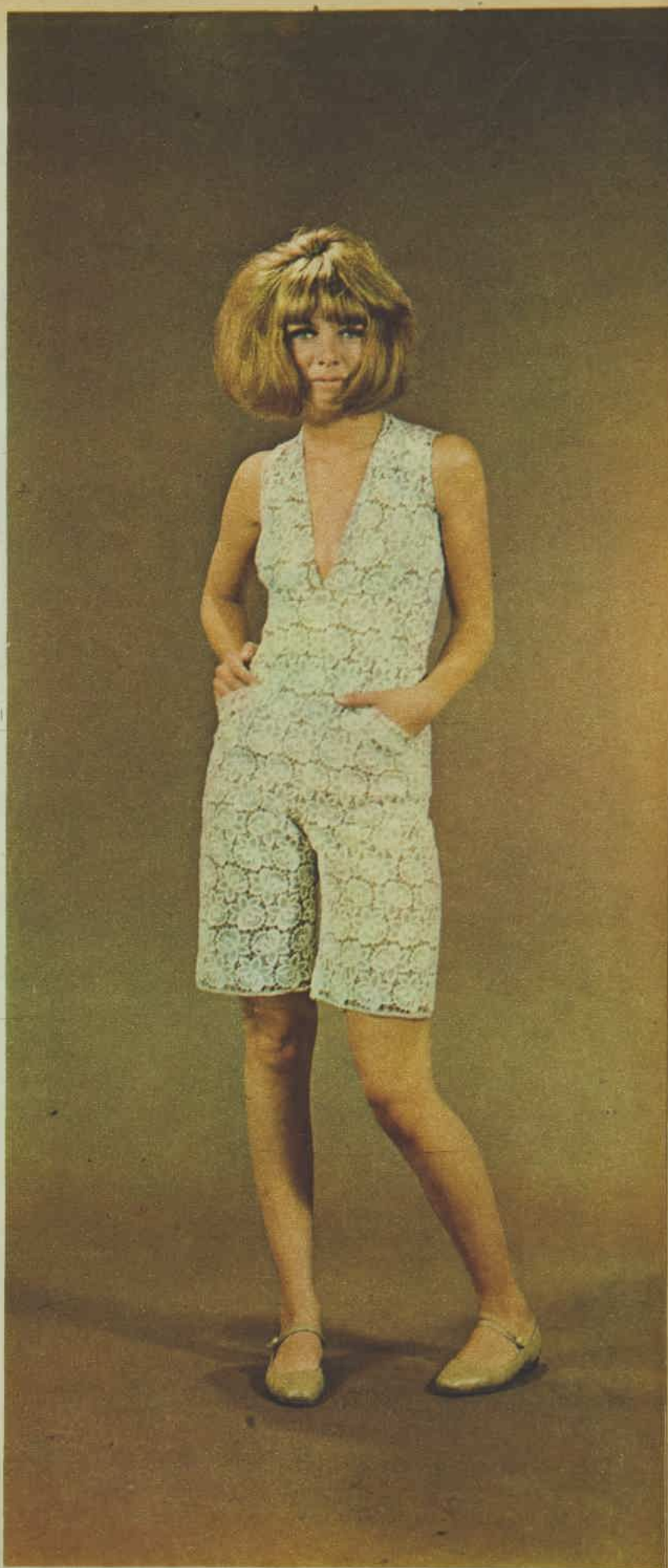
Di plans to resume her modelling career early next year overseas — in New York if possible — but will always come home to Australia.

"I shall probably eventually end up living happily ever after with my Australian boyfriend — but at my age, an exciting life abroad is too tempting to miss."

And for Di, "exciting" could mean a repeat of any of these things:

- A basement flat in London, just a few doors away from photographer David Bailey (famous, not only as a fashion photographer but

Continued on page 38



PARIS calls this look "Le Petit Chat"—a lace "knicker dress," lined with skin-colored organza, is worn with an innocent expression, an untidy mane of hair, and little-girl shoes. Di finds it useful for cocktail and discotheque wear.

Pictures, all featuring Di Young in her own clothes, by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.



give new 'young look' gifts by three flowers

New designs by Donald Deskev of New York for the traditionally famous Three Flowers fragrance

The advertisement features three main products from the Three Flowers line, set against a deep red background decorated with Christmas ornaments and pine branches. On the left is a tall, clear glass bottle of 'three flowers talcum powder' with a gold-colored cap and a label featuring the brand's logo. To its right is a smaller, clear glass bottle of 'three flowers skin perfume' with a gold-colored cap and a similar label. On the far right is a tall, white, cylindrical container of 'three flowers talcum powder' with a gold-colored cap and a label featuring the brand's logo. The products are arranged in a slightly overlapping manner, creating a sense of depth. The overall aesthetic is elegant and festive, typical of mid-20th-century advertising.

GIFT SET 11/6

SKIN PERFUME 6/11

TALC 3/11 & 7/11

three flowers FOR YOUNG WOMEN OF ALL AGES

MAKE-UP MAGIC

FOR SUMMER

● Make-up — HOW you wear it and the colors you wear WITH it — makes all the difference between a look that's just average and one that is cool and polished. On this page three color-wise girls show how they make their beauty blossom by wearing varied shades and types of make-up to set the background and harmonise with their colorful summer outfits. Study these hints and you can do the same.

—CAROLYN EARLE



APRICOT-RIPE shades in make-up base and powder welcome sunny clothes colors (left), and a soft mouth sketched in pale pink is emphasised with a neutral outline. Mix light and dark brow-pencil to peak eyebrows and keep a light natural look. Paris models adapted this new 1965 eye make-up based on blued-white eyeshadow which gives them a delicate and clear-eyed look inside a frame of lashes brushed with brown mascara. Model tricks are now fair play.



TAN-UP time calls for matching sun-tan foundation and powder for daytime. When you wear cool colors (such as the blue linen suit at left), a bold wash of blue eyeshadow on upper lids lights up the whole face. Start shadow right behind lashes and continue upwards in ever-diminishing depth to the pencilled browline. Keep lashes lassy with lots and lots of mascara. Pretty, rosy-pink lip color sweetens the smile.



LIGHT, honey-beige foundation and powder, and a smooth blush of rouge on the cheeks is the color background of this young brownette in her elegant cyclamen-pink linen suit with printed silk blouse (right). Here the idea is to give the skin a transparent glow and add two signature notes — clear lipstick of intense cyclamen-pink and eyelids lined with a band of bright blue. Lashes are darkened to roots with brown mascara applied thinly.



Planters nuts
are a product
of
Reckitt & Colman

Planters

MIXED NUTS



ALL THE FAVOURITES

WALNUTS ALMONDS CASHEWS HAZELNUTS
BRAZILS

THE BIGGEST NUTS IN CAPTIVITY



PEANUTS

Planters nuts are the
biggest, crunchiest
you've ever tasted.
Freshest, too, in
vacuum-sealed cans



CASHEWS

TWISTING
Twisting happily at the liveliest
parties, pretzels are the perfect
salt or cheese
PLANTERS KNOT PRETZELS

SLIM & JANE

Planters
knot
pretzels



WHAM!

NEW A RECKITT & COLMAN PRODUCT

Planters
dry roast peanuts



**DRY
ROAST**

Exploding on to the Christmas party scene
DRY ROAST NUTS, newest nuts in
Planters Big Parade. Sensational crunchy dry
peanuts and cashews in salt and spice coat-
ing. They're dynamite!

CHRISTMAS PARADE!

WORLD'S SLIMMEST PRETZELS

PLANTERS

Slim JANE

MINI-PRETZELS

CRISPER!

6 OZ. NET WT. A RECKITT & CO. PRODUCT

Still-slim sticks of salt-studded goodness! A new performer... Smoky, delicious **Barbecue Flavour** plus the old favourites—salt, cheese or celery. Gift tins, cartons or cellophane packs.



FOR THE WELL DRESSED CHRISTMAS STOCKING

For the well-dressed Christmas stocking a scarlet Santa filled with sugar-coated princess peanuts a toy and treat in one!

EAT THE NUTS NOW

Planters Beechwood Bowl Chocolate

Eat the nuts now... keep the bowl for later. Another tremendous Planters gift pack. The bowl is beechwood, the nuts salted assorted.

PLANTERS COLOURFUL BEER STEIN

Planters Beer Stein

Planters colourful beer stein filled with salted peanuts. Fill it with beer later.



SURPRISE

First eat your cashews! Surprise! A rose vase! Magic? No. Planters prettiest gift pack.

MAGIC





McWilliam's Cocktails are the easy way to successful entertaining. With the range of palate-pleasing McWilliam's Cocktails available, you mix long drinks as easily as this: 1½ oz. Cocktail, fill tall glass with cold lemonade or ginger ale. If desired, you can embellish with ice and a slice of lemon or cucumber rind. Serve ice cold.



SIX PALATE-PLEASING FLAVOURS TO CHOOSE FROM:
Cherry, Tropical Fruit, Banana, Apricot, Manhattan,
Martini



For Christmas entertaining play it cool with
McWILLIAM'S
 cocktails



— Picture by Mr. M. Holmes,
West Ryde, N.S.W.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

PLACES OF THE SUN

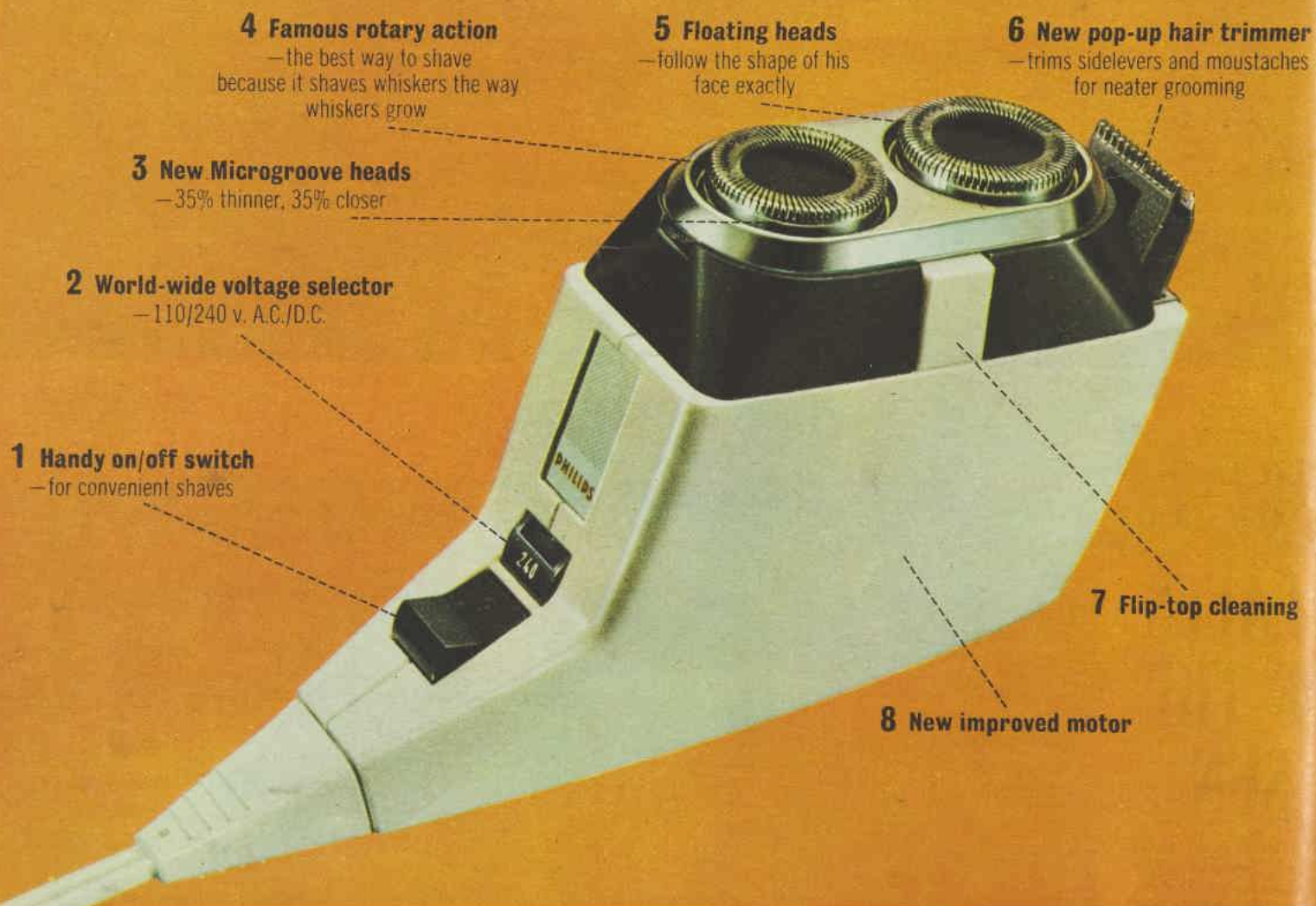
LORD HOWE ISLAND (above), from the top of Malabar, looking toward Mt. Lidgbird (2499ft.) and Mt. Gower (2835ft.). The small island is Mutton Bird Island.

SEAL ROCKS (right), where jagged rocks rise out of the sea to form a promontory at the north end of Sugarloaf Point. Only 192 miles north of Sydney, this beautiful spot is popular with holiday-makers, who can find accommodation in the local camping ground or in rented houses.

— Picture by Adelle Hurley,
North Queensland.



8 reasons why totally new Philishave is the best Christmas gift of all



Give him totally New Philishave 2000S. It's 8 ways better than his present shaving method. World-famous Rotary Action gives smoother, more comfortable shaves. Isn't that what he deserves?



PHILISHAVE 2000s

GOOD NEIGHBOR HOUSES

*A combination
of two worlds*



STRAIGHT LINES accented by creosoted timber to give an oriental feeling to the house in background (above) contrast with rounded columns of colonial-style house in foreground. Houses are owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Melocco and Mrs. John Hynes at Vaucluse, N.S.W. Dachshund Mimi sits beside the tree.

● Standing beside each other and linked by a common entrance driveway, these two houses are so diverse in design and atmosphere that they could be in two different countries, thousands of miles apart.

THEY are the homes of Mr. and Mrs. John Melocco and Mr. Melocco's sister, Mrs. John Hynes, at Vaucluse, N.S.W.

Mr. and Mrs. John Melocco's home is orient-inspired in its design and use of bold, vibrant colors; Mrs. John

Hynes' is a colonial-styled home reflecting in its interior the graciousness of an Italian villa.

The two homes are built on the foreshores of Sydney Harbor on land which was once tennis courts on the original Melocco estate.

Common entrance gates and driveway lead to carports and courtyards of both houses.

There are no dividing fences because both families live in close contact; the only division between the two split-level houses is a terraced rockery.

Although exterior gardens and lawn blend together, each house has its individual style.

An Italian gilt-framed mirror and marble-topped table dominate the elegant entrance hall of Mrs. Hynes' home.

Regency damask wallpaper covers the walls and in a

wall niche is displayed a white marble torso believed to date back to Roman times.

In direct contrast, the red-lacquered front doors of Mr. and Mrs. John Melocco's home open into an oriental-style entry lined with grasspaper. Here plants are silhouetted against glass panels surrounding the front doors.

The only area where "East meets West" is in the kitchen — both are decorated in early American style, with stained cupboard doors, copper cooking utensils displayed on the walls, and huge copper flues over the stoves.

The houses were designed by Aaron M. Bolot and were decorated by John Bown.

● More pictures overleaf

Good neighbor houses

... continued

Oriental style

Pictures by
Keith Barlow.

ROMAN blinds of yellow-and-green canvas shade sunroom and bar (right) in Mr. and Mrs. John Melocco's home at Vacluse, N.S.W. Walls and floor are of Australian marble.



BEDROOM (left) is in colors of green and white. Matching drapes and quilted bedspread are silk taffeta. A large window overlooks the harbor views.



CHERRYWOOD suite in dining-room (right) was bought in the Orient. Directly above the dining table is a soft spotlight for the table centre.



SET of plaster figures, mounted on burnt-orange silk in black lacquered frames, dominate wall above fireplace and mantelpiece in living-room (left).



OTHER END of living-room (right) showing entrance hall and red lacquered front doors. Orange lamp has a blanc-de-chine base. Screen is Chinese.

**Colonial
style**

TALL white columns and wrought-iron railing (right) frame the view from terrace of Mrs. John Hynes' home at Vacluse, N.S.W. French windows open from the living-room.



MARBLE surrounds the twin wash-basins set in vanity cupboard in the bathroom (left), which is decorated in pink, with gold and white fittings.



AMERICAN pickled furniture blends with the oyster-colored furnishings in the bedroom (right). The lamp bases are of Venetian Murano glass.



ITALIAN influence is evident in the entrance hall, with its wall niche, Italian gilt-edged mirror and marble table. Floor is Australian marble.

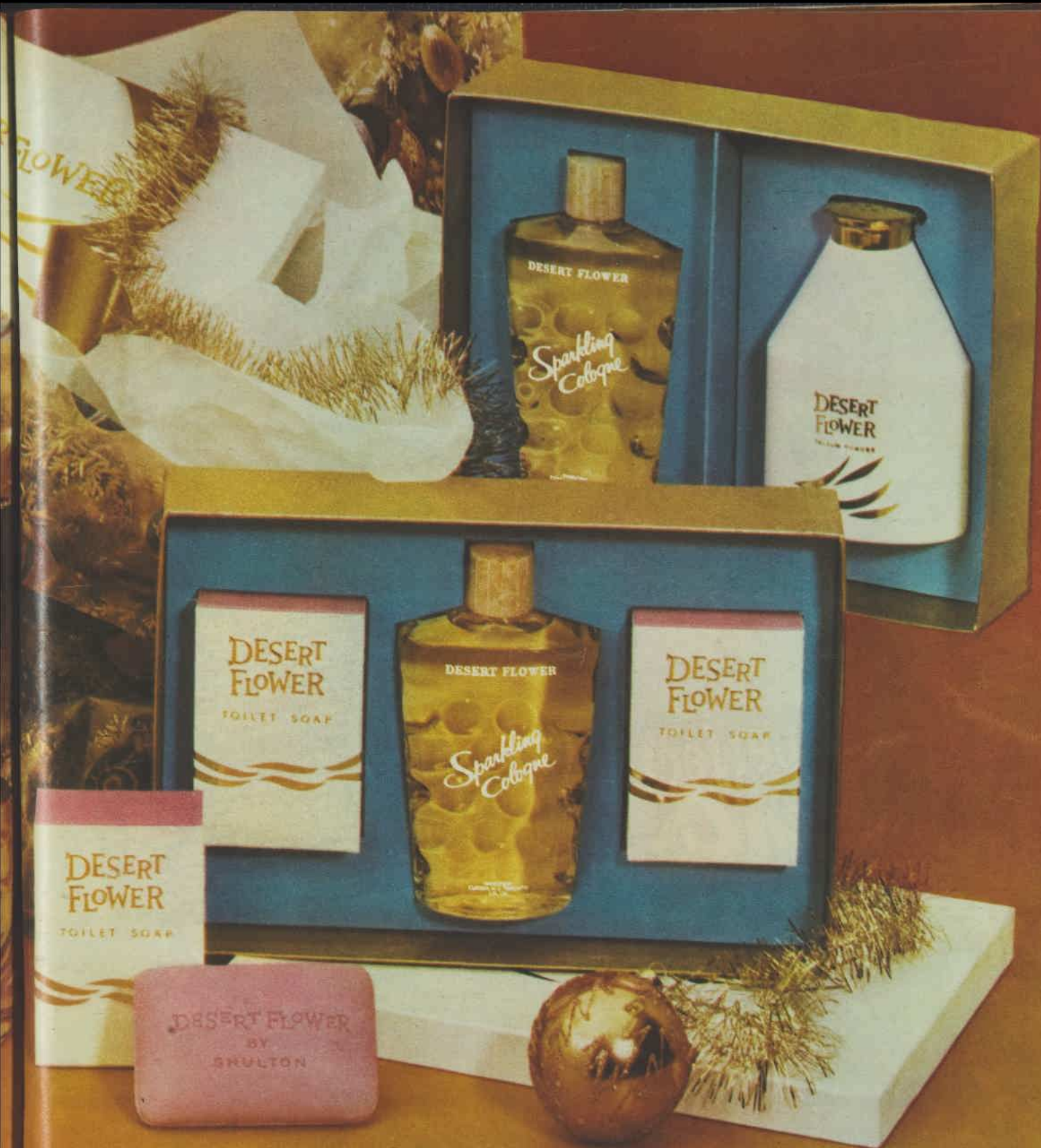


FAMILY dining area and kitchen (right) are furnished in early American style. Beaten copper ivy trails hide buffet divider supports.



Isn't it nice that Desert Flower arrived

DESERT FLOWER SKIN LUXURIES (left to right): Hand and Body Lotion, 8 oz. with dispenser 25/-, 3½ oz. bottle 10/9; Gift set of Hand and Body Lotion and Spray Cologne 57/6; Spray Cologne 32/6; Sparkling Cologne 25/-; Toilet Water 15/-.



... *in time for Christmas*

Desert Flower: a complete range of skin caressing fragrances from soaps to sparkling colognes, to make you feel a little lovelier — all over. Feminine idea: prompt the man in your life to show you he really cares — this Christmas.

DESERT FLOWER
SKIN LUXURIES BY SHULTON

Toilet Soap 7/-, three cake gift set 20/-; Gift set of Toilet Soap and Sparkling Cologne 39/-; Gift set of Sparkling Cologne and Talcum Powder 40/-.
Also available, gift set of Hand and Body Lotion and Sparkling Cologne 35/9; Shower Soap 9/6; Talcum Powder 15/-; Hand Cream 9/6.

for flavour that's pineapple bright



ham is perfect with
Golden Circle
TROPICAL
PINEAPPLE

PINEAPPLE GLAZED HAM

Drain syrup from cans of **GOLDEN CIRCLE** Sliced Pineapple. Remove ham from can and place on rack in roasting pan. Heat in slow oven (325F.), allowing about 15 minutes cooking time per pound. Baste frequently with the pineapple syrup. Remove ham to serving plate and stud with cloves. Heat pineapple slices in pan drippings in roasting pan, then arrange round ham, garnish with ripe olives and cocktail onions.

CHICKEN A LA TROPICAL

Stuff a roasting chicken with your favourite stuffing, adding one of these slices of **GOLDEN CIRCLE** Pineapple, finely chopped. Place bird on rack in roaster, pour half cup water in bottom of pan. Bake in moderate oven, basting occasionally with mixture of 1 tablespoon melted butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple syrup. During last 15 minutes of cooking, heat remaining pineapple slices in pan under chicken. Serve chicken with pineapple slices.

FRUIT JUICE FAVOURITES for Xmas



BEACHCOMBER'S NOGGIN

By combining equal quantities of Pineapple Juice and Ginger Ale you have a sparkling fruit punch for your guests. Buy personal sizes for kiddies' parties — party size for an adult get-together.

Golden Circle Pineapple Juice and Golden Circle Pineapple and Orange are smooth, wholesome health drinks. Kiddies can have all they want and be fit and healthy next day.



Serve Holiday fare this delicious way.



'Fix it easy'

Plantation Salad

Use your longest salad platter and simply arrange salad vegetable, meat and pineapple in neat rows. Your salad is ready in no time—an invitation to fastidious appetites . . . a summer vitamin meal that nutrition experts approve.

The Golden Circle Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Q.

Time out of Yesterday

A poignant story

By **PATRICIA CROSSMAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



IT was Saturday morning, so Sheila Carrigan was at home in her New York apartment.

All morning she had pattered around contentedly, catching up on laundry, washing her hair, and tending her numerous plants.

At eleven o'clock she snapped on the radio in her kitchen and prepared to do her nails.

Outside spring was promising an early summer. Pigeons waddled along the window ledge, their breasts throbbing; and above the towers lining Fifty-sixth Street the sky was a cornflower blue.

The newscaster's voice stitched a metallic thread of sound across Sheila's thoughts:

"—And today one of America's legendary titans of industry, Burton Harvey Comstock, died at the age of seventy in his sleep. His wife, Mary Moody Comstock, told reporters that she had gone to his room to awaken him at seven, as usual, and found him dead.

"With his older brothers, Franklin and Andrew, he founded a chemical empire, in the period following the crash of '29, that stands with the du Ponts and the Fords in the annals of democratic enterprise.

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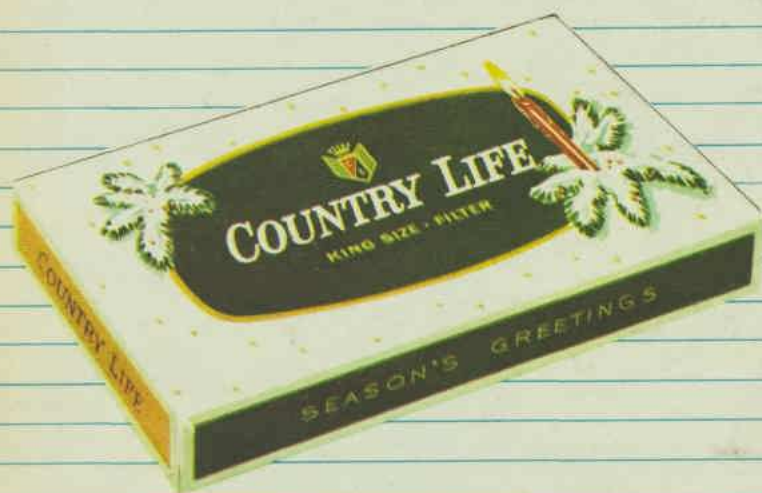
"Miss Carrigan, how long have you been with this firm?" Burton asked Sheila.

Christmas Shopping List - 1965



Give Craven Filter 50s
Presentation Packs this Christmas - 10/1.

For a fresh, friendly Christmas,
buy the Craven Filter 60's Pack - 11/6



Make this Christmas really joyful -
give Country Life 60's - 11/9

You never had a better cigarette -
give Escort 60's Packs - 10/-



Come up to KOOL this Christmas
with the KOOL 60's - only 11/6



It was just a simple
act of kindness, but
brought unexpected joy
...an appealing story

The Gift of LOVE

ONCE, in the wild country at the rise of the South Alligator and Daly Rivers, in the Northern Territory, there lived a white man whose name was Jason Trelawney. Of him, it could almost be said that to antithesis was due his naming. For while there was much dignity in the name, there was little in the man.

To the aborigines who tolerated his presence in their hunting grounds, this characteristic soon became manifest. To them he was at once Brutpenniwir and Benagra-benagra. These were nicknames, which it is not only the prerogative of white men to bestow.

Brutpenniwir, which was their name for the big Jabiru, or stork, because of Jason's prominent nose and long, scrawny neck; Benagra-benagra, which denotes one who always makes a mess of anything he tries to do and which

is the name of a dry, everlasting plant that is not good to eat.

Sometimes, by wonderful mimicry in their short but vivid corroborees, they depicted him at work, or sitting in the small cart drawn by an even smaller donkey, or his startled and precipitate leaps when he stood on a snake one day, and so forth.

All unknowingly, he provided the tribes with much material for the prebuba or corroboree dance. The aura of ludicrousness that accompanied him thus at once protected him and ensured a passage through country where white men had never been before.

Yet, somehow, although to them he was Benagra-benagra, the Wattak and Geimbio tribes never dared call him that to his face.

To page 52

By **R. A. MONCRIEFF**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS



RETURNED WITH

The chance was too tempting to miss . . . a short short story

By HERBERT HARRIS

Come out of the kitchen
and enjoy Christmas with

Big Sister

Christmas Cakes and Plum Puddings



No more mixing and baking — no more time wasted in the kitchen. Relax and enjoy Christmas with the rest of the family because Big Sister is better tasting than ever! More flavourful, fruity and delicious Big Sister cakes and puddings are crammed with goodness and Yuletide richness. Give your family and yourself a treat with Real Christmas Flavour!

and Big Sister Plum Puddings in 12 oz., 1 lb, 1½ lb and 3 lb tins—a size for every family.

Buy a Big Sister Xmas Cake today!
Available in

- Rich Fruit Cake — 2 lb. and 3 lb. packs and 3 lb. round in attractive plastic container.
- Golden Fruit Cake — 2 lb. pack and 3 lb. Presentation Cake in handsome metal container.

THE cocktail party, like all parties in the Lakes' flat, was noisy and convivial—show-business chatter riding along on waves of laughter.

Fay Weston laughed with the rest. But only with her mouth, not with her eyes.

Her eyes, fixed on her hostess Fiona Lake, smouldered with envy. An envy that tore at her inside, making her unhappy.

Fay hated to feel this way, for Fiona had once been her friend. Now Fiona had everything. The eyes of the girl who watched her were yearning to cry tears of bitterness.

Fiona Lake had hit the show-business jackpot. A star part in a musical had just dropped into her lap. Rave notices had followed. Now she was at the top.

And she had everything that goes with success. This luxury flat, expensive clothes, diamonds, a handsome husband—up-and-coming playwright Tony Lake—everything . . .

Fay Weston, studying her hostess's natural charm, relented a little. She deserves it, of course, Fay thought, because she had to struggle as I'm still struggling.

It hadn't gone to Fiona's head, either. The folk at this party were Nobodies, all hoping to make the grade. They were friends from Fiona's struggling days.

Soon the old envy crept back into Fay's eyes . . . Given the break that she had, I could be in the money, too. What has she got that I haven't? How long must I wait? How many more months of pinching, scraping, trying to look "glam" in cheap clothes and phony jewellery?

"Excuse me," she murmured to a young man who was slightly drunk.

She walked unnoticed from the lounge into Fiona's bedroom. It was being used as a cloakroom by the girls at the party.

A RED-HEADED showgirl at the dressing-table put away her lipstick and said: "You can have the mirror now . . . I've finished."

Fay watched the girl go out. Then she looked at her own image in the mirror. She thought she looked tired, thin-faced. The result of trying to live on nothing . . . cheap food in cheap cafes eaten hastily between one audition and the next.

She picked up some of Fiona's perfume. Expensive, she estimated ruefully. She put the bottle back. And as she did so, she noticed a small drawer partly open. She pulled it open farther.

The diamond brooch gleamed and flashed at her. Its brilliant jets of fire made her eyes screw up with longing.

She glanced toward the bedroom door. Beyond it, the party was

THANKS

beginning to break up. Everybody was talking.

She snatched the brooch from the drawer, lifted her dress and pinned it, with shaking fingers, to the slip beneath.

She straightened her dress, hesitated, then went to rejoin the party, her heart hammering in her breast. And when Fiona kissed her good-night, she thought: Suppose the brooch becomes unfastened . . . falls at my feet? But it didn't.

That night, in her shabby bed-sitter, she slept restlessly, her guilt nagging at her.

In a dream, a CID man appeared by her bed and said: "Fay Weston, I have a warrant for your arrest on a charge of stealing a diamond brooch . . ."

She woke with a start. The morning sun was on her face. The bedside clock told her she had overslept. Almost 10 o'clock.

A heavy knock on the door startled her. But it was only the landlady. "Phone, Miss Weston!"

"Thanks!" She climbed into a wrap, ran down the stairs. The phone was in the hall.

SHE lifted it: "Fay Weston here."

"Great news, Fay!" It was Lew Sigfeld, the only theatrical agent who had ever believed in her. "Buzz round soon as you can, darling. I've landed you a nice meaty part in the new Roger Hartley musical. It could be the making of you, darling!"

"I'll come right away, Lew!" she answered breathlessly.

The break . . . the break! Just like Fiona's.

Fiona! The sense of guilt returned, freezing out the feeling of exhilaration. She had stolen. Suppose they were able to find out? Suppose Fiona had guessed? Suppose . . .

The thump of the street-door knocker made her start. She heard the landlady coming, dragging herself wearily from the basement. All right, Mrs. Robb! I'll answer it! Fay called.

"Telegram for Weston," said the telegraph boy on the step.

"Thanks." Fay took the envelope and called to the landlady: "It's all right—it's for me!"

She stared at the telegram for a moment. First that phone-call. Now this wire. She was almost afraid to open it.

She tore open the envelope. The boy on the step watched her pale face become paler still. "Bad news, Miss?"

"What? No . . . it's nothing."

Back in the bed-sitter, she read the wire again: "RETURN IT AND NOTHING WILL BE SAID—FIONA."

The message blurred as she read it. So Fiona had guessed, or in some way knew. She dropped slowly on to the bed. For some minutes, she lay there, with her face in the pillow. She was sobbing like a child.

The Lakes' flat was on the way to Lew Sigfeld's office, so it was easy for Fay to call there.

It was Fiona, radiant in a filmy negligee, who opened the door. "Fay, darling! Do come in!" Not a hint of reproach.

Fay entered. She could feel

herself trembling and couldn't stop it. "I . . . I got your wire. I . . . I brought it back."

"Good!" Fiona was quite calm. "I has a sentimental value. A present from Tony."

"I'm terribly sorry, Fiona." Fay's eyes brimmed with tears. "I don't know what made me do it. It just . . . came over me."

Fiona smiled. "It's all right. I understand. I was hard up myself once. There was a night when I almost . . . well, borrowed a bracelet from a certain star's dressing-room."

The deep gratitude she felt

toward her old friend showed in Fay's eyes. She handed the brooch over.

"It was all so unnecessary, Fiona. I think now my struggles may be over. I've got a chance. Just like the one that came your way. Lew Sigfeld is waiting to see me."

THE words poured out. A new elation throbbed through her body. The morning had brought new hope. And now her meeting with Fiona had been normal, just as if nothing had happened.

It was not until she got outside that she realised she had forgotten to ask Fiona something—how she had known it was Fay who had the

brooch. She must remember to ask.

But at the moment only the meeting with her agent mattered.

In the Lakes' flat the telephone rang.

"Fiona?" It was a girl called Moira. "Look, darling, I've had a curious wire from you—'Return it and nothing will be said.' Is this a gag or something?"

"I'm terribly sorry!" Fiona said. "It was meant for someone else. I got the maid to send it and she picked the wrong person from my address-book. Do forgive me!"

"Of course, darling. But don't give me any more shocks like that, will you?"

The girl at the other end laughed.

When Fiona replaced the receiver she smiled to herself. There would be more puzzled calls like Moira's and she would give the same excuse each time the girls phoned her.

It had been Tony's idea — to send the same wire to each girl who was at the party.

"It's the only way to get the brooch back without calling the cops, he had grinned as he looked at his wife.

"I won't tell you which girl responds to the wire," his wife had said. "Just loyalty to old friends. Do you mind?"

"Why should I?" he said, kissing her forehead. "As a playwright, I enjoy a good mystery."

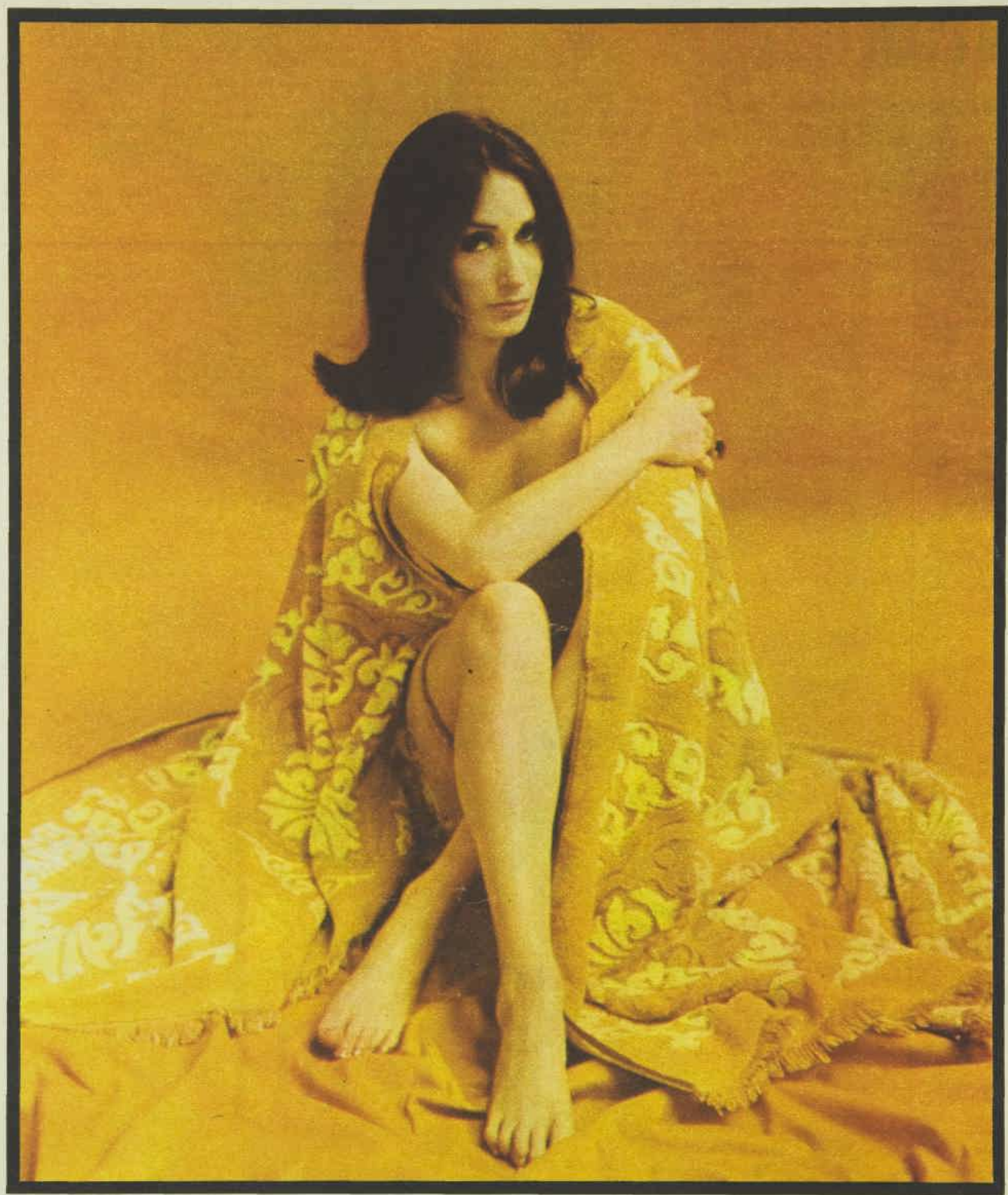
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This year, try saying "Merry Christmas" in French

This is Teal, the luxury talc. It makes a great Christmas gift because it's perfumed by Robertet of Paris. And it comes gift-wrapped, at any chemist or store. Price? Just three French francs. (Or 5/11d.) Bon Noël!

Johnson & Johnson



There's only one place to wear Sandalwood

ALL OVER

Morny knows. So they gave you Sandalwood Soap — a head-to-toe-caress. Sandalwood talc — the softest cloud of fragrance. Now you're ready for Sandalwood Skin Perfume — cool, exotic. For hours to come, the haunting aura of Sandalwood belongs to you — alone. All-over, lasting fragrance. Thanks to Morny the grandest gestures are possible.



LOVE MY DOG

A light-hearted
story complete
on this page

By **LORIMER
HAMMOND**

OCCUPIED by Miss Ernestine Tait and her little dog, Apartment 9 was located next door to Apartment 10, where Mr. P. K. Whibley lived alone without benefit of human or animal companionship. The feeling between Apartment 9 and Apartment 10 was not congenial, and the hostility stemmed from a conflict concerning the little dog. On more than one occasion Ernestine had laid the law down to her neighbor.

"Whibley," she said to him, "if I catch you feeding my dog, I'm going to take legal action. Do it again and I'll run you through the wringer. Is that plain enough?"

The young man saluted. He grinned sarcastically. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "Your ominous communication has been received and duly noted." Then he asked a question. "Why don't you act as sweet as you look?"

Ernestine was hopping mad because Whibley had been tossing snacks to her dog across the low wall that separated her terrace from Whibley's terrace. She couldn't catch him at it, for he always did it while she was away at work. She had a secretarial job in the office of an influential lawyer, which was why she threatened to go to law against Whibley.

Her dog was a miniature Yorkshire terrier so small and so bristly that you might think it looked like a rather untidy hairbrush. But it was of pedigree lineage, its official name being Todcaster Grandee of Great Driffield. However, when Whibley tossed snacks to it he called it "Tidbit," and the pooch responded waggingly.

Insignificant as it was in size, that little dog packed a monumental appetite. It would eat anything and everything, and the more the merrier.

After having warned P. K. Whibley what she would do the next time Ernestine found lamb-chop bones on her terrace she swore legal complaint against her neighbor, charging him with malicious mischief. A few evenings later P.K. waved the summons at her from his open window.

"You sweet-looking chick," he sang out, "are you really going to haul me into court for taking pity on your poor little famished pup? The little fella is probably hankering for a nice big hunk of Yorkshire pudding."

"Oh, so you know what kind of a dog he is, you smart alec!" Ernestine spoke as scathingly as she could. "I'm no chick," she snapped. "I'm a law-office stenographer, 24 years of age. And my dog is not famished. He'd eat like a little hog if I'd let him. I take great pains to keep him from gorging himself out of shape, and I fully intend to have you prosecuted for throwing snacks to Todcaster. Eating between meals is the worst thing for him."

"Todcaster?" Whibley said. "Is that his name? I've been calling him Tidbit." Ernestine's explanation had caused Whibley to feel a sharp twinge of guilt, but he tried to conceal his



"I will have you prosecuted for throwing snacks to my dog," Ernestine angrily said to Whibley.

embarrassment behind flippant words. "Compared to me," he said, "you really are a chick. I'm 28 and I'm a research economist, which is infinitely duller than law-office stenography."

Ernestine maintained an expression of cold severity in order to hide the fact that she couldn't help but relish the compliment of being termed a sweet-looking chick. Not even to herself would she admit that P. K. Whibley's looks and line of talk were attractive to her. She intended to snub him. In a condescending tone she said, "The dullness of your occupation fails to interest me. I'm busy."

She was busy installing a new contraption on her terrace. It was a small machine designed for the purpose of training a dog to eat at proper meal-times only. When a dog biscuit was placed in the machine, the dog could obtain it by stepping on a pedal that automatically popped the biscuit out. The training consisted of teaching the dog that his dinner would be there at no other time except when he was told to "go and get it."

Whibley watched Ernestine work the machine. He was fascinated. "My, oh, my!" he exclaimed. "It's a canine cafeteria. Self service for dogs."

Ignoring him utterly, Ernestine had to suppress a smile. But she refused to enter into any further conversation with P. K. Whibley. Not even glancing over the wall that separated her terrace from his, she went right on with her everyday ministrations to Todcaster Grandee of Great Driffield.

And Whibley, watching from his window, noticed a playful habit that

was practised continually by the little dog. Whibley saw the dog bring her slippers to her, one by one, each slipper held daintily between its teeth. He saw the dog fetch her newspaper that way, too, and a letter she had accidentally dropped on the floor.

"Ah-hah," Whibley said to himself, "this gives me an idea." He proceeded to write a note, "Dear Miss sweet-looking legalistic chick," he wrote, "now that I understand your benevolent effort to save Tidbit from the shapeless fate of gluttony, I promise I never will toss him another snack."

"I am a firm believer in the old saying: 'Love me, love my dog.' Please don't consider me too much of a smart alec if I suggest that the old saying might be turned around. Is there any chance, do you think, that it might be turned around to mean: 'Love my dog — love me?'"

Next morning, as soon as Ernestine had gone to work, P. K. Whibley climbed over the wall between their terraces and put his note inside the dog-biscuit machine. When Ernestine came home that afternoon, before she had time to load the machine with a biscuit, Whibley yelled to the little dog, "Go and get it!"

The little dog stepped obediently on the pedal and out popped Whibley's note, which the little dog promptly delivered to Ernestine.

She couldn't help laughing. Nor could she help responding to Whibley's affection. For we all know very well that love, more often than not, begins with laughter.

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Wiltshire

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gifts
she'll treasure
every day

Choose from the beautiful range created for Australian homes by Australian craftsmen.

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An elegant 3-piece set — knife with precision hollow-ground blade, handsome fork with permanent guard, and a special sharpening steel. Wide choice of handles. In attractive gift boxes from only 69/6. With lustrous pearl handles, 85/-.



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Wiltshire grill knives have hand ground scalloped serrations that give a smooth, continuous cutting action. With matching white-handled forks in a gift pack of 8 pieces the price is only 79/6 with lustrous pearl handles, only 92/6.



The above are only part of over 100 items in the Wiltshire Cutlery range which includes fine kitchen knives, fish sets, buffet forks, etc. Stocked by all good stores.

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Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamor of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

MAY WE SUGGEST?

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Ugliness—it's the fun look for models

Continued from page 17

as model Jean Shrimpton's "Pygmalion" and ex-boy-friend, now married to French actress Catherine Deneuve).

"It was in a tiny corner of London called Primrose Hill," said Di, "very near London Zoo (sometimes I thought we were living IN the zoo!)."

"The area was so ugly and un-chic that it soon became the 'in' place for swinging people to live — rather like what happened to Paddington, in Sydney, a few years ago."

"David was the greatest fun neighbor you could ever wish for — he used to arrive every morning at the crack of dawn, and my English flat-mate and her fat grey cat and I would enjoy what we called 'coffee-with-laughers' with him until it was time for work."

"We used to call him a 'long-haired little boy' — meaning someone highly intelligent, with long hair (he is said to have worn it before the Beatles were thought of), and eccentric tastes."

"He liked to dress like an American cowboy — with high-heeled boots, tight jeans, and mad whoopee shirts in polka dots."

"He collected boots — he owned more than 30 pairs! all told — and whenever he went away on a trip he would put them all in his suitcase and carry his shirts in his camera-case."

"Since he married Catherine they have moved into a very pretty, narrow, four-storey town house, not far from his old flat, which they are redecorating in their spare time."

"The latest I heard is that he has bought a Rolls-Royce, and whenever he steps out of it in the middle of London in his jeans and way-out shirts, the pin-striped people think he is a mechanic who has stolen it!"

• **Being the envy of millions of teenage girls all over the world — for having an English boyfriend, Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones.**

"We met by accident, really," said Di.

"One day he called



WEDDING of photographer David Bailey and French actress Catherine Deneuve attracted crowds. Bailey was tieless, the bride wore a black dress, black shoes.

around to the flat to visit my flat-mate Kate, who was away."

"He seemed so sweet and shy that I decided to ask him in for coffee, and finished up washing his hair in the kitchen sink so that it would be sparkling for an appearance that night!"

"From that day we just clicked, and went out for four months."

"Mick lives with Keith, another member of the Stones, who is also his best friend, and we always went out in a foursome."

DISCOTHEQUE DANCERS

"After their shows the boys would pick us up about midnight and we would eat at the Casserole or the Pickwick Club — restaurants where they were known, but the clientele were too sophisticated to pester them for autographs, or even recognise them."

"Then we would dance at the Ad Lib discotheque."

"At weekends, Mick's favorite thing was to go for a drive to the country in his nondescript old car (best for anonymity) and go for long walks and have picnics."

"You see, our private life

was very limited because of the fans."

"We could never just go to a movie. To avoid being mobbed we would have to sneak in after it had begun, and then race out before everyone else at the end."

"We could never drive past a circus and say, 'Wouldn't it be fun to go to the circus?' We would have to miss it, or risk being chased by hundreds of screaming teenagers."

Di said Keith and Mick had a problem with their home-life. They continually had to change addresses, for after a month or so fans would discover their new hide-out and haunt it day and night, making life for the boys impossible.

"But we always had ridiculous sort of fun."

"For instance, the boys loved to sign Beatle autographs, pull ugly faces to show when they were bored, and dance the Twist at the Ad Lib."

"The Twist is now regarded as very passe in London. Smart people dance their OWN style, or the James Brown, which is named after the negro rhythm and blues singer who started it, with only the hips and the legs moving to the music."

"Mick and I stopped going out when I went to New York, and although he has now gone back to his former girlfriend, Chrissie Shrimpton (Jean's 19-year-old sister), we are still the best of friends and see each other quite often in London or Paris."

• **An unexpected meeting (dressed in old jeans) with Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon, at a small dinner party in Belgravia.**

"One night about eleven o'clock, Mick and I were dancing at the Ad Lib, and a friend came rushing in and asked if we'd like to meet Princess Margaret—just like that."

"We looked absolutely TERRIBLE in old jeans, boots, and T-shirts, but the friend said it didn't matter, so off we went to Lord someone-or-other's exclusive dinner party."

But there wasn't the slightest bat of a royal eye-

lid when the pair arrived from the Ad Lib."

For as Di remembers, Lord Snowdon was sitting on the floor talking loudly, exchanging new jokes with two of the guests, and Princess Margaret was sitting on a piano stool having a friendly argument with the host, who was seated on the piano."

"We were introduced so informally that I almost didn't realise who the young man was who jumped up from near our feet to shake hands," said Di.

"Princess Margaret was also very charming and told me she would like to see Australia one day."

• **A three-month holiday in New York as the house-guest of the trend-setting leader of the smart young set — Baby Jane Holzer.**

"Mick and I had made friends with Baby Jane in Paris at the collections," explained Di.

"She is like a very 'switched-on' lady—more a fad with New Yorkers at the moment than a personality."

A tall, handsome 23-year-old with a strong face and a great mane of blond hair, Baby Jane is married to real-estate millionaire Lenny Holzer, and they live life high over New York in a superb Park Avenue apartment.

"She works for such magazines as 'Vogue' and 'Harper's Bazaar' when she feels like it," said Di.

GEAR FROM COURREGES

"She wears Courreges gear all the time, has cut a disc, and starred in several of Andy Warhol's underground movies."

(One of these was called simply "Chewing," and featured Mrs. Holzer's face for two hours — chewing gum!)

"She has one really way-out room in her apartment — a real Baby Jane den with black walls, zebra-skin carpet, black leather couches, and loads of cushions covered in every imaginable fur from chinchilla to mink."

"Her friends include such people as Sybil Burton, Wendy Vanderbilt, and Andy Warhol, and while living

with her I couldn't help but taste the rich New York life."

"It almost seemed like living in a beautiful bubble. Everyone seemed desperate to get the most out of a pleasure-life before it burst."

CARIBBEAN TRIPS

"They went out EVERY night — to the opera, the theatre, charity balls, cocktail parties—and the women would 'recover' till midday the next day when a luncheon at the Colony Restaurant would start the whirlwind cocktail ball rolling all over again."

"In between all this they managed to cram frequent whirlwind trips south to Nassau in the Bahamas, or St. Thomas in the Caribbean."

"Even in my brief stay, Jane and I made several trips to the sun with parties of her friends."

Di said that New Yorkers were the smartest-dressed women she saw anywhere in the world.

"Fifth Avenue was like a walking couture house," she said.

"Privileged New York women will wear nothing but the best—with Chanel, Dior, and Mainbocher heading the list."

"Most of them renew their wardrobes each season when they 'do' the Paris collections."

• **A vocabulary which includes such phrases as: "It's a hang-up" (meaning a bore, a drag); "Groovy, or switched - on" (meaning swinging, fun); "She's where it's at" (coined by Bob Dylan, meaning "she's with it"); "He's a beautiful long-haired boy" (meaning he's handsome and intelligent, such as David Bailey); "She's a handsome or good-looking girl" (meaning she is beautiful and elegant, such as Baby Jane Holzer); "It's bad news for fatties" (a phrase coined by Jean Shrimpton and Bailey meaning rich or calorie-laden food).**

• **Being caught in New York's Big Blackout.**

"I had stopped over in New York for a few days en route to Australia and the night before I was scheduled to fly out it happened!"

"The Stones were in New York and had arranged a party at Ondine's—instead, we spent hours clambering about in the blackness."

"It was a most peculiar experience—the only light was from headlights on cars and a few candles—and the only indication of what had happened came from people who had transistors."

"Consequently wild rumors about war and the end-of-the-world were rampant, but in spite of this, the people were amazingly calm."

• **Meeting interesting personalities such as:**

French film director Roger Vadim (very charming and attractive);

Millionaire playboy Gunter Sachs (he gave very elegant dinner parties in his Avenue Foch apartment—and according to Di was "very handsome, desperately conceited, and a little boring");

Europe's most fashionable dentist—a young man named Paul Albou, who practised in Paris, and Cannes in the summer months—and was all the rage with such patients as the King and Queen of Yugoslavia, Salvador Dali, Brigitte Bardot, Roger Vadim, and Coco Chanel.



BABY JANE HOLZER is a millionairess, married to a millionaire.



MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY Gunter Sachs, heir to a German fortune.

MIENAGERIE MANOR

By GERALD DURRELL

● Trying to give medicine to an animal is more like an all-in wrestling match, says author and naturalist Gerald Durrell, continuing the story of his zoo on the Isle of Jersey. This is the second of a two-part series.



CHUMLEY the chimp inspects Lulu's ear surgery.

WILD animals make the worst possible patients in the world. Any nurse who thinks her lot is hard handling human beings should try her hand at a bit of wild-animal nursing.

They are rarely grateful for your ministrations, but you do not expect that. What you do hope for (and never, or hardly ever, receive) is a little co-operation in the matter of taking medicines, keeping on bandages, and so forth.

After the first few hundred bitter experiences you reconcile yourself to the fact that every administration of a medicine is a sort of all-in wrestling match, in which you are likely to apply more of the healing balm to your own external anatomy than to the interior of your patient.

You soon give up all hope of keeping a wound covered, or nothing short of encasing your patient entirely in plaster is going to prevent it from removing the dressings within 30 seconds.

Monkeys are, of course, some of the worst patients. To begin with, they have, as were, four hands with which to fight you off, or remove bandages.

They are very intelligent and high-strung, on the whole, and look upon any medical treatment as a form of refined torture, even when you know it is completely painless.

Being high-strung means that they are apt to behave rather like hypochondriacs, and quite simple and carable disease may kill them because they just work themselves into a state of acute melancholy and fade away.

You have to develop a gay, hearty bedside manner when dealing with a mournful monkey that thinks he is no longer for this world.

Among the apes, with their superior intelligence, you are on less shaky ground, and can even expect some sort of co-operation occasionally. During the first two years of

the zoo's existence we had both the chimps, Chumley and Lulu, down with sickness. Each case was different and both were interesting.

One morning I was informed that Lulu's ear was sticking out at a peculiar angle, but that, apart from this, she looked all right. Now Lulu's ears stuck out at the best of times, so I felt it must be something out of the ordinary for it to be so noticeable.

I went and had a look at her and found her squatting



SAMUEL the seriema bird was lucky—it was a nice, clean break. His leg was put in plaster.

on the floor of the cage, munching an apple with every sign of appetite, while she gazed at the world, her sad, wrinkled face screwed up in intense concentration.

She was carefully chewing the flesh of the apple, sucking at it noisily, and then, when it was devoid of juice, spitting it into her hand daintily, placing it on her knee, and gazing at it with the air of an ancient scientist who has, when he is too old to appreciate it, discovered the elixir of life.

I called to her and she came over to the wire, uttering little breathless grunts of greeting. Sure enough, her ear looked most peculiar, sticking out at right angles to her head.

There was nothing to do but get her out, and this was a complicated procedure, for Chumley became jealous if Lulu went out of the cage without him. However, I did not feel like having Chumley as my partner during a medical examination.

So, after some bribery, I managed to lure him into their bedroom and lock him in, much to his vocal indignation. Then I went into the outer cage, where Lulu immediately came and sat on my lap and put her arms round me. She was an immensely affectionate ape.

I found that behind the ear on the mastoid bone there was an immense swelling, the size of half an orange, and the skin was discolored a deep purplish black.

The reason this had not been noticed in the early stages was that Lulu had very thick hair on her head, and particularly behind her ears. Until the swelling became so large that it pushed the ear out of position, nothing was noticeable.

Also, Lulu had displayed no signs of distress, which was amazing when one considered the size of the lump. She allowed me gently to explore the exact extent of the swelling, without doing anything more than carefully and politely removing my fingers if their pressure became too painful.

I decided, after investigation, that I would have to lance it, as it was obviously full of matter, so I picked Lulu up in my arms and carried her into the house, where I put her down on the sofa and gave her a banana to keep her occupied until I had everything ready.

Up till now the chimps had been allowed in the house only on very special occasions, and Lulu was, therefore, charmed with the idea that she was getting an extra treat without Chumley's knowledge.

She sat on the sofa, her mouth full of banana, giving a regal handshake and a muffled hoot of greeting to whomever came into the room, rather as though she owned the place and you were attending one of her "at homes."

Presently, when everything was ready, I sat down beside her on the sofa and gently cut away the long hairs behind the ear that was affected. When it was fully exposed, the swelling looked even worse than before, a

rich plum color, and the skin had a leathery appearance. I carefully swabbed the whole area with disinfected warm water, searching to see if I could find a head or an opening to the swelling, for I was now convinced that it was a boil or ulcer that had become infected, but I could find no opening at all.

Meanwhile, Lulu, having thoroughly scrutinised all the medical paraphernalia, had devoted her time to consuming another banana. I took a hypodermic needle and gently pricked the discolored skin all over the swelling without causing her to deviate from the paths of gluttony, so it was obvious that the whole of the discolored area was dead skin.

Would it hurt?

I was now faced with something of a problem. Although I felt fairly sure that I could make an incision across the dead skin, and thus let out the pus, without causing Lulu any pain, I was not absolutely certain about it. She was, as I have remarked, of a lovable and charming disposition, but she was also a large, well-built ape, with a fine set of teeth, and I had no desire to enter into a trial of strength with her.

The thing to do was to keep her mind occupied elsewhere while I tackled the job, for Lulu, like most

chimps, was incapable of thinking of more than one thing at a time.

I enlisted the aid of my mother, and my wife, Jacqui, to whom I handed a large tin of chocolate cookies, with instructions that they were to feed them to Lulu at intervals throughout the ensuing operation.

I drew the scalpel blade across the swelling, but to my dismay I found that the skin was as tough as shoe leather, and the blade merely skidded off. I tried a second time, using greater pressure, but with the same result.

I decided that the only way to break the swelling was to jab the point of the scalpel in and then drag it downwards, and this I did. It was successful.

With a pair of scissors I carefully clipped away the dead skin and disinfected the raw area that was left. It was useless trying to put a dressing on, for I knew that Lulu would remove it as soon as she was put back in her cage.

Within six months you had to look closely to see the scar.

About a year later Chumley decided that it was his turn to fall ill, and of course he did it—as he did all things—in the grand manner.



MILLICENT, a Malabar squirrel, likes to climb on Gerald Durrell's shoulder.

Chumley, I was told, had toothache. This rather surprised me, as he had lost his baby teeth and acquired his adult ones not long before, and I thought it was a bit too soon for any of them to have decayed.

Still, there he was, squatting forlornly in the cage, clamping his jaw and ear with his hand and looking thoroughly miserable. He was obviously in pain.

He refused all food and, what was worse, he refused all liquids as well, so I could not give him any antibiotics.

I became so worried about his condition by the afternoon that I called into consultation a local veterinary surgeon and our local doctor.

It was plain that Chumley's jaw and ear would have to be examined carefully, and I knew that in his present state he would not allow that, so it was agreed that we would have to anaesthetise him.

It was decided that I should try to give Chumley an injection of a tranquilliser which would, we hoped, have him in an agreeable frame of mind by the evening to accept an anaesthetic. The problem was whether Chumley was going to let me give him the injection.

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GERALD DURRELL makes friends with kangaroos at David Fleay's sanctuary at West Burleigh, Qld. This was in 1963.

Adult.



Different.



New.



Big.



Fruity.



Medal-winning.



Original.



You probably don't know yet about Schweppes new Golden Ginger Ale. It's slightly softer, slightly sweeter than the classic Schweppes Dry Ginger Ale (which is available only in bottles.)

We put this new Golden Ginger Ale in a Can. As with the big selection of Schweppes drinks now in Cans, it stacks easily, chills fast, and you don't have to return the empties. Don't throw your next thirst away recklessly. Save it for Schweppes new Golden Ginger Ale, by itself or as a mixer.

MENAGERIE MANOR

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● Chumley's illness remained a mystery

He was lying huddled up in his bed of straw, his back toward me, and I could see he was in great pain, for he never even looked round to see who had opened the door of his cage.

I talked to him, in my best bedside manner, for a quarter of an hour or so, and at the end of that time he was allowing me to stroke his back and legs.

Then, plucking up my courage, and still talking feverishly, I picked up the hypodermic and swiftly slipped the needle into the flesh of his thigh. To my relief, he gave no sign of having noticed it. As gently and as slowly as I could, I pressed the plunger and injected the tranquilliser.

That evening Dr. Taylor and Mr. Blampied, the veterinary, arrived. Chumley was in a semi-doped condition, but, even so, he would not let me examine his ear. So we repaired to his boudoir, outside of which I had rigged up some strong lights and a trestle table on which to lay our patient.

Dr. Taylor poured ether on a mask, and I opened Chumley's bedroom door, leaned in and placed the mask gently over his face.

As soon as he was completely under, we hauled him out of the cage and laid him on the trestle table.

First his ear was examined and found to be perfectly healthy. We then checked his teeth: they were an array of perfect, glistening white dentures without a speck of decay on any of them.

We examined his cheeks, his jaw, and the whole of his head, and could not find a single thing wrong.

We looked at his neck and shoulders with the same result. As far as we could ascertain there was nothing the matter with Chumley whatsoever, and yet something had been causing him considerable pain.

Dr. Taylor and Mr. Blampied departed, much mystified, and I carried Chumley into the house, wrapped in a blanket, and put him on a camp-bed in front of the drawing-room fire.

Jacque brought more blankets, which we piled on top of him, and we sat down to wait for the anaesthetic to wear off.

I decided that an ordinary cup was too unwieldy to give him drinks, as a considerable quantity of liquid was spilled. I managed, by ringing up my friends, to procure an invalid's cup, one of those articles that resemble deformed teapots, and the next time Chumley woke up this proved a great success, as he could suck water out of the spout without having to sit up.

Although he recognised us, he was still in a very dragged and stupid state, and so I decided that I would spend the night sleeping on the sofa near him, in case he awakened and wanted anything. Having given him another drink, I made up my bed on the sofa, turned off the light, and dozed off.

About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a crash in the far corner of the room. I put on the light to find that Chumley was awake and wandering round the room like a drunken man, barging into all the furniture.

As soon as the light came on and he saw me he uttered a scream of joy, staggered across the room, and insisted on embracing and kissing me before gulping down a vast drink of water.

I then helped him back on to his bed and covered him with his blankets, and he slept peacefully until daylight.

When we had Chumley limp and relaxed under the anaesthetic we pulled his head around quite a lot during our examination, and probably pushed the disc back into place without realising it.

Mr. Blampied agreed with this diagnosis. We had no proof, but certainly Chumley was completely cured and there was no recurrence of the pain.

He had lost a lot of weight during his illness, and so for two or three weeks he was kept in a specially heated cage and fed on every delicacy.

His old self

Within a short time he had put on weight and was his old self, so that anyone who went near his cage was showered with handfuls of sawdust. This, I presume, was Chumley's way of thanking us.

Sometimes animals injure themselves in the most ridiculous way imaginable. Hawks and pheasants, for example, are the most hysterical of birds. If anything unusual happens they get into a terrible state, fly straight up like rockets and crash into the roof of their cage, either breaking their necks or neatly scalping themselves. But there are

him out of his small travelling crate and released him in a nice, spacious aviary. Samuel was delighted, and to show us his gratitude the first thing he did was fly up on to the perch, fall off it, and break his leg.

There are times when animals do such idiotic things that you are left bereft of words.

Fortunately for Samuel, it was a nice clean break, halfway down what would be the shin in a human being. We made a good job of splinting it, covered the splint with a plaster bandage, and, when it was dry, put him in a small cage so that he could not move around too much.

The following day his foot was slightly swollen, so I gave him a penicillin injection — to which he took great exception — and his foot returned to normal size as a result. When we eventually took off the splint we found the bones had knitted perfectly, and today, as he strides importantly around his aviary, you have to look very closely to see which leg it was that he broke.

Knowing Samuel for the imbecile he is, I would not be surprised if he repeated the performance.

During the course of this Florence Nightingale work you become quite used to being bitten, scratched, kicked,

● **Louie, a black gibbon with white hands, came from Singapore. For the first month all went well. She ate prodigiously and would wake us every morning with a series of ringing whoops rising to a rapid crescendo, tailing off into a maniacal giggle.**

One morning, Louie was not well; in five days she was dead. A post-mortem showed she had died of filaria, a tropical sickness.

Wild animals, even with frightful internal complaints, can look healthy and so delude you into believing they are thriving.

Then one morning one looks off color, and before you can do anything sensible it is dead.

other birds equally stupid. Take the case of Samuel.

Samuel is a South American seriema. Seriemas are not unlike African secretary birds. About the size of a half-grown turkey, they have long, strong legs and a ridiculous little tuft of feathers perched on top of their beaks.

In the wild state seriemas do not fly a great deal, spending most of their time striding about the grasslands in search of snakes, mice, frogs, and other delicacies.

I had purchased Samuel from an Indian in northern Argentina, and as he had been hand-reared he was, of course, perfectly (and sometimes embarrassingly) tame.

When I finally shipped him back to Jersey with the rest of the animals we took

and bruised by your patients, and on many occasions, having performed first aid on them, you have to perform it on yourself.

Nor is it always the bigger creatures that are the most dangerous to deal with. A squirrel or a pouched rat can inflict almost as much damage as a flock of Bengal tigers when they put their minds to it.

While anointing a fluffy, gooey-eyed bushbaby once for a slight skin infection on the tail, I was bitten so severely in the thumb that it went septic, and I had to have it bandaged for ten days. The bushbaby was cured in 48 hours.

Human doctors are covered by the Hippocratic Oath. The wild-animal doctor employs a variety of oaths, all rich and colorful,



LULU having one of her great treats: being allowed into the Durrell household for a visit.

but they would, I feel, be frowned upon by the British Medical Council.

THE final test that proves beyond a shadow of doubt that the animal has accepted its cage as home is when it breeds.

At one time, if an animal did not live very long in captivity, or did not breed, the zoos seemed to be under the impression that there was something wrong with it rather than with their methods of keeping it.

At one time there was a huge list of animals that, it was said, were impossible to keep or breed in confinement. This list included the great apes, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, and so on.

Marriages in zoos are, of course, arranged, as they used to be by 18th-century mamas. But the 18th-century mama had one advantage over the zoo: having married off her daughter there was an end to it.

In a zoo you are never quite sure, since any number of things might happen. Before you can even lead your creatures to the altar, so to speak, it is quite possible that either the male or the female might take an instant dislike to the mate selected, and so, if you are not careful, the bride or groom may turn into a corpse before the honeymoon has started.

Let us take the marriage of Charles as a fairly typical one.

Charles is — rather unzoologically — what is known as a Rock ape from Gibraltar. He is, of course, not an ape at all but a macaque, one of a large group of monkeys found in the Far East.

Their presence in North Africa is puzzling, but obviously they have been imported to the Rock of Gibraltar, and thus gained the doubtful distinction of being the only European monkey.

We were offered Charles when the troupe on the Rock underwent its periodical thinning, and we were very pleased to have him. He was

brought over from Gibraltar in style on one of Her Majesty's ships.

He was about 2ft. 6in. high when squatting on his haunches and clad in an immensely long, thick, gingerly brown coat.

His walk was very dog-like, but with a distinct swagger to it, as befits a member of the famous Rock garrison. He had bright, intelligent brown eyes and a curious pale pinkish face thickly covered with freckles. He was undoubtedly ugly, but with an ugliness that was peculiarly appealing.

Curiously enough, although he was a powerful monkey, he was excessively timid, and an attempt to keep him with a mixed group of other primates failed, for they bullied him unmercifully.

Sent for Sue

So Charles was moved to a cage of his own, and a carefully worded letter was dispatched to the Governor of Gibraltar explaining in heartrending terms Charles's solitary confinement and hinting that he would be more than delighted if a female Rock ape should be forthcoming.

In due course we received a signal to say that Charles's condition of celibacy had been reviewed and it had been decided that, as a special concession, a female Rock ape, named Sue, was going to be sent to us. Another of Her Majesty's ships was pressed into service and Sue arrived.

We had no idea how Charles would treat the introduction of a new Rock ape — even a female one — into his bachelor apartments.

We carried Sue in her travelling crate and put it on the ground outside Charles's cage, so that they could see each other.

Sue became very excited when she saw him and chattered away loudly, whereas Charles, after the first astonished glance, sat down and stared at her with an expression of such loathing and contempt on his freckled face

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Bedside vigil

It was about half an hour before he began to sigh deeply and twitch, as a preliminary to regaining consciousness, and I went over and sat by the bedside with a cup of water ready, since I knew from experience the dreadful thirst that assails one on coming out from under an anaesthetic.

In a few minutes Chumley opened his eyes, and as soon as he saw me he gave a feeble nod of greeting and held out his hand, in spite of the fact that he was still half asleep.

I held up his head and put the cup to his lips and he sucked at the water greedily before the ether overcame him again and he sank back into sleep.

MENAGERIE MANOR



SUE crept forward and took a grape. Charles completely ignored her.

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that our hearts sank. However, we had to take the plunge and Sue was let into the cage.

She sprang out of her crate with great alacrity and set off to explore the cage. Charles, who had been sitting up in the branches dissociating himself from the whole procedure, decided it was time to assert himself.

He leapt down to the ground and sprang on Sue before she realised what was happening. Within a second she had received a sharp nip on the shoulder, had her hair pulled and her ears boxed, and was sent tumbling into a corner of the cage.

Charles was back on his branch, looking around with a self-satisfied air, uttering little grunts to himself.

We fetched two big bowls of fruit and put them into the cage, whereupon Charles came down and started to pick them over with the air of a gourmet. Sue sat, watching him hungrily. Eventually the sight of the grape juice trickling down Charles's chin was too much for her and she crept forward timidly and took a grape.

Charles completely ignored her after one quick glance from under his eyebrows, and within a few minutes they were both feeding happily out of the same dish. We sighed with relief.

Needed to diet

Sometimes one acquires mates for animals in very curious ways. One of the most peculiar was the way in which we found a husband for Flower.

Flower was a very handsome North American skunk, and when she first came to us she was slim and sylph-like and very tame.

Unfortunately, Flower decided that there were only two things in life worth doing: eating and sleeping. The result was that she became so grossly overweight that she was circular.

We tried dieting her, but with no effect. We became somewhat alarmed, for overweight can kill an animal as easily as starvation.

It was plain that what Flower needed was exercise, and equally plain that she had no intention of going out of her way to obtain it.

We decided that what she needed was a mate.

One day Jacque and I happened to be in London on business and, being a bit early for our appointment, walked to our destination.

On rounding a corner we saw approaching us a little man dressed in a green uniform with brass buttons, carrying in his arms — of all things — a baby chimpanzee.

"What on earth are you doing with a chimpanzee?" I asked.

"I work for Viscount Churchill," he explained, "and he keeps a lot of queer pets. We've got a skunk, too, but we'll have to get rid of that, 'cos the chimp don't like it."

"A skunk?" I said eagerly.

"Are you sure it's a skunk?"

"Yes," replied the little man, "positive."

"Well, you've met just the right person," I said. "Will you give my card to Viscount Churchill and tell him that I would be delighted to have his skunk if he wants to part with it?"

We returned to Jersey full of hope that we might have found a companion, if not a mate, for Flower.

Within a few days I received a courteous letter from Viscount Churchill saying he would be pleased to let his skunk come to us and as soon as he had had a travelling cage constructed he would send him.

The next thing I received was a telegram: GERALD DURRELL ZOOLOGICAL PARK LES AUGRES JERSEY CI GLADSTONE LEAVING FLIGHT BEL 12 at 19 HOURS TODAY THURSDAY CAGE YOUR PROPERTY CHURCHILL

Gladstone, on being unpacked, proved to be a lovely young male, and it was with great excitement that we put him in with Flower and stood back to see what would happen.

At that moment Flower had one of her brief moments of consciousness. During the day she used to wake up periodically for about 30 seconds at a time, just long enough to have a quick glance round the cage to see if anyone had put a plate of food in.

Gladstone, suddenly perceiving that the football had a head, stopped in astonish-

The problem: should father be left in the cage?

ment and put up all his fur defensively. I am quite sure that for a moment he was not certain what Flower was, and I can hardly say I blame him, for she was hardly at her best when just awakened from sleep.

Gladstone stood staring at her, his tail erect like an exclamation mark. Flower peered at him blearily and, because he was standing so still and because she had a one-track mind, she obviously thought he was some new and exotic dish.

She hauled herself out of her bed and waddled across toward Gladstone.

He took one look and then his nerve broke and he ran and hid in the corner. Flower, having discovered that he was only a skunk, therefore not something edible, retreated once more to her bed to catch up on her interrupted nap.

Gradually, over a period of days, they grew very fond of each other. Then came the great night when I passed their cage in bright moonlight and was struck dumb with astonishment, for there was Gladstone chasing Flower round and round the cage, and Flower (panting and gasping for breath) was actually enjoying it.

So zoo marriages can be successful or unsuccessful, but if they are successful they should generally result in some progeny, and this again presents you with further problems.

each surrounded by a circle of dark fur, so that the animal appears as though it is recovering either from some ghastly debauchery or an unsuccessful boxing match.

They have a reputation for being extremely difficult and delicate to keep in captivity, so you can imagine our excitement when we realised that the female was pregnant. This was indeed going to be an event, the first time a slender loris had been bred in captivity, to the best of my knowledge.

Tragedy struck

The great day came and a fine healthy youngster was born.

All went well for three days, during which time the parents kept close together as usual, and the baby clung to its mother's fur with the tenacity of a drowning man clasping a straw.

Then, on the fourth morning, all our hopes were shattered. The baby was lying dead at the bottom of the cage, and the mother had been blinded in one eye by a savage bite.

To this day we do not know what happened, but I can only presume that the male wanted to mate with the female, and she, with the baby clinging to her, was not willing, and so the father turned on her.

It was a bitter blow, but it taught us one thing: should

ing a ten-minute period I happened to be away.

Still, I could watch the father looking after the babies and I had to be content with that. He handled the twins with great care and devotion, generally carrying them slung one on each hip, like a couple of panniers on a donkey.

As the twins grew older they became more venturesome. If you approached too near the cage when the twins were on one of their voyages of exploration, the father would get wildly agitated.

His fur would stand on end, like an angry cat's, and he would chitter loud and shrill to the twins instructions which were generally ignored as they grew older.

This would reduce him to an even worse state of mind and, screaming with rage and fear, he would dive through the branches, grab the twins, and sling them into place, one on each hip.

Then, muttering dark things to himself — presumably about the disobedience of the modern generation — he would potter off to have a light snack to restore his nerves, casting dark glances at you over his shoulder.

There are, of course, some animals which could only with the greatest difficulty be prevented from breeding in captivity, and among these are the coatimundis.

These little South American animals are about the size of a small dog, with long, ringed tails which they gener-

were forced to feed them separately.

This Victorian male attitude was apparent only when Martha was not pregnant. As soon as she had conceived the tables were turned. She was now the dominant one, and made poor Mathias's life hell, attacking him without provocation, driving him away from the food, and generally behaving in a very shrewish fashion.

Martha's first litter consisted of four babies, and she was proud of them, and proved to be a very good mother indeed.

We were not sure what Mathias's reactions to the youngsters were going to be, so we had constructed a special shut-off for him, from which he could see and smell the babies without being able to sink his teeth into them, should he be so inclined.

It turned out later that Mathias was just as full of pride in them as Martha.

Baby coatimundis are, in many ways, the most enchanting of young animals. They appear to be all head and nose — high-domed, intellectual-looking foreheads, and noses that are, if anything, twice as rubbery and inquisitive as the adults'.

The clowns

They are natural clowns, forever tumbling about or sitting on their bottoms in the most human fashion, their hands on their knees.

It was while the babies were playing on the back drive one day that they received a fright which had a salutary effect on them. They had gradually been going farther and farther from the safety of their cage.

It was when they had reached a point quite far from their cage that Jeremy drove down the back drive in the zoo van.

Panic-stricken, they turned and ran. They galloped flat-footedly down past the baboon cage, past the chimp cage, past the bear cage, without finding anywhere to hide from the monster that pursued them.

Suddenly they saw a haven of safety, and the four of them dived for it.

The fact that the ladies' lavatory happened to be empty at that moment was entirely fortuitous. Jeremy, cursing all coatimundis, slammed on his brakes and got out.

He glanced round surreptitiously to make sure there were no female visitors around, and then dived into the ladies' in pursuit.

Inside, they were nowhere to be seen, and he was just beginning to wonder where on earth they had got to when muffled squeaks from inside one of the cubicles attracted him. He discovered that all four babies had squeezed under the door of one of these compartments.

What annoyed Jeremy most of all, though, was that he had to put a penny in the door to get them out.

IT was toward the end of the second year that I decided that the zoo, now being well established, must cease to be a mere showplace of

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VILLAIN of the piece, this slender loris (left) killed its offspring. The cotton-eared marmoset (right) was an exemplary father, taking over the care of both its babies at birth.

Fathers, in fact, are sometimes more of a problem than the mothers. If you do not remove the male from the cage he might worry the female, so that she may give birth prematurely. On the other hand, if you do remove him the female may pine and again give birth prematurely.

If the father is left in the cage he might well become jealous of the babies and eat them. On the other hand, he might give the female great assistance in looking after the young, cleaning them, and keeping them amused.

We had a pair of slender lorises of which we were inordinately proud. These creatures look rather like drug addicts that have seen better days.

Clad in light grey fur, they have enormously long, thin limbs and body; strange, almost human, hands; and large, lustrous brown eyes,

we ever succeed in breeding slender lorises again, the father will be removed from the cage as soon as the baby is born.

In the case of some animals, of course, removing the father would be the worst thing you could do.

Father-love

Take the marmosets, for instance. Here the male takes the babies over the moment they are born, cleans them, has them both clinging to his body, and hands them over to the mother only at feeding time.

I had wanted to observe this strange process for a long time, and thus I was pleased when one of our cotton-eared marmosets became pregnant.

I could quite cheerfully have strangled the female marmoset. After my patient waiting for hours by the cage, she went and gave birth dur-

ally carry pointing straight up in the air. They have short, rather bowed legs, which give them a bear-like, rolling gait, and long, rubbery, tip-tilted noses which are forever whiffing to and fro, investigating every nook and cranny in search of food.

They come in two colors: a brindled, greenish brown and a rich chestnut. Martha and Mathias, the pair I had brought back from Argentina, were of the brindled kind.

As soon as these two had settled down in their new cage in the zoo they started to breed with great enthusiasm. We noticed some interesting facts about this which are worth recording.

Normally Mathias was the dominant one. It was he who went round the cage periodically "marking" with his scent gland so that everyone would know it was his territory. He led Martha rather a dog's life, pinching all the best bits of food until we



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TABLE SILVER

MENAGERIE MANOR

● "Twelve hundred pounds! You must be mad! Twelve hundred for a baby gorilla!"



BABY coatimundis are natural clowns, forever tumbling about.

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animals and start to contribute something toward the conservation of wildlife.

I felt it would be essential to weed out all the commoner animals in the collection and to replace them with rare and threatened species — that is, species which were threatened with extinction in the wild state.

I was wondering which of this massive list of endangered species we could start with when an animal-dealer telephoned and asked if I wanted a baby gorilla.

Gorillas have never been a numerous species, and with the state that Africa was in (politically speaking) at that moment, it seemed to me that they might become extinct within the next 20 years.

"How much are you asking for it?" I inquired and took a firm grip on the telephone. "Twelve hundred pounds," said the dealer.

A brief vision of my bank manager's face floated before my eyes and I repressed it sternly. "All right," I said, in what I hoped was a confident voice. "I'll meet it at London Airport, and if it's in good condition I'll have it."

I put down the telephone to find Jacquie regarding me with a basilisk eye. "What are you going to have?" she inquired.

"A baby gorilla," I said nonchalantly.

"How much?" she asked. "As a matter of fact, it's very reasonable," I said. "You know how rare gorillas are, and you know that our policy now is to concentrate on the rare things. I feel this is a wonderful opportunity —"

"How much?" Jacquie interrupted brutally. "Twelve hundred pounds," I said and waited for the storm.

"Twelve hundred pounds? Twelve hundred pounds? You must be mad. You've got an overdraft the size of the national debt and you go and say you'll pay twelve hundred pounds for a gorilla? Where do you think we're going to find twelve hundred pounds? What do you think the bank manager's going to say when he hears?"

"I shall get the money from other sources," I said austerely. "Don't you realise that this island is infested with rich people who do nothing all day long but revolve from one cocktail party to another, like a set of Japanese waltzing mice? It's about time they made a contribution to animal conservation."

I rang a friend, asked for a list of the richest people on the island, looked up the telephone numbers, took a deep breath, and started.

By lunchtime I had collected £200. Only another thousand to go and the gorilla was mine.

The next person on the list was Major Domo. I had never met him, and had no idea of how he would react to the suggestion that he might buy a bit of gorilla.

"How much is it?" he asked.

"Twelve hundred pounds," I said.

"How much have you collected already?"

"Two hundred pounds."

"Well," said Major Domo, "come along this afternoon and I'll find the balance."

I stammered my thanks, slammed down the telephone, and rushed round the zoo telling everyone we were going to have a baby gorilla.

The great day came, and I flew over to London Airport to collect the ape.

The dealer walked over to a crate in the corner and opened the door, and N'Pongo walked into my life.

He stood about 18 inches high, and was quite the most handsome and healthy-looking baby gorilla I had ever seen. He strolled stockily across the room toward me, and then held up his arms to be lifted up.

His light chocolate-colored fur was thick and soft, and the skin on his hands, feet, and face was soft and glossy as patent leather.

Twinkling eyes

His eyes were small and deep-set, twinkling like chips of coal. He lay back in my arms and studied me carefully with an unwinking stare, and then lifted a fat and gentle forefinger and investigated my beard.

I tickled his ribs and he wriggled about in my arms, giggling hoarsely, his eyes shining with amusement.

We bundled N'Pongo — growling protests — back into the crate, and went off to catch the plane for Jersey.

When we landed at the airport I took N'Pongo out of his crate and we drove to

the zoo with him sitting on my lap, taking a great interest in the cows we passed, and occasionally turning round so that he could peer up into my face.

When we arrived I carried him up to our flat, for his cage was not quite ready, and I had decided that he would have to spend a couple of days in our guest-room.

His grave, courteous manner and his sad expression immediately won over Jacquie and my mother, and before long he was lolling back on the sofa while they plied him with delicacies, and the staff came upstairs one by one to pay homage to him as if he were some potentate.

When he became bored with lying on the sofa he decided to make a circuit of the room to examine anything of interest.

So he walked slowly round like a small, black professor in a museum, pausing now to look at a picture, now to stroke an ornament, but doing it so gently that there was never any danger that he would break anything.



N'Pongo paused to stroke an ornament...so gently

Owing to his attractive appearance and disposition, his good manners, and his well-developed sense of humor, N'Pongo was in a very short space of time the darling of the zoo.

Every fine afternoon he was brought out on to the lawn in front of the yew hedge. There he would show off to his admirers, either lolling in the grass with a bored expression on his face or, with a wicked gleam in his eye, working out how he could pose for his photograph to be taken by some earnest visitor and then rush forward at the crucial moment, grasp the unfortunate person's leg, and push it from under him.

Within 12 months N'Pongo had almost doubled his size, and I felt it was now time to try to obtain a mate for him.

I telephoned the dealer, from whom we had got N'Pongo and asked him about the possibilities of obtaining a female gorilla.

He told me he had just been offered one, a year or so younger than N'Pongo, but now, owing to the political situation in Africa, the price had increased, and he was asking £1500.

There followed two days of soul-searching. I knew we could not afford that amount of money in a lump sum, but we might be able to do it if it were spread over a period. The dealer agreed to these terms.

I had a collecting box made, over which hung the notice: "We have bought Nandy on the instalment

plan. Please help us to keep up the instalments."

Nandy arrived, crouched in a crate that I would have considered small for a squirrel.

She, like N'Pongo, appeared to be in perfect condition: her fur was glossy, she was fat, and her skin had a sheen like satin, but her eyes impressed me most.

N'Pongo's eyes, as I have said, were small and deep-set, calculating and full of humor.

Nandy's eyes were large and lustrous, and when she looked sideways she showed the whites of them, but they were frightened eyes that did not look at you squarely.

They were the eyes of an animal that had had little experience of human beings, but even that limited experience had given her no reason to trust or respect them.



she was very much smaller than he — in fact, only about half his size.

Then N'Pongo stretched out a black hand with fingers like great sausages, clasped the wire, and rolled himself carefully to the ground. There he paused and examined a handful of sawdust as though it were the first time he had ever come across the commodity.

Slept on floor

In a casual, swaggering manner he sauntered in a semicircle which took him close to Nandy, and then, without looking at her, but with the utmost speed, he reached out a long, powerful arm, gripped a handful of her hair, and pulled it.

That night N'Pongo, as usual, slept on his wooden shelf, while Nandy, looking like a thwarted suffragette, curled up on the floor.

All through the following day they had little jousts with each other, but that evening she and N'Pongo shared the wooden shelf.

DURING the time the zoo has been in existence we have worked steadily toward building up our collection of those animals which are threatened with extinction in the wild state.

It is not always possible to buy or collect them, so

liked nothing better than to have his paws held through the bars while he munched chocolate.

He is an incredible pansy in many ways, and several of the attitudes he adopts — one foot on a log, for example, while he leans languidly against the bars of his cage, with his front paws dangling limply — remind one irresistibly of the more vapid and elegant young men at cocktail parties.

He soon discovered that if he did certain tricks, the flow of chocolates and sweets increased a hundredfold, so he taught himself to do a little dance.

This consisted of standing on his hind legs and bending over backwards as far as he could without actually falling, then revolving slowly — a sort of backward waltz. This never failed to enchant his audience.

To give him something with which to amuse himself, we hung a large, empty barrel from the ceiling of his cage, having knocked out both ends. This formed a sort of circular swing, and gave Pedro a lot of pleasure.

He would gallop around the barrel and dive head-first into it so that it swung to and fro vigorously.

At other times, when he was feeling in a more soulful mood, he would climb

recently we exchanged an ostrich for a binturong, a strange, small bear-like animal with a long, prehensile tail, which comes from the Far East; and a spectacled bear, whom we have christened Pedro.

Spectacled bears are the only members of the family found in South America.

They are a blackish brown color with fawn or cinnamon spectacle markings round the eyes and short waistcoat of a similar color.

Pedro, when he arrived, was still quite a baby, and only about the size of a large retriever.

We soon found that he was ridiculously tame and

N'PONGO and Nandy.



into his barrel and lie there, sucking his paws and humming to himself, an astonishingly loud hum, as though the barrel contained a large dynamo.

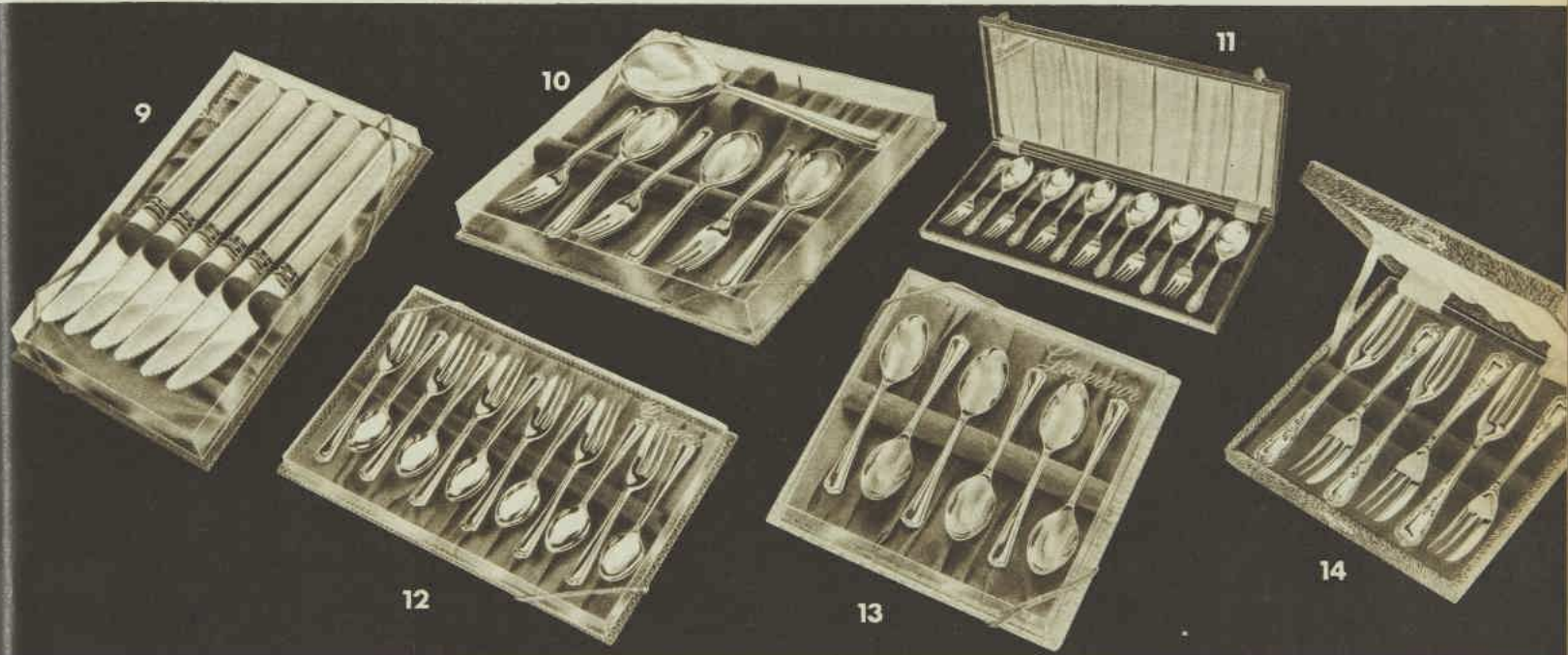
When you own a zoo, the question of Christmas, birthday, and anniversary presents is miraculously solved. You simply give animals to each other.

Having been reminded by my mother, my secretary, and three members of the staff that my 12th wedding

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TABLE SILVER

- | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. 9 piece Afternoon Tea Spoons & Fancy (6 Afternoon Tea Spoons, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon) Clear Pack 45/6. | 3. Salad Servers. Clear Pack 35/6. | 6. 3 piece Carving Set. Leatherette Case. Xylonite handles 95/6, Pearlex handles 104/6, Silver handles 148/6. | 8. 6 piece Fruit Spoons. Clear Pack 39/6. |
| 2. 7 piece Cake Forks & Lifter (6 Cake Forks, 1 Cake Lifter) Leatherette Case, 45/6. | 4. Cake Lifter. Cardboard Box. 9/6. | 7. 3 piece Jam, Sugar, Butter (1 Jam Spoon, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spn.) Clear Pack 19/6. | 9. 6 piece Grill Knives. Clear Pack. Xylonite handles 71/6, Pearlex handles 79/6, Silver handles 135/6. |
| | 5. 8 piece Grill Set. (4 Grill Knives, 4 Grill Forks) Cardboard Box. Xylonite handles. 97/6, Pearlex handles 112/6. | | 10. 13 piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks, 1 Server) Clear Pack 84/6. |
| | | | 11. 12 piece Fruit Set (6 Fruit Spoons, 6 Fruit Forks) Leatherette Case 85/6. |
| | | | 12. 12 piece Afternoon Tea Spoons & Cake Forks (6 Afternoon Tea Spoons, 6 Cake Forks.) Clear Pack 57/6. |
| | | | 13. 6 piece Afternoon Tea or Coffee Spoons. Clear Pack 32/6. |
| | | | 14. 6 piece Cake Forks. Leatherette Case 36/6. |

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● "I peered into the crate containing the baby orang-utans . . . and was immediately lost."

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anniversary was looming, I sat down with a pile of dealers' lists to see what specimens I could procure that would have the twofold value of both gladdening Jacque's heart and enhancing the zoo.

After several mouth-watering hours with the lists, I eventually settled on two pairs of crowned pigeons, birds which I knew Jacque had always longed to possess.

They are the biggest of the pigeon family and certainly among the most handsome, with their powder-blue plumage, scarlet eyes, and great, feathery crests.

At that precise moment the cheapest crowned pigeons on the market were being offered by a Dutch dealer.

I thought it would be as well if I went over personally to select the birds. As I argued to myself, it

would enable me to choose the very finest specimens (and for a wedding anniversary surely nothing but the best would do), and at the same time give me a chance to visit some of the Dutch zoos, which are among the finest in the world.

Having thus salved my conscience, I went across to Holland.

It was just unfortunate that the very morning I called at the dealer's to choose the crowned pigeons a consignment of orang-utans had arrived.

This put me in an awkward position. First, I have always wanted to have an orang-utan.

Second, I knew that we could not possibly afford them.

Third, owing in part to the trade in these delicate and lovely apes, their numbers have been so diminished in the wild state that it is possible within the next ten years they may become extinct.

As an ardent conservationist, what was I to do? Knowing full well what would happen, I went and peered into the crate containing the baby orang-utans, and was immediately lost.

They were bald and oriental-eyed. The male, who was the slightly larger of the two, looked like a particularly malevolent Mon-



PEDRO would dive into the barrel and swing to and fro vigorously.

golian brigand, while the female had a sweet and rather pathetic little face.

They crouched in the straw, locked in each other's arms. To each, the other was the one recognisable and understandable thing in a horrifying world.

That evening I telephoned the zoo to tell Jacque that all was well and that I had managed to buy not only the crowned pigeons she wanted but also two pairs of very nice pheasants. On hearing this, both Catha, our secretary, and Jacque said I should not be allowed to go animal shopping by myself.

"Guess what?"

I then carelessly mentioned that I had also bought something else.

What, they inquired suspiciously?

"A pair of orang-utans," I said airily.

"Orang-utans?" said Jacque. "You must be mad. How much did they cost? Where are we going to keep them? You must be out of your mind."

Catha, on being told the news, agreed with her. I explained that the orang-utans were so tiny that they would practically fit in your pocket and that I could not possibly leave them just to die in a dealer's shop in Holland.

"You'll love them when you see them," I said hopelessly.

So the following day I sent the crowned pigeons and the pheasants off by air and travelled myself by sea with my two waifs.

They were suspicious and timid, although the female was more inclined to be trusting than the male, but after a few hours of coaxing they did take titbits from my hand.

I decided to call the male Oscar and the female Bali, since it had some vague connotation with the area of the world from which they originated.

Bali had begun to respond quite well, and Oscar had bitten me twice by the time I arrived home.

As I anticipated, as soon as I returned to the zoo with my two bald-headed, pot-bellied, red-haired waifs, everyone immediately fell in love with them.

It was a month before they showed signs of recovering their self-confidence and began to realise that we were

not the ogres they thought. Then their personalities blossomed forth and they very soon became two of the most popular inmates of the zoo. I think it was their bald heads, their strange slant eyes, and their Buddha-like figures that made them so hilariously funny to watch.

In character they were totally different. Oscar was a real toughy. He was a terrible coward, but never lost an opportunity for creating a bit of mischief if he could. He was definitely the more intelligent of the pair, and showed his inventive genius on more than one occasion.

Other new arrivals of great importance from the point of view of conservation were a pair of tuataras from New Zealand.

These astonishing reptiles at one time had a wide range, but were exterminated on the mainland and are now found only in a few scattered groups of small islands off the coast of New Zealand.

They are rigidly protected by the New Zealand government, and only occasionally is the odd specimen exported to some zoo.

On a brief visit to that country I explained to the authorities the work I was trying to do in Jersey and they—somewhat unwisely—asked me if there was any member of the New Zealand fauna which I would particularly like to have.

Resisting the impulse to say "everything" and thus appear greedy, I said that I was interested in tuataras.

After due deliberation the authorities decided that they would let me have a true pair of tuataras—a triumph, for as I know we are the only zoo to have been allowed a true pair of these rare reptiles.

Kept too warm

The climate of New Zealand is not unlike that of Jersey. Previously, when I had seen tuataras at zoos they had always been in reptile houses in cages, the temperature of which fluctuated between 75 and 80 degrees.

When I went to New Zealand and saw the tuataras in their wild state, I realised that the mistake the majority of European zoos had been making was to keep the tuatara as though it were a tropical reptile. Very few of these creatures kept in Europe had lived for any great length of time.

Having obtained permission to have a pair, I was determined their cage must be the best possible, and kept at temperatures as near as possible to the ones to which they were accustomed.

So we started work on the housing. This resembles a rather superior greenhouse, 21ft. long and 11ft. wide, with a glass roof.

This roof is divided into windows, to keep a constant current of air flowing through the cage and ensure that the temperature does not rise too much.

A large quantity of earth and rockwork was then arranged to resemble the natural habitat of the reptiles, and we sank one or two pipes into the earth as burrows should the tuataras not feel disposed to make their own.

At last the great day came, and we went down to the airport to collect them.

They were carefully packed in a wooden box, the air holes of which did not allow me to see if they had survived the journey, and I remained in a state of frustration all the way back from the airport to the zoo.

Once there, as we removed the last screw and I prepared myself to lift the lid off, I uttered a brief prayer.

I lifted off the lid, and there, gazing at me benignly from the depths of the container, was a pair of the most perfect tuataras I had ever beheld.

and have grown so tame that they will feed from your hand.

I hope that in the not too distant future we might make zoological history by breeding them, for as far as I know no zoo outside Australia and New Zealand has succeeded in hatching baby tuataras.

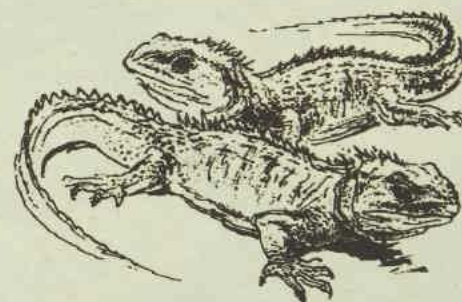
Now that the zoo was solvent and had acquired so many pairs of threatened species, I felt it was essential, if we were to do the work of saving threatened species, which was my aim, to have outside financial assistance, and to put the whole operation on an intelligent scientific footing.

The answer, therefore, was for the zoo to cease being a limited company, and to become a proper scientific trust.

In practice this is difficult. First you have to gather together a council of altruistic and intelligent people who believe in the aims of the trust, and then launch a public appeal for funds.

I managed to assemble a council of hard-working and sympathetic people on the island who did not consider my aims so fantastic as to qualify me for a lunatic asylum, and with their help the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust came into being.

We launched a public appeal for funds, and once more the people of Jersey came to my rescue, as they had in the past with calves, tomatoes, snails, and earwigs.



TUATARAS — true prehistoric monsters.

In shape they resemble lizards, though anatomically they are so different that they occupy a family all their own.

They have come down from prehistoric times virtually unchanged, so if anything in the world can be dignified with the term prehistoric monster, the tuatara can.

Before releasing the tuataras into their new home, I wanted to be sure that the journey had not upset them too much, and that they would feed.

We left them in their travelling box overnight and put 12 dead baby rats in with them.

The next day, to my delight, the box contained no trace of baby rats but a couple of rather portly and smug tuataras.

It was obvious that a long plane journey was a mere nothing to creatures of such ancient lineage, and so we put them into their new quarters.

They settled down well,

This time they came forward with their chequebooks, and before long the trust had acquired sufficient money to take over the zoo.

This means that after 22 years of endeavor I shall have achieved one of the things I most desired in the world—to help some of the animals that have given me so much pleasure and so much interest during my lifetime.

I realise the part we can play is only a small one, but if we can prevent only a tiny proportion of threatened species from becoming extinct, and interest more people in the urgent and necessary work of conservation, then our work will not have been in vain.

(Condensed from "Menagerie Manor," by Gerald Durrell, published by Rupert Hart-Davis, London.)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 22, 1965



OSCAR and Bali crouched in the straw, locked in each other's arms for comfort.

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How a family found the real spirit of Yuletide
when they played Santa Claus to a widow and her children . . .

A VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS

● Christmas that year seemed to be arriving quite normally. The children had collected presents, ice-cream, and train rides at the firm's party. My husband, Ben, and I were already gasping in a hectic whirl of shopping and posting and too many Christmas parties.

THEN, three days before Christmas, I went through the children's clothes. There was a fair-sized bundle of things they'd outgrown, so, on my way home from shopping, I called in to give it to the local Salvation Army officer.

"They're just what we need," she said. "We have a family who'll be thrilled with them." She told me of a young mother who was battling courageously to keep her family together. The husband had died a few weeks previously after a long illness which had eaten up all their savings, and though the Salvation Army was doing all it could to help, the girl was having a hard struggle to make ends meet.

All day the story haunted me. Our own preoccupation with food and presents seemed suddenly frivolous beside the problems this girl was facing: sorrow, loneliness, and the enormous responsibility of feeding, clothing, and educating four children for what must seem a frightening number of years to come.

At dinner I told the family about it. "Thank goodness we sent those clothes," said eight-year-old Ricky, "or they mightn't have had any Christmas presents. Now they'll have something." Tony turned on him with older-brother scorn. "I'd like to see your face, my boy, if you got a bundle of old clothes for Christmas."

"They weren't all that old," said Sarah. "But they weren't good enough for presents. There was that bit of green paint on my pink dress. And you could see where the other one had been let down." She chewed on the end of one pigtail for a moment, then said thoughtfully: "Mummy, do you think we could find them some more, nicer, things . . . some we've nearly grown out of?"

The boys were enthusiastic, and soon everyone was eagerly offering possible contributions. Ben drew the meeting to order.

"How old are these children, anyway?" he asked. "Before you start rushing round finding clothes for them, I suggest you find out what they need."

So next day I rang the Salvation Army woman, who told me there were two girls and two boys, all younger than our family. The fourth, a girl, was a toddler.

When I told her we were trying to make up another parcel in time for Christmas, she was delighted.

"Get it up to us any time on Christmas Eve," she said, "and my husband will pop it around that night so they'll have it for Christmas morning."

The children and I went through the wardrobes again and came up with quite a collection. Ben took a look at the pile on his way to work and brought an enormous cardboard carton for the shed.

"That doesn't look very nice for a Christmas box," said Sarah. "Perhaps we could stick some pictures on it."

I remembered the pile of old Christmas cards in the desk and fetched them. Sarah and Rick went to work cutting and pasting.

Tony said thoughtfully: "You know, it would be good if we could give them something else besides clothes. Books or toys or something."

"We've got those two copies of 'Alice in Wonderland' . . . and two of those books about the stars . . . and Rick's too old for some of those books in the corner cupboard, aren't you Rick?" said Sarah.

Before lunch we had packed the best of the books and toys into the box. Tony took a wooden truck and some blocks to the workshop for sanding and repainting. Ricky was busy fixing in loose pages. Sarah set to work to mend, wash, and iron the dolls' clothes she had rescued from the bottom of the toybox.

When Ben came home from work and saw how things were going, he hunted up another large carton to be decorated and then went to lend a hand with the painting.

We were all so absorbed in the project now that our own Christmas preparations were forgotten.

At dinner Ben said: "It would be nice if we could give them a little bit of Christmas festivity. What about making some of those little cardboard angels you did for us last year, Sarah?"

Sarah agreed eagerly and Ricky broke in: "Mum, you know the Christmas crackers you bought? Could we give them those? We don't really need them, do we?"

And we could give them half our pine cones. And some of the colored balls."

Tony was suddenly serious. "Supposing they haven't anything special to eat. It wouldn't be much fun with decorations and no Christmas dinner."

The children looked at us in consternation. Nothing, to their minds, was as important as food.

"We'll have a look afterwards," I said. "I'm sure we'll be able to find something."

Sarah's face lighted with sudden inspiration. "Oh, Mummy, do you think we could make them a Christmas cake? Then it would really seem like Christmas."

I looked at the clock. If we were to make a cake it would have to be that night. Tomorrow was Christmas Eve. But there was just time before we went to bed.

While it cooked we raided the store-cupboard which yielded a fine booty of tins and packets. We found peaches, asparagus, and Christmas pudding and ham; raisins and nuts, tinned cream, cordial.

Next morning there was a minor crisis. Sarah realised that there were no clothes for the little two-year-old or for the mother. For the child I rooted out two lengths

A READER'S STORY

(The writer has supplied her name and address but wishes to be anonymous.)

of floral lawn which had been sitting for months in my sewing trunk. For the mother there was a blue silk scarf and some linen handkerchiefs I had never used.

Next morning the children took their pocket-money and went off. Half an hour later they returned, bringing the finishing touches: a frill for the cake, some tinsel, a game of snakes and ladders, a big packet of pop-corn, and a large Christmas card. Ben came home soon after lunch and we packed the last things.

Last of all there was the greeting card. What would we put on it? "Suppose we just put," said Ben, "With love from Father Christmas." So that is what we did.

Then, putting the two cartons on the back seat of the car, we all piled in around them and drove them up to the Salvation Army people.

Home again, we fell to work to decorate our own tree before the children went off to bed. Ben and I wrapped the presents and followed them as soon as we could. We knew they'd be awake at first light.

Sure enough, they burst in on us soon after five. But this year their excited chatter was not of their own tree and presents.

"Do you think they'll have found the boxes yet?" they asked. "Do you think next year we could put in . . .?"

As they dragged us mercilessly out of bed, Sarah announced: "I've got a feeling this is going to be an extra special Christmas." And it was.

THE FASCINATION OF FAMILIES

● Do you think today's teenagers have gone about as far they can go in precocious behaviour? If so, you're in for a surprise, according to American anthropologist Margaret Mead, who claims that the more rapidly the world changes, the more self-assured and demanding adolescents will become, and the more confused and uncertain their parents will be.

THE more rapidly the world changes, the greater is the contrast between older people, who have had to learn so many things during their lifetime, and younger people who take the same things for granted," says Dr. Mead.

"Young people who all their lives have been familiar with cars and how they are driven, who know how a jet plane is operated, and how a computer is built, have an appearance of startling precocity as they move among adults for whom this knowledge and these skills are still new and strange.

"How," asks Dr. Mead, "can parents feel that their adolescent children are, in fact, adolescents when these children know so much that they, the parents, learned only yesterday and with great difficulty?"

"The authority in the adult voice flickers, hesitates, grows shrill, and young people, sensing adult uncertainty and weakness, press harder against the barriers that hold them back from full participation in life."

These views of Dr. Mead's are expressed in "Family," a delightful and fascinating

book she has written in conjunction with American photographer Ken Heyman.

Described as "a revealing portrait of fathers, mothers, and daughters, brothers, sisters, and friends around the world," this beautifully presented volume is no slapdash affair of random thoughts and pictures thrown casually together.

On the contrary, Dr. Mead and Mr. Heyman visited 46 countries in the past seven years to record, with pen and camera, just what makes the family unit tick in the modern world, and the outlook and importance of the

various members making up this family unit.

The book is divided into eight sections—one each on Mothers, Fathers, Families, Brothers and Sisters, Grandparents, The Child Alone, Friends, and Adolescents—and in each section is a group of 20 or 30 appealing and human pictures to provide graphic illustration of the "common heritage" family life gives all people.

These pictures show, as few words can, the mother's love, the father's pride, the grandparents' adoration that reassuringly are the same—whether in a rags or riches setting, whether in a developed city or in the most primitive community.

And just as telling in its survey of the family pattern throughout the world, are the words of Dr. Mead.

A particularly interesting chapter is the one devoted to grandparents, and the story of how most revel in this second chance to enjoy parenthood with fewer of its tribulations and responsibilities.

Dr. Mead debunks any theory that grandparents (or at least those in most societies) are the most cautious and conservative members of the family group. They are, in fact, the reverse, she claims.

"They represent through their own experience those who best understand change.

"Where they themselves were the immigrants—the very people who moved from the country to the city, crossed the sea to a new country, went to school although no one of their ancestors had learned to read, became familiar travellers on trains and ships, in automobiles and airplanes, learned to use the telephone, listen to the radio and enjoy television—they are the living proof that the human race is capable of changing rapidly and surviving intact."

For these reasons she feels grandparents are perhaps better equipped than parents in guiding children and teenagers on their attitude to living in a changing world.

"Grandparents, who once were the conservators of the past for the future, now have become those who best know how to prepare their grandchildren for innovation and change," she says.

"Family"—a book that reduces the rich and the poor of 46 nations into the common denominator of a family unit—has just been released to bookshops throughout Australia by Collier-Macmillan International, and is selling at 78/6.



SWISS grandmother with grandchild . . . a picture from "Family."

AT HOME

with Margaret Sydney

● Two mad, Machine-Age stories have caught my eye in the newspapers recently —both of them from America.

THE first (and funny) one is the new golf craze there.

Want to play a round of 18 holes on a humidity-controlled, air-conditioned course with a wall-to-wall carpet, and with no necessity to waste energy on anything so old-fashioned as walking?

Easy. It will cost you a dollar an hour (plus your fare to America, of course) and you will need to book your round in advance, because there aren't enough golfomats to satisfy the customers.

Eleven have already been built in various parts of America (at a cost of 400,000 dollars each) and 30 more are now under construction. The Wall Street Journal, which has a habit of knowing what it's talking about, says golfomats are a sure-fire investment.

What happens is this. First you choose the course you want to play on. It doesn't matter if you're a mug golfer who habitually goes round in 200-odd, you can still play on the hallowed greens of the most exclusive clubs in the United States.

Next you go into a booth 15ft. wide by 20ft. long, and tee up your ball on a little patch of artificial grass. Seventeen feet away from you is a nylon screen (nylon, so that you can whang a golf ball at it without doing it any damage) and on to it is projected a color shot showing the fairway from the first tee at whatever golf course you've chosen.

You drive off, and the listening microphones and the watching photo-electric cells measure the force and direction of your shot (carefully noticing whether you've sliced or hooked) and relay the information to a computer.

The computer makes its calculations, and directs the projector to move its film forward to the position on the fairway or in the rough that your ball would have reached.

And so you go on, hacking, slicing, and cursing the computer, until the film has moved forward to a position that shows you're on the green.

Then, I'm sorry to say, you have to walk a few steps, in order to putt your ball into the hole on an undulating green built into the floor of the booth. And so to the second tee, which has now come up in color on the screen.

One of the nastier refinements of the golfomat is that the distance covered by your drive and the distance still remaining to the pin flash up in indisputable figures on the screen.

Golfers are like fishermen—their drives grow longer just as the fisherman's fish grow bigger as the day goes on. How can you boast "I did a terrific drive on the eleventh—must have been all of 100 yards," when your conscience is reminding you that that mean-minded and probably utterly faulty computer credited you with a mere 69½?

Machine-Age "magic"
you could live without

THE other Machine-Age story (not nearly so funny) is about a machine some technologists have dreamed up which can dial your tele-

phone number and deliver into your unwilling ear a recorded message that you don't want to hear.

Ever noticed how the surest way of making your phone ring is to get into the shower when there's no one else in the house to answer it? It's maddening enough to dash out of the shower with soap in your eyes, wrap a towel round you, and leave a trail of drips all the way to the phone in order to listen to your dearest friend telling you a fascinating piece of gossip.

How unbearable it would be to make the damp dash only to hear a recorded voice announcing that Blogg's soap is made of pure nitro-glycerine, and girls who use it are guaranteed to go up in the world!

The U.S. Senate is taking steps to deal with this new menace to privacy.

The devices can be set to ring a certain number at a certain time, ring back again if the irate telephone subscriber hangs up on them, and prevent your using your own phone to make a call until the whole of its uninvited message has been delivered, even if you've hung up in fury at the first few words.

Politicians, naturally enough, are concerned. Commercial advertising would be bad enough, but it would also be easy to program these devices to ring people up and deliver defamatory messages about opponents at election time.

Some old-world courtesy
in the buses of Brazil . . .

IN Bela Horisonte, in Brazil, the City Council is considering a bill to make it law for men in buses to offer their seats to women "as a token of the courtesy to which they have been entitled since the days of Adam and Eve."

What I would like to see, locally, is some sort of pressure brought on the young to give up seats to the elderly, regardless of sex.

Ever noticed how often it's the middle-aged who get up in our trains and buses to give seats to the elderly, while the young stare out of windows or keep their noses buried in their books?

I saw a bit of youthful train behaviour before the holidays that amused me. It was a warm and rainy day, with the windows beautifully steamed up and tempting to write on.

A small schoolboy succumbed to the temptation, and wrote "Jack was hear" on the window, which started a noisy argument about his spelling ability. Then they began a tense series of carefully-thought-out games of noughts and crosses.

Up at the other end of the carriage were some much older boys from the same school. You could see that the windows tempted them, but that noughts and crosses was beneath their dignity, so they began writing up what appeared to me to be fairly complicated chemical formulas.

The small boys' faces fell. They scrubbed their windows clean, opened their cases, and settled down to some steady concentration on the night's homework.



A woman's guide to a happy man

At this time of the year the gift that will really delight the man in your life is a box of Henri Wintermans Cigars. These extra-mild cigars are available in a choice of sizes—at prices to suit everyone. Ask for Henri Wintermans Cigars; you'll find them in gay Christmas wrappers at tobacconists and stores everywhere.

FINE FLEUR (in illustration above)—a tribute to the cigar-making art—and world famous for their fine smoking. Rolled from the finest tobaccos they will always meet the most exacting standards of the cigar connoisseur. Boxes of 10 are 24/- and 25 are 60/-.



CABINET ASSORTMENT is ideal for those who like to pass the cigars around. 26 cigars in 4 popular sizes only 44/-.



CELLOS are a traditional type cigar with a cigar holder in every box. Packs of 5 for 8/- or 10 for 16/-.



Give him a drum of **PANATELLAS**—long, thin cigars which are the most popular of all imported cigars. 25 for 33/- or packs of 10 are 13/-.



SEÑORITAS are a smaller sized cigar made of the same fine tobaccos. Packs are 7/-, 6/- for 10 or wood boxes of 25 for 18/-, 6/- or 50 for 37/-.



BOUQUET Half Christmas will always give a fine, mild but satisfying smoke. Packets of 5 are 7/- or wood boxes of 10 for 14/-, 25 for 35/-.



the nicest
cigars in the
world

HENRI WINTERMANS

ETA Gifts to fire your imagination this Christmas



Here are tasty ETA treats for Dad...



Choose your
ETA gifts for
father and order
them from your
storekeeper by
using the
catalogue
numbers shown
in the sketch.

ETA 6 OZ. CANS (39-41)

A tangy treat for father—cans of imported Smokehouse Almonds (39), Garlic Onion Almonds (40) Salted Pecans (4 oz.) (41).

ETA 12 OZ. CANS (21-23)

Large cans of crisp, crunchy ETA nuts, vacuum-sealed for freshness. Buy your favourites from ETA's range of Salted Peanuts (21), Cashews (22), or Mixed Nuts (23).

ETA GAYA TRAY (12)

Five glass tumblers on a gay plastic tray that's ideal afterwards for serving drinks at parties and barbecues. Individual tumblers contain Salted Peanuts, Mixed Nuts, Cashews, Sugar-coated Peanuts and Jelly Beads.

ETA DE-LUXE 12 OZ. CAN (19)

A wonderful gift of highest quality imported De-Luxe Salted Mixed Nuts, including Brazil Nuts, Pecans, Peanuts, Barcelonas, Almonds and Cashews.

ETA COMPOSITE CARTON (14)

Says Merry Christmas three times over with Salted Peanuts, Salted Cashews and Salted Mixed Nuts in vacuum-sealed cans.

ETA SUPREME GIFT PACK (20)

An Australian motif gift box containing imported Salted Pecan Nuts, Garlic Onion Almonds and Salted Peanuts.

ETA TAVERN TANKARDS (29-34)

Distinctive beer tankards in a series of eight authentic English Tavern signs, featured in black and gold. Packed with

a choice of Salted Peanuts (29), Salted Cashews (30), Salted Mixed Nuts (31), Sugar-coated Peanuts (32), Scorched Peanuts (33), Scorched Almonds (34).

ETA GIANT 1 1/2 LB. JARS OF NUTS (1-3)

Father's favourites—Salted Peanuts (1) Mixed nuts (2) and Cashews (3)—packed in useful vacuum-sealed glass jars. Perfect kitchen canisters once they're empty.

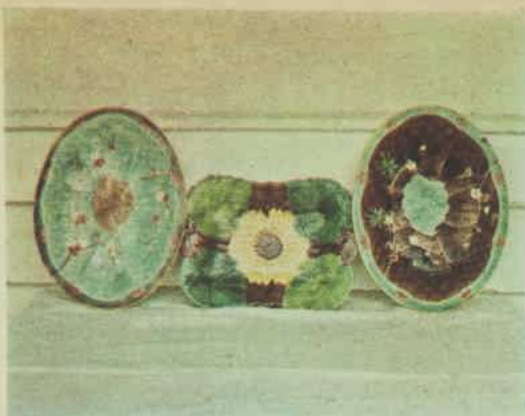
ETA

Order them now from your store.

Products of ETA Foods division of the Marrickville Holdings Group—an all-Australian Company.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Majolica ware

ENCLOSED is a photograph of three plates. On the back of each are the words "Wedgwood and Tum," as well as the letters "M and W," and marked in red is the letter "K."

Can you give me any particulars of interest? — Mrs. G. Bourne, Bendigo, Vic.

These Victorian dishes are good examples of majolica ware. The marks indicate that they were made in March, 1868.

COULD you tell me about a covered dish I bought among a box of junk? When I washed the dust and dirt off it this dish was really beautiful. It has a lovely deep blue, very high glazed background, and the reeds, waterlilies, dragonflies, and swan handle on the lid are glazed, too. Inside the dish and lid is a very delicate pale mauve and under the attached plate rim and bottom is a deep creamy fawn color. It is marked with "77" with an "X" beneath the numbers. It is so beautifully made and



● Cheese dish

finished, and the colors are so rich everyone admires it and asks its history. Can you tell me something about it and also what this type of dish is used for? Some friends say it is for cheese, but I feel it is the wrong shape for that. — Mrs. K. Streitberg, Maryborough, Qld.

Yes, your dish is a cheese dish and cover. It is Victorian majolica ware of the Staffordshire type and was made about 1870 to 1885.

I HAVE always been interested in a pair of jugs which have been in our family for as long as I can remember. They do not appear to be of particularly good quality, but I wondered whether you would know anything of their history. The jug is off-white, the lid is metal (possibly pewter), and all four panels of the design are different. On the base of the jug is the word "international." — Mrs. G. E. Williams, Balwyn, Vic.



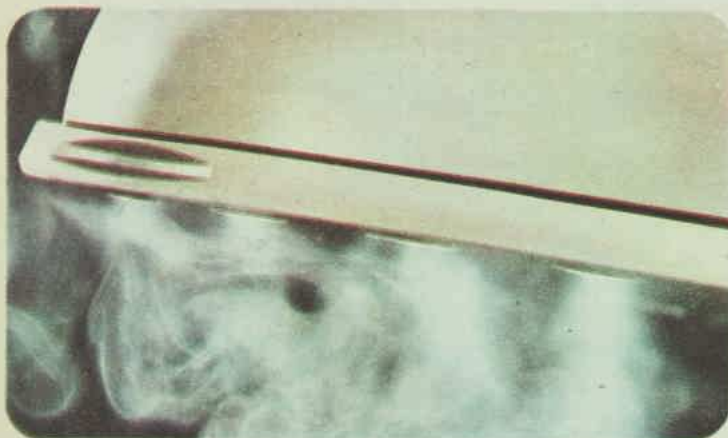
● Staffordshire jug

This interesting Staffordshire jug with britannia metal cover is a typical example of the mid-19th century and was made by Wood and Sons. The mark which your example bears is a registration mark (registration of the design, to prevent piracy) and indicates that the design was registered on approximately January 23, 1848.

I AM seeking information regarding a coin. It is, I believe, a George III shilling dated 1790 and bears the letters "N.C." (or it may be "O"), "R. Et. Co. DG. L.T. Rex. Fd. Birm.," and has a shield with a crown. On the other side is a king's head "George III dei gratia." — Mrs. K. M. Wainlow, North Walkerville, S.A.

If the coin is made of silver, which I presume it is, well then it must be a shilling piece — George III, 1790. If the coin is in extremely fine condition the value would be about 20/- to 40/-. However, if the coin is brass or gilt (not gold) it is a brass counter (approximately the size of a shilling) — a copy of a spade guinea. This was first issued in 1783 and struck until 1798. It is of no value.

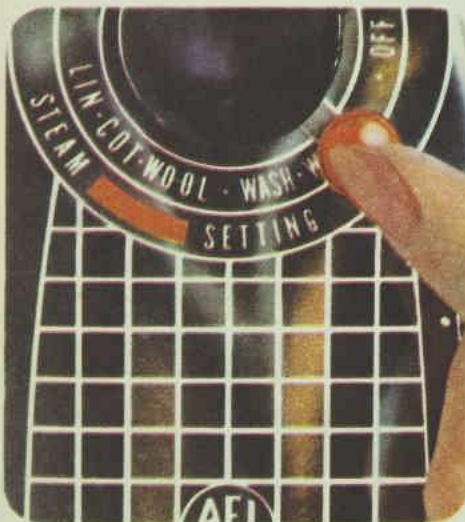
My Christmas wish is for the easiest-ever Steam Iron



One that absolutely floats on moist steam



can't splash—steam lasts longer



and heats fast to constant fabric settings



does ironing best of all



wonderful as my other Hotpoint appliances.

I wish they'd load my tree with



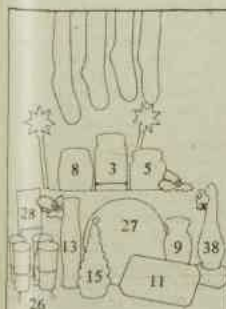
HOTPOINT gifts

Hotpoint homes lead the world in better living

Ablaze with colour gay, useful ETA Gifts



ETA gifts to warm Mum's heart...



Here's a selection of ETA Christmas gifts to gladden any mother's eye. Order them from your storekeeper now, using the catalogue numbers shown in the sketch.

ETA BISCUIT BARRELS (6-8)
Glass biscuit barrels - packed with 1 1/2 lbs. of delicious Scorched Peanuts (6), or Scorched Almonds (7), 2 lbs. of Sugared Almonds (8): These containers become handsome biscuit barrels.

GIANT 1 1/2 LB. JARS SALTED CASHEWS (3) AND VANILLA ALMONDS (5)
Everyone's favourites - mouth-watering, selected Vanilla Almonds and Cashew Nuts - packed in useful household jars.

ETA MUSCATELS AND ALMONDS (28)
Eight ounces of Muscatels and Almonds in a bright carton, wrapped for freshness.

ETA PATIO PACK (26)
An elegant chromed carrier, containing four glasses, each decorated with the crests of Australian capital cities. The glasses contain individually, Salted Cashews,

Mixed Nuts, Vanilla Almonds and Salted Peanuts.

ETA TWIN PARFAIT PACK (13)
Two gleaming goblets filled with delicious Sugared Almonds and Chocolate Raisins. Packed together in bright net wrapping.

ETA CHRISTMAS TREE (15)
A glittering, festive table-piece. Base is filled with colourful Jelly Beads in eight flavours.

ETA PARTY TRAY (27)
This attractive Christmas table tray, packed with high-quality tasty Ginger, Sultanas, Almonds, Walnuts and Muscatels, is ready for immediate use at Christmas gatherings.

ETA GLACE FRUITS (11)
Delicious selection of Glace Pear, Pine-

apple, Cherry, Apricot and Fig, complete with fork, in an attractive gift box, which can be used afterwards for accessories or trinkets.

ETA PARISIAN BOWL (9)
A delightfully shaped bowl or storage jar, filled with tempting Chocolate Raisins - choice fruit coated in luscious, rich chocolate.

CAMAY CHRISTMAS PACK (38)
A gracious flask containing fragrant bath crystals and decorated with an orchid spray, together with two bath-sized cakes of delicately perfumed Camay soap.

ETA

Order them now from your store.

Products of ETA Foods division of the Murrickville Holdings Group - an all-Australian Company.

RIVETS

Continued from page 33



Brutpenniwir, yes. But not the other. For, despite all his shortcomings, there was that, far back in Jason's faded blue eyes, which gave them pause and daunted them.

His story was the sordid story of many white men who find themselves, or lose themselves, for ever along the inscrutable way of the pandanus and paper-barks. It gains nothing in the telling and is best forgotten.

Jason was a prospector, with little to sustain him but the unfading hope in his heart and a streak of iron in his soul. The fates and the wild, lonely land had conspired against him. While the scanty gold he won was barely enough to keep him in tucker, the promise of more

lured him deeper into the wilds in search of the elusive mother-lode.

This incessant scratching among the river gravels was something the aborigines could not understand, for the specks of yellow gold meant nothing to them. Just then, toward the end of the "dry," he was working yet another grudging bench-placer by the river, digging the gold-bearing gravel and washing it in the sluice-box in time-honored fashion at the stream.

As he worked, the stir of movement among the paper-barks caught his eye. He kept on shovelling, looking up occasionally from under his wide-brimmed hat. Dark shapes flitted like shadows through the trees, but what he saw did not dis-

turb him. He knew their meaning. The tribe was merely shifting camp, probably to one of the other great billabongs along the river.

There, once again, the women and children would wade all day, up to their necks in water, gathering the seeds and bulbs of "lily tuckout," while the men speared fish and caught wildfowl and climbed trees after flying-fox and "sugar-bags" of wild honey. Here, unlike the gaunt and arid south, there was no shortage of food.

When the lilies were thinned out and fish and game became scarce, there was more to be had elsewhere. So it went on, an endless cycle that took no reckoning of months or years, or the amassing of wealth.

Sometimes Jason found it in his heart to envy these heedless ones who were content with so little. He would look at his calloused hands and wear-bright shovel, and wonder why he, too, could not fashion a place for himself in such an existence. It was all a question of values, he told himself.

The present was not enough. The future and dreams of the future were what mattered. Two worlds could not be reconciled by a whim or an impulse. To live like a savage one must be a savage at heart. And whatever else he had become, Jason knew he was never that.

But he lived too close to the watchful, brooding spirit of the land to be immune from its subtle workings upon him now. The restlessness of the vanished tribe became his. A few days later, at sunrise, he broke camp and loaded his outfit into the cart.

The donkey kicked up its heels as he led it from the railed yard, and knowing what this display of spirit implied he patted it affectionately. He was fond of the donkey, and the attachment did not strike him as incongruous. It was necessary for him to have something to love, and one small donkey with which he had much in common was something.

The country along the river was open forest, and he walked beside the cart, guiding it through breaks between the quinine trees and stands of lancewood and ironwood. While taking a short-cut across a bend in the river, he came upon the deserted camp. The mia-mias of the

FROM THE BIBLE

● *Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest.*

— Joshua 1:9.

"wet" still stood on the trodden earth, and he was meditating on their forlorn aspect when his attention was drawn to one that stood at the edge of the camp near a clump of cycad palms.

Looking closer, he was surprised to see a small, dark shape seated on top of the curved sheet of paper-bark that was at once wall and roof of the flimsy structure. Leading the donkey, he approached the mia-mia in circumspect fashion, and found himself face to face with an aboriginal boy about four years old.

Such an encounter was something new in Jason's experience. He looked for some display of emotion, but the child regarded him with a great apathy, which he soon discovered was the aftermath of an equally great innutrition.

Its stomach was swollen, and its well-shaped head seemed to project from the wasted shoulders. Although the tribe had moved on only a short time before, it was quite obvious that the child had not eaten for many days.

In all his wide experience of the tribes, Jason had never known the thing to happen. Even now, he could only surmise. Prone to fits of temper, when he often behaved violently and with great cruelty, the aboriginal was invariably fond of his children and treated them well. This little fellow was obviously a foundling, who for some reason had been left behind in the camp, which made it even more difficult to understand. It was the custom that if the parents of a child died, he was at once taken care of by a blood or tribal father and mother.

There Jason's conjecture ended. For all his familiarity with the ways of the tribes, the recondite workings of the savage mind were beyond him. All he could do now was accept the substance for the shadow, and respond to the urge of pity and compassion that mounted within him.

There was nearly a whole damper and half the plump body of a plain turkey in his tucker-bag. Slicing off a generous portion of each, he walked around the mia-mia. The



for a good,
old-fashioned Christmas
choose the ham
with good,
old-fashioned flavour

Mayfair



MAYFAIR CANNED HAMS
come in 10 different sizes,
from 1½ to 12 lbs.

And with no bone, there's no waste.
Just slice after slice of lean, tender, juicy ham.

To page 68

ETA Gift packs nut-full of Christmas cheer!



ETA goodies for all the youngsters...



And here are ETA treats for the kiddies! Your storekeeper will have them soon, so tell him your choice now from the catalogue numbers shown in the sketch.

ETA CHRISTMAS STARS (17)

Pretty enough to decorate a Christmas tree, or top off the children's stockings. The long wands are filled with sweet Jelly Beads in happy Christmas colours.

ETA GIANT 1 1/2 LB. JARS OF NUTS (1-5)

Everyone's favourites in re-usable jars—Sugar-coated Peanuts (4), Salted Mixed Nuts (2), Salted Peanuts (1), Vanilla Almonds (5), and Salted Cashews (3). All vacuum-packed in glass jars, which make perfect kitchen canisters.

ETA CHRISTMAS TREE (15)

So much sparkle it almost glows! Makes a beautiful table-piece. Base is filled with crisp, crunchy Jelly Beads.

ETA BISCUIT BARRELS (6-8)

Good old-fashioned biscuit barrels, pack-

ed with delicious Scorched Almonds (7), Scorched Peanuts (6), or Sugared Almonds (8). A delightful gift that's useful all year round.

ETA CHRISTMAS CANDLES (18)

Filled to the brim with colourful Jelly Beads. These gay candles look so pretty on top of the tree—dressing up Christmas Stockings—or your festive table.

ETA SANTA CLAUS PACK (16)

This cute Santa makes an ideal table decoration, and stands on a base full of gay Jelly Beads.

ETA PLAY PACKS (35-36)

Tall, re-usable goblets, filled with tasty selected Vanilla Almonds (35) or Scorched Peanuts (36). Ideal children's gift to sweeten Christmas stockings.

ETA MUSCATELS AND ALMONDS (28)
Eight ounces of mixed Muscatels and Almonds packed into a gay, wrapped carton.

CHOC-A-DADDY (25)

Noddy toys for girls and boys. Re-usable tumblers, choc-full of scrumptious chocolate-coated raisins.

ETA DE-LUXE BON BONS (42)

Six festive bon bons filled with toys, jokes, novelties and party hats.

ETA

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Sheer luxury.
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Exciting duo. Gemey Talc
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Parfum Gemey.
An exquisite floral
bouquet. Excitingly
packaged. 8/6 and 16/6



TWO MONDRIAN PATTERNS BY ST. LAURENT

● You can make these Yves St. Laurent Mondrian dresses from patterns priced at 14/- each — the price includes postage.

● Vogue Paris original 1557 (below) — Skimpy chemise dress with the Mondrian influence highlighted by dramatic color treatment. Sizes 10 to 18 for 31 to 38in. bust. The price, 14/-, includes postage.

● Vogue Paris original 1556 (left) — St. Laurent's Mondrian dress with abstract effect in yoke, cuffs, and hemline. Pattern also includes long version. Sizes 10 to 18 for 31 to 38in. bust. Price 14/- includes postage.

HOW TO ORDER

● Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Please state size required and print name in block letters. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

FOR the first time, Paris couture designer Yves St. Laurent has released original designs in pattern form from his autumn collection. The designs, made available exclusively through Vogue Patterns, are inspired by abstract art from the canvases of Piet Mondrian.

The original Mondrian dresses were made in wool jersey, featuring striking colors

in squares contrasting with a plain background and dramatic bands of black. The Mondrian look made instant world headlines and can be translated successfully into summer fabrics.

My choice for the design is linen or any linen-type fabric. Play the Mondrian game and pick your own color mix. It's fun to be original.

— BETTY KEEP



Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The two dresses (below and below right) answer the most popular style requests in this week's fashion mail. Paper patterns are available for the two designs.

THE first request is from a reader who asks for a smart one-piece dress to be made in white crepe. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

"I need a style and pattern for a very tailored dress. I have very freckled arms, so would like the style

to have below-elbow sleeves. I am wearing the dress to a formal lunch, so also would like a suggestion for a smart hat style."

The dress I have chosen for you is illustrated below. The dress is tailored, has a collarless neckline and high yoke extending into three-quarter-length sleeves. The skirt pockets are finished with

flaps, and the dress is back-buttoned. There is nothing newer in millinery fashion than a turban made in printed silk. I suggest you follow this idea. A paper pattern is available for the dress design. Underneath the illustration are further details and how to order.

The next letter is from a Queensland reader, who wrote:

"Could you pick a simple style for a frock that can be made from 2½ yds. of 36-inch material? I take size 16 and wish to buy a pattern for the design you suggest."

The design I have chosen in answer to your query (illustrated at right) has an A-line silhouette and scallop detail at the centre front. The dress also can be made sleeveless or with long narrow sleeves. A paper pattern is available in your size group. Underneath the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I am going for a short cruise and would like some advice about the correct clothes to take."

On a cruise ship, resort wear is the correct daytime fashion. Slacks and shirt, a simple one-piece dress, skirt and blouse are all correct. Choose according to your type and age group. You will change for dinner—a cocktail dress, pretty afternoon dress, or a long skirt and separate top are adequate.

Take a cool suit or dress and comfortable shoes for shore excursions. You also will need a pair of soft-soled shoes for deck games and deck walking. Pack a light wool coat or cardigan—breezes off the ocean can be quite cool. If the ship has a swimming-pool, take your beach requirements, including a cover-up to wear to and from your cabin.

"We don't really recommend you try this to see how light n' dreamy Tea-time wafers are . . ."

"Just take a packet home, and all the family will tell you".

Peek Frean's

Tea-time

WAFERS

8 OZ. NET



1491. — One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38 inch bust. 1491 Vogue couturier design by Fabiani. Price 9/6 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"My husband and I are going by ship to England next year and will arrive in England in February. This is our first visit and we would like to know if it will be cold. Would an ordinary wool suit be correct? I also would like to know if I should take an evening frock to wear to the theatre, concerts, etc."

London in February can be freezing, so I advise you to take a really warm suit and warm topcoat. I also advise a good raincoat and sensible walking shoes and some type of overshoes. If you haven't got a raincoat and overshoes, buy them in London.

Unless it is a gala occasion, few people wear formal clothes to the theatre. A light wool or crepe dress in a dark color would be perfect. Best wishes for a pleasant trip.

"The girls in this office are having an argument about jewellery worn with slacks. The query we want answered is: 'Is this fashion correct?'"

It depends on how you define jewellery. In my opinion, heavy gold jewellery — earrings and bracelet — is not only correct but chic with casual fashions. With "at home" pants and pyjamas, elaborate costume jewellery is permissible.



6460. — One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36 inch bust. Vogue pattern 6460. Price 6/6 includes postage. Pattern from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"What shoes should I wear with wool stockings?"

Low boxy-heeled shoes or gillies.

"I have a navy-and-white check suit and for this garment I would like advice about the correct accessories to wear, including the hat. I am a youthful 24."

White sleeveless overblouse, white pique turban, white gloves, and gold costume jewellery would look fresh and young.

"I have a new party dress made in a pale lemon sheer nylon. The dress has a full skirt that seems to lack stiffness and the effect is drab. Could you offer a suggestion?"

Wear the dress over a stiffened petticoat. For extra glamor, have the petticoat ruffled at the hemline with the dress fabric.

"What is the correct bra for a heavy bustline? I am only 15 and my bust looks top-heavy in my clothes."

Consult a fitter in a store—the proper type and fit of bra is very important. A one-piece dress with an A-line flare will help to counter-balance your large bosom.

"Would it be correct to go away in the outfit I am being married in? This is my second marriage and it will only be a small family affair."

Under the circumstances you mention, it would be perfectly correct to wear your wedding ensemble when you leave for the honeymoon.

"For the coming season, I have to buy a really good coat. As I will have to wear it for all occasions and at least three or four seasons, I would like your advice on color style, etc."

I suggest pale beige. It sounds extravagant, but it is a perfect all-purpose color because it has evening possibilities as well as day. If you choose a classic, shawl-collared style with a single- or double-breasted fastening, the coat will be fairly timeless.

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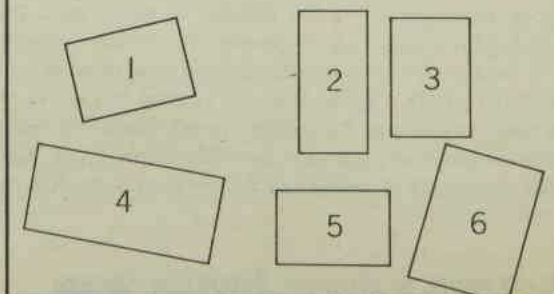
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SIX SPECIALLY DESIGNED GIFT IDEAS TO CHOOSE FROM



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Semi-Matured Cheddar—not too strong, not too mild

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serve it at any meal from breakfast to supper—any dish from appetiser to dessert. You can melt it, grate it, spread it, crumble it, cream it, grill it, slice it or just nibble away at a chunk of it.

For whatever you want to do, there's an Australian cheese that's just right. Recipe books are a good reference. Write away for free cheese leaflet* or let the expert at your local cheese counter be your guide. Taste an Australian cheese today and you'll soon be an expert, too!



discover how little it costs to discover Australian Cheese

Page 60

*To Dairy Foods Services, Australian Dairy Produce Board, G.P.O. Box 1047H, Melbourne.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 22, 1965

Bacon ♦ ♦ ♦



BACON RATATOUILLE is made by cooking vegetables and bacon together. Equally good served hot or cold.

HOT POTATO SALAD gains extra flavor by adding crisp bacon. It is nice to serve with grills.



RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

BACON can be pan-fried or grilled; or larger pieces of bacon can be boiled or baked. In this two-page feature we tell you how to cook it for best results, and give deliciously savory recipes that have bacon as an important ingredient.

To grill or fry bacon perfectly, cook it slowly, watch it carefully, and remove from heat when it is just crisp but not brittle.

Frying: Lay rashers of bacon in cold pan, cook over low heat. Turn bacon occasionally and pour off fat as it accumulates. If rashers are put into a hot pan they will shrink and you will not get full value from the bacon you have bought. When frying several rashers together, lay the lean part of one rasher over the fat of the next slice; this protects the lean part and gives it a little cushion of fat to cook on.

Grilling: Place rashers of bacon on rack of grill pan, turn when top is lightly crisped. Watch bacon, because it cooks very quickly; grill about 2 to 2½ minutes each side.

When grilling several rashers together, lay the fat part of rasher over lean of the next slice—exactly the opposite to pan frying, to give protection to the lean part from the top heat.

Boiling: Cuts available for boiling are cut from the shoulder; they are called cushion, blade, and hand of shoulder. The cushion is available in pieces of 3 to 4 lb. and upward; the other cuts weigh from 4 to 5 lb. upward. A 4 lb. piece should serve 6.

Perhaps "simmering" would be a better word than boiling for this cooking process, because rapid boiling, over a period, will cause shrinkage and will affect the meat texture and the fat structure. Slow, careful cooking is necessary for best results.

Put bacon into saucepan, cover with cold water, and let stand 24 hours; drain. Cover with fresh cold water, bring slowly to boil, then reduce heat until water is just simmering. Cover, cook until bacon is tender. Allow 20 to 25 minutes per lb.

If the bacon is to be eaten cold, allow it to become quite cold before removing the rind; this will give the fat a chance to set.

When the bacon has been cooked it can be glazed and baked as a ham. Remove rind while hot, spread with some melted red currant jelly or honey, or spread with a paste of brown sugar, mustard, and sherry. The fat can be cut in criss-cross squares and each square studded with a clove. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes to melt glaze.

Apple sauce, spiced lightly with cinnamon, is a nice accompaniment.

And the extras: Don't discard the drippings after frying or grilling bacon. Strain them into a basin. Bacon drippings give delicious flavor when used in place of other fat for frying eggs; as part of the fat in pastry for meat or other savory pies; in savory dumplings; when frying onions.

If you remove the rinds from bacon before grilling or frying, use them for flavoring soups, stews, sauces; season at end of cooking time, because the bacon will impart a certain amount of salt.

Bacon bones give delicious flavor to soup and are an essential part of the flavoring for a thick pea soup.

FOR BREAKFAST

- Add bacon to dumplings, to a savory pizza, to fried rice, risotto—there's no end to the many dishes to which bacon gives good taste.
- Top grilled or fried rashers with some mushroom caps sautéed in butter or bacon drippings.
- Team with eggs cooked in your favorite way—scrambled, poached, fried.
- Serve an American breakfast—hot waffles and grilled or fried bacon. Or pancakes or griddle cakes, with maple syrup and bacon.
- Cook thick slices of tomato in bacon drippings, sprinkle with parsley and oregano. Serve on slices of crisply fried bread, top with cooked bacon rashers.

FOR LUNCH

- Serve a three-decker toasted sandwich; crisp bacon rashers on the first layer, sautéed tomato or onion slices on the second layer. Top with a spoonful of mayonnaise.
- Cut generous wedges of a savory egg-and-bacon pie; packs well for cut lunches, too.
- Sauté slices of canned pineapple in the bacon drippings, top with crisp bacon rashers.
- Blend some finely chopped chives or shallot tops into cream cheese; spread over slices of fresh, crusty bread, top with hot bacon rashers.

FOR DINNER

- Serve a hot bacon salad with grills of any kind—and bacon teams well with potato, cabbage, most vegetables.
- Mix a little crisp, crumbled bacon into creamed potatoes; or braise peas with bacon in the French manner.
- Add bacon to dumplings, to a savory pizza, to fried rice, risotto—there's no end to the many dishes to which bacon gives good taste.

BACON RECIPES

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes. Quantities will serve 4 to 6 unless stated otherwise.

ALSATIAN CABBAGE SALAD

One young cabbage, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon wine vinegar, 4 rashers bacon.

Shred cabbage finely. Place in bowl, cover with boiling water; let stand 10 minutes. Drain cabbage thoroughly. Place in salad bowl and add salt, pepper, and vinegar. Dice bacon, heat slowly in frying pan until most of fat has been given out and bacon is beginning to brown. Pour contents of pan over cabbage; toss lightly; serve warm.

Continued overleaf

HOW TO STORE BACON

- Below are some hints on keeping bacon in the refrigerator before it is cooked.

Rashers: Rashers generally are sold folded, with waxed paper between the fold. Store them like this in the meat tray or meat compartment of your refrigerator; keep the ends open so the air can penetrate.

If rashers have been kept overlong in the refrigerator, they may become hard and develop a salty deposit on each rasher. To remove this, simply drop the rashers into hot water, let simmer 1 or 2 minutes; remove, pat dry, and cook as usual.

Boiling Bacon: If a piece of bacon is to be kept for some time before cooking, cover it well with lard; this seals in the air and will help keep the bacon moist and prevent it from drying out. Then cover it with waxed paper and keep it refrigerated.

HOT POTATO SALAD

Two pounds potatoes (cooked and diced), 4 rashers bacon, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped shallots, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery, 1 finely shredded red pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup white vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Cut bacon, with rind removed, into dice. Cook until crisp, remove from pan. Stir the onion into 2 tablespoons of the bacon drippings, cook just until transparent. Combine the flour, sugar, mustard, salt, vinegar, and water in bowl, mix well. Add to onion mixture. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens.

Add to hot diced potatoes the shallots, celery, red pepper, and bacon; toss lightly to combine. Pour over the hot dressing, mix lightly.

BACON RATATOUILLE

Quarter pound bacon, 1 tablespoon oil, 2 onions, 1 clove garlic, 2 green peppers, 2 zucchini or 1 small marrow, 1 large or 2 small aubergine, 4 or 5 tomatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mushrooms.

Dice bacon, saute in pan until transparent; remove from pan. Add oil to pan and heat; add crushed garlic and sliced onions, cook gently until onions are transparent. Add sliced zucchini, sliced or chopped green peppers, and peeled and diced aubergine. Cover pan, cook gently 30 minutes. Then add the peeled

quartered tomatoes and sliced mushrooms; season well. Cook, uncovered, until mixture is thick (approximately 15 minutes). Gently stir in bacon. Sprinkle with chopped parsley if desired. Serve hot with hot cooked rice; or serve cold as unusual summer appetiser.

QUICHE LORRAINE

Pastry: Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup iced water, dry breadcrumbs, little parmesan cheese.

Sift dry ingredients, cut butter into flour, rub until it resembles breadcrumbs. Work up to firm dough with iced water. Turn out on to lightly floured board, knead until there is a smooth surface on top. Wrap in greaseproof paper, chill $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Line 10in. flan ring with prepared pastry; prick base, but not entirely through. Line with piece of greased paper, weigh down with raw rice or beans. Bake in moderately hot oven about 15 minutes or until golden brown; remove beans. Sprinkle bottom of crust with dry crumbs and little grated cheese.

Filling: Quarter pound bacon, 2 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk or cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated parmesan cheese, 1 teaspoon french mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, parsley, pepper, extra cheese.

Reduce oven heat to moderate. Cut bacon into fine shreds; cook until crisp, drain. Mix eggs, mustard, salt, pepper. Add cheese, scalded milk, half the bacon, and $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 tablespoon bacon fat. Mix well, carefully spoon into cooked cooled pastry case. Bake in oven until filling is set. Remove, cool slightly, sprinkle top with remainder of shredded bacon, extra grated cheese, and chopped parsley.

SAVORY BACON BISCUITS

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 6 dessertspoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour milk, sour cream or buttermilk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bacon (sliced), little grated parmesan cheese, 1 egg (beaten).

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder into large bowl. Add butter, work into flour with fingertips. Stir in the liquid; turn dough out on to lightly floured board, knead $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Roll into sheet about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, cut into small rounds. Place half the rounds on well-greased tray, brush with beaten egg, put dessertspoon of grated cheddar cheese on top. Place on top a square of bacon, cover with another round of biscuit dough. Brush with beaten egg, sprinkle with grated cheese, cayenne. Bake 12 to 15 minutes in hot oven.

CRISP HOT-BACON SALAD

Six slices bacon (cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ in. pieces), 1 lettuce, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped shallots (including some green tops), 2 hard-boiled eggs (sliced).

Bacon Dressing: Bacon drippings, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon each paprika, dry mustard.

Fry bacon until crisp and brown. Drain; use drippings in making the dressing. Tear well-washed and dried lettuce into bite-sized pieces, put into salad bowl. Add shallots and egg slices. Pour over the bacon dressing at serving time, toss lightly.

Dressing: Measure $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of bacon drippings, put into pan with remaining ingredients; heat gently.

BACON-AND-EGG PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bacon, 4 or 5 eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Knead pastry lightly on floured board. Cut off slightly more than half to line 7in. tart plate. Roll both portions thinly, line tart plate with larger portion. Remove rind from bacon, cut into small pieces, place in unbaked pastry case.

Beat eggs lightly, add milk, season with salt and pepper. Spoon carefully over bacon, sprinkle with parsley. Moisten edges of pastry, place second portion of pastry on top. Press edges together lightly, trim away surplus pastry with sharp knife. Pinch edges together to form frill. Glaze with milk, cut slit in top to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to become quite cold before cutting into wedges.

Continued opposite

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Manufactured by Gordon Edgell Pty. Ltd.



Apricot fudge cake wins £5

● Chocolate and apricot flavors combine in the delicious cake which is this week's £5 prizewinning recipe.

CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a small fruit cake that would make a nice gift for two people or someone who lives alone.

APRICOT FUDGE CAKE

Half cup shredded dried apricots, 4oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2oz. chocolate, 1 tablespoon apricot juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup milk.

Chocolate Icing: Quarter cup apricot juice, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6oz. sifted icing sugar.

Soak apricots at least 2 hours in hot water to cover, drain and reserve liquid.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Melt chocolate with 1 tablespoon apricot juice, cool. Add melted chocolate, vanilla, and apricots to creamed mixture. Sift flour and bicarbonate of soda, add alternately with milk. Turn mixture into greased 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Leave in tin 10 minutes, then turn on to cake cooler. Leave until cold.

Chocolate Icing: Blend cocoa, apricot juice, and butter. Place in saucepan, bring to boil, boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and icing sugar, beat until spreading consistency. Cover top of cake, finish with chocolate curls.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Pollard, 23 Short St., West Kempsey, N.S.W.

SMALL RICH FRUIT CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 dessertspoon parian essence, 1lb. mixed fruit, 2oz. chopped almonds, 2oz. chopped crystallised ginger, 2oz. dates, 2oz. glacé cherries, 4 table-spoons rum or sherry, 4oz. plain flour, 3oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg, mixed spice, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Chop all fruits, soak overnight in 2 tablespoons of rum or sherry.

Line 7in. cake tin with brown and greaseproof papers. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in syrup and vanilla. Sift together flours and spices, add alternately with prepared fruits, mix well. Spoon mixture into prepared tin, bake in moderately slow oven approximately 3 hours; pour remaining rum over warm cake.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Stephens, View Crescent Rd., Arana Hills, Qld.



APRICOT FUDGE CAKE. See prize recipe.



Try crunchy Coleslaw as a salad with your next cold meat meal.

Good idea from America: this crisp, crunchy Coleslaw salad

What a taste treat it is, too! Specially when you've added the finishing touch of tart-sweet and creamy KRAFT Coleslaw Dressing made from cider vinegar, selected salad oils, fresh egg yolks, salt, sugar, mustard and special spices. Serve Coleslaw, as a change from lettuce salads, with left-over cold meat; sliced delicatessen meats; grilled steak or chops. Coleslaw is simple to make, yet full of nourishment and flavour.

Serve this Pineapple Coleslaw. Just shred cabbage finely, wash and drain well, chill. Combine pineapple wedges, diced apple, walnut halves and the shredded cabbage in a salad bowl. Toss with KRAFT Coleslaw Dressing just before serving. KRAFT Coleslaw is one of the 5 great international KRAFT Dressings. Try the others, too!

Go International with **KRAFT** Salad Dressings

*Reg'd Trade Mark R3943 Page 63



BACON . . . concluded

BACON DUMPLINGS

Four ounces self-raising flour, salt and pepper, 2oz. shredded suet, water to mix, 2 rashers lightly fried bacon, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce.

Sift together flour and salt and pepper; add suet; mix well. Stir in just enough water to make firm dough. Mix in chopped bacon, parsley, and sauce. Turn mixture on to lightly floured board and, with floured hands, shape into small dumplings. Add to simmering soup or stew 15 to 20 minutes before end of cooking time; cover.

Good to top a rabbit stew.

BRAISED GREEN PEAS

One small onion, 2 rashers bacon, butter or substitute, 1lb. peas, thickened stock, salt, pinch sugar.

Saute finely chopped onion and bacon in hot butter until tender but not browned. Add shelled peas and just enough stock to cover. Braise slowly, uncovered, shaking peas gently from time to time. Season with salt and sugar. By the time peas are cooked, liquid should have almost evaporated.

BACON RISOTTO

Half pound rice, 1 onion, 3 rashers bacon, salt and pepper, stock, 1 cup oil for frying.

Remove rind from bacon, chop bacon into large dice. Heat oil in pan, add bacon and sliced onion; cook, stirring occasionally, until onion is transparent. Add rice; cook, stirring until rice is golden. Add sufficient hot stock, slowly, to cover rice by 1in. Cover, cook gently until rice has absorbed liquid and grains are tender, approximately 25 minutes; season to taste.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

Oysters, short ends of bacon rashers, lemon juice, small rounds of bread, bacon fat.

Choose plump oysters. Dip each oyster in lemon juice, roll in slice of bacon, secure with cocktail stick. Grill gently, turning once. Serve on round of bread which has been fried in hot bacon fat until crisp.

Devils On Horseback: Substitute prunes for oysters, wrap and grill.



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The quaint elegance of FUCHSIAS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Fuchsias, like so many other plants, come and go in fashion. During recent years the arrival of lovely new varieties has given them renewed popularity as summer-flowering plants.

A FEW of the newer varieties are pictured here; and there are many others.

They include "Angel Flight," "Australia Fair," "Bella Forbes," "Moon Mist," "Peppermint Stick," "So Big," "Pink Fairy," "Hollydale," "Fancy Pants," "El Camino," "Winston Churchill," and "Golden Marinka."

Most garden fuchsias are hybrid derivatives from *Fuchsia magellanica*, *F. coccinea*, and *F. fulgens*.

The first-named is a native of Chile and Peru, and has flowers with blue or purple petals and a red calyx; *F. fulgens* comes from Mexico and has tubular bright red flowers two to three inches long, and *F. coccinea* (probably from Brazil) is red and purple.

Few plants have so many uses. Fuchsias can be grown as bushes, standards, espaliers, and hedge plants, and in rockeries.

They are very effective in tubs, indoor pots, and window-boxes.

The wood is brittle, so be careful when training them as espaliers. When

grown in baskets fuchsias are really delightful as the drooping flowers are seen to advantage.

Fuchsias adapt to many soils, but prefer a well-drained reasonably fertile loam with plenty of humus, which helps to absorb and hold moisture.

The best position is one where they get morning or filtered sunlight and protection from strong winds.

Tolerance to frost varies, but as a general rule they prefer warm positions free from heavy frosts. Frosts will generally affect the top growth, but new shoots may be sent up from the root stock.

Fuchsias like plenty of food. A good fertiliser to apply in the spring consists of three parts blood and bone, two parts superphosphate, and one part muriate of potash, applied at the rate of two ounces per square yard.

An annual dressing of well-rotted manure or compost is desirable, and an occasional application of liquid manure is beneficial. Mulching is excellent, keeping the soil cool and moist and protecting the shallow roots.

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"ANNA MARIE" has one of the largest and most fully double flowers of any fuchsia, and lovely rich coloring. The plant has an upright habit, with trailing flowers. This variety resists heat better than most.

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"BLUE SULTAN" makes a handsome pot plant. These pictures were taken at Green Fingers Garden Centre, Warriewood, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 290

Be careful when cultivating the soil, as the roots are easily damaged.

Some pruning or trimming is necessary to get the desired shape. Frequent pinching out of unwanted growth is often best, but if heavy pruning is necessary it should be done in the late winter or early spring.

All weak and spindly growth should be removed and the vigorous shoots cut back. If damaged by frost, the plants can be cut back to within a few inches of the ground in spring.

Propagation by cuttings is quite easy (late spring and early summer are the most favored times).

The cuttings can be taken from vigorous new growth, which is half ripened and past the soft stage, three or four inches long, removing all but the four top leaves. The lower end should be cut just below a node.

Some gardeners prefer to use soft tip cuttings about two inches long.

A good striking medium is three parts coarse sand and one part peat-moss, the cuttings being inserted to about half their length.

Growing from seed is mainly for gardeners who have been trying their hand at hybridising or are hoping for something novel. The seed pods generally ripen in late summer or autumn.

Lightly crush the pods and wash in water or in a shallow pan or saucer; the good seeds sink to the bottom. Usually the seeds keep their viability for short periods only, so should be sown as soon as possible. Germination may be erratic or delayed.

Fuchsias are not particularly prone to disease, but thrips, red spider, aphids, and leaf-eating insects can cause trouble, although readily controlled by spraying.



"MISS WASHINGTON," a free-flowering trailing fuchsia, is especially suitable for growing in hanging baskets. Most fuchsias continue flowering for long periods.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 292

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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by SHULTON

child watched him with a quickening interest, its great dark eyes fixed on the food.

Jason extended his hand and the food was taken, not greedily but with a kind of pathetic eagerness. As the boy began to eat, Jason looked away across the river. The assuagement of such a hunger was not a pretty spectacle.

While he waited, he came to a decision. It was not an easy decision for one in his situation to make, but Jason's heart was as tender as his features were austere. He could not leave the child to die here in the lonely bush. That much was certain. Also, he was a long way from the mission which had been established on the East Alligator River.

His walkabout had not envisaged the mission, which did not take kindly to wandering white men like himself. He thrust the thought of it

Continued from page 52

temporarily aside. Perhaps, some day, he would have to go there. But in the meantime, he would take the child under his wing and see how it worked out.

He turned again to the mia-mia as he heard the drumstick crack under the bite of strong white teeth. Those teeth flashed at him briefly, and one dark hand rubbed the swollen stomach contentedly. He was glad to see the child evinced no fear of him, and that a bright intellect now shone from the cavernous eyes. He smiled and indicated himself with a blunt forefinger.

"Ja-son," he said slowly and distinctly. "Ja-son." Then, aware of the absence of the sibilant in the language of the tribe and seeing the

boy's lips move to form the word, he added helpfully, "Ya-ton."

"Ya-ton," the boy said shyly. Perceiving its effect on the white man, he was encouraged to still greater effort, "Joungo," he said, pointing inward to himself.

"Joungo!"

Jason was pleased. Here was his judgment already vindicated before his eyes. Besides, he knew the meaning of the word, which was "quiet" or "silent."

"Well, Joungo," he said, as he lifted the boy down from his perch. "That makes two of us. You come along with me and we'll see how it works out."

In his big hands, the boy was feather-light.

THE GIFT OF LOVE

"You poor little devil. You couldn't do any worse, anyhow," he muttered under his breath.

A few days and many meals later the true Joungo emerged from the grim caricature of himself. He proved to be a happy little fellow, with a great capacity for fun. Whatever his experience of tragedy had been, it was too recent to leave any lasting scars of the spirit.

There were times when sorrow caught up with him, but Jason was quick to perceive and comfort him in his awkward fashion. It was this very awkwardness, to which the man in his sincerity was quite oblivious, that chased the shadows from the boy's eyes and brought a smile to his lips. All unknowing

he was becoming fond of this human who so resembled Brutpeniwin the Jabiru.

As for Jason, he, too, was aware of a growing attachment for his charge. But he was too staid, too set in his ways to become demonstrative now. Long familiar with solitude, he was intrinsically, like a machine rusted through lack of use. The spark-like impulses and stirrings of a blossoming affection were as new to him as they were strange. He tried to thrust them aside, to ignore them. To yield was to open the way for further wounding of the spirit, and this he already knew in full measure.

But no man worthy of the name may deny for long the good that burgeons within him, least of all Jason Trelawney. The same impulse born of compassion that had prompted him to protect the foundling on the mia-mia, now expanded itself and shone forth, no longer as pity or compassion, but as love.

In this way, a bond was being slowly but surely forged between man and child. Outwardly, beyond a word or two and a smile, there was little indication of it. While the walkabout continued, they marched along together, following the course of the river in its meanderings to the north.

Sometimes, when he became tired, Joungo rode the donkey, of which he was no longer afraid. At others, when he was sleepy, he climbed aboard the cart and lay in the nest Jason had made for him on top of the load.

At night they camped under the wide, starlit sky of the "dry," and by firelight Jason taught him the rudiments of the language the white man used.

One day, by a gravelled creek that ran in strongly from the west, the walkabout came to an end. Here Jason pitched the tent and built a skillion and fireplace from saplings and bark. It was to be a permanent camp, to see them through the deluges of the "wet." Already the feel of it was in the air. The wind had ceased to blow from the south-east, and December was ushered in on the wings of the monsoon.

Between storms, Jason prospected the country above the creek, which was too swift and narrow to contain the run-off for any length of time. There were traces of good quality gold, but, as so often before, in barely payable quantity.

He was not as disappointed as he might have been. With Joungo beside him, it became a kind of game. He was an indulgent foster-parent. Using one of his deep tin plates, he taught the boy how to "wash" a dish of gravel, and, as always, Joungo learnt quickly. He regarded the few "colors" disparagingly, but he was always the first to spot the minute yellow specks in the bottom of the dish.

Discerning in his wise child mind what store Jason set on the strange particles, he applied himself with a will quite out of character with his race.

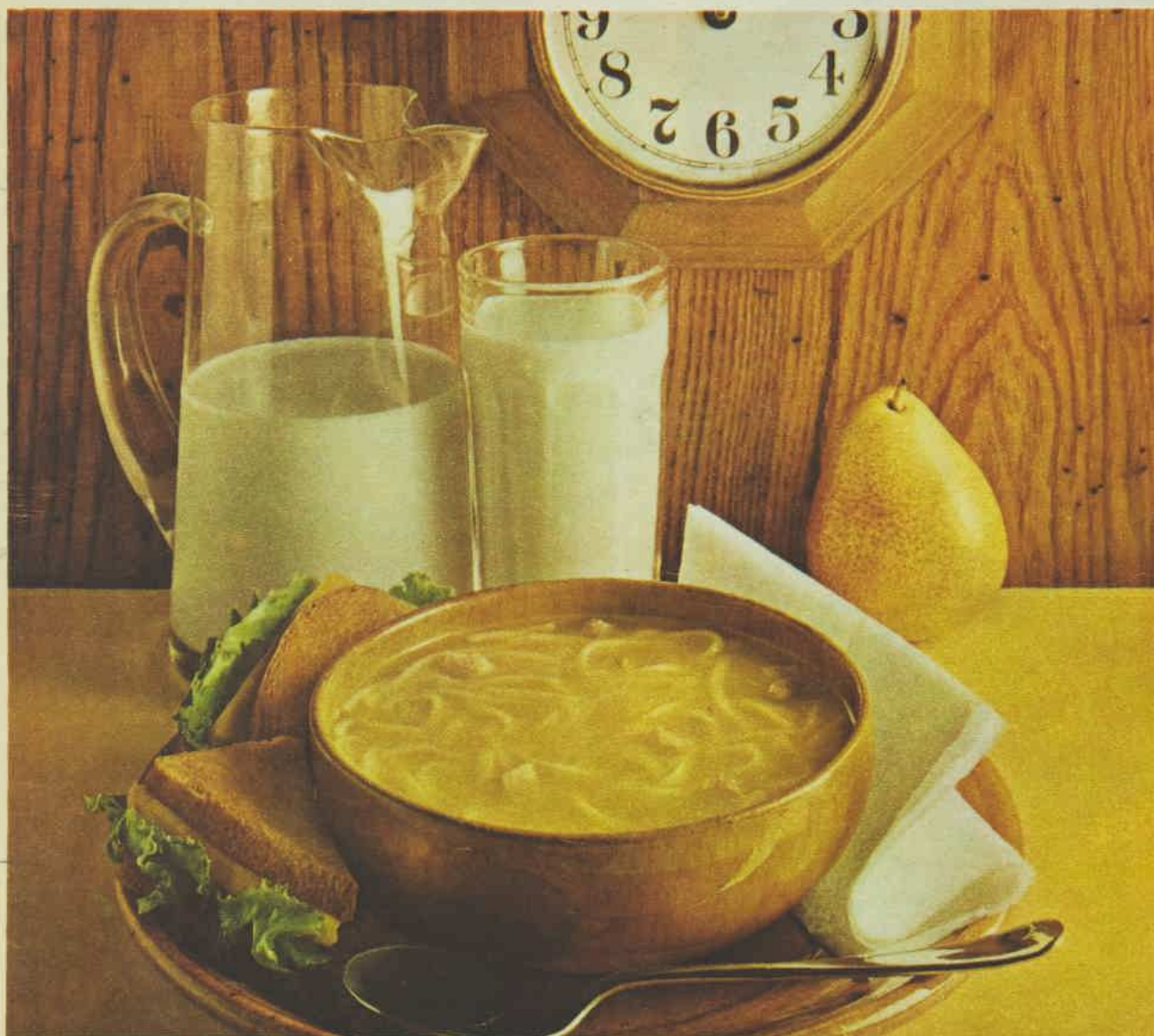
"Some day—I find you more," he promised, and Jason laughed, not

To page 70

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 22, 1955



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PCERA

Household hints

● Each of these helpful hints, sent in by readers, wins a £1/1/- prize.

KEEP dusters, brushes, dust-pan, and chamois leather on cup hooks screwed into a wooden coat-hanger and you can carry the lot from room to room easily. Just hang it on a door knob and everything is handy as you clean.—Mrs. F. Heitman, 1 Overs St., Niddrie, Vic.

After slicing onions for salads, place them in a bowl, pour iced water on them, add one teaspoon sugar. The onions will lose their heat and will be as crisp as apples.—L. Reagrove, 87 High St., Greta, N.S.W.

Crumple newspaper and seal it in plastic food containers to remove food odors. The odor will transfer to the paper and your container will be quite fresh again.—Mrs. A. L. Fort, 51 South St., Belmont, Geelong, Vic.

When loquats are plentiful, make a delightful conserve with the addition of ½ lb. dried apricots (soaked overnight and strained) and 4 passion-fruit to every 4 lb. skinned and seeded loquats.—Mrs. A. Clark, 3 Churchward St., Newtown, Bundaberg, Qld.

If you are not sure whether your baking powder is fresh, put 1 teaspoon in half glass hot water. If it is fresh it will bubble actively.—Mrs. J. Grays, 3 Woodchester Rd., Nollamara, W.A.

When preparing a layette, make several booties all the same pattern, using a simple stitch and plain ribbon. Then it is easy to pick a pair that will match a coat and bonnets of more intricate stitches and not look out of place.—Mrs. V. M. Jones, 7 Dell St., Blacktown, N.S.W.

Continued from page 68

unkindly but without mirth. No will-o'-the-wisp was more elusive than the ghost of gold.

Slowly, with great storms and fleeting periods of hot sunshine, the month wore away. Unknown to himself a change had come over Jason. He was not given to introspection. During the walkabout, preoccupied with the hunting of food and the trend of country, he had managed to compromise with himself, and with his growing affection for Joungo.

Now, thrown together with him in the rough camp life, that compromise no longer sufficed. Talk and laughter and fun run counter to the ways of moroseness, and against them even his taciturn nature could not prevail.

So Jason learnt to laugh at, and with, Joungo, which was not easy at first; and then at himself, which was hardest of all.

Between them now was the bond, a bond of the spirit that held them faster than bands of steel. Because of it, a need arose in Jason. A need that was like a hunger. The need to give, to make tangible his love, and so express the new life that sang in him.

THE GIFT OF LOVE

To all of which Joungo listened, with an occasional soft "ai-e, ai-e" to denote that he was doing his best to understand, if not the words, at least the import of the message Jason was striving so earnestly to convey.

That night, and for several succeeding nights, while Joungo slept, Jason busied himself with the crude materials of the wilderness, fashioning them into tokens of his love. From the hard wood of the "ainya" tree, which is a northern species of acacia, he whittled a sheath knife, for which he made belt and sheath similar to his own, of plaited leather from tanned wallaby hide.

A "sugar-bag" of wild honey, which Joungo found, provided him with beeswax, which he cunningly moulded

spoke so often and so seldom knew.

In the morning he was awakened by a hand that patted him gently but persistently on the cheek. He snorted, made to brush the hand away, then became aware of all the boyish sense of anticipation that had been with him the night before. Opening his eyes, he saw Joungo standing before him.

Slowly, bit by bit, his eyes wandered over the boy's sturdy figure. The bag hung from his neck in the approved fashion, the crimson seeds bright against the dark skin. The belt was about his waist, a vast improvement on the cord Jason had given him to hold up the pair of improvised trousers. In one hand he held the knife, in the other the

eyes as he poked and prodded into the quartz gravel, and more than once he looked in Jason's direction, as though the trouble lay there.

But although Jason had observed, he was too content to evaluate its meaning just then. His head nodded drowsily, for the fish were not biting on the slack tide.

"Ya-ton! Ya-ton!"

There was a pleading urgency in the voice that broke through his dreams and in the tugging at his sleeve.

"Look, Ya-ton!"

Bemusedly, he opened his eyes. Before them was the sheen of yellow, and he sat bolt upright.

The better to reveal the gold, Joungo was scraping the stain of ages off a big nugget.

Jason's eyes bulged. He looked around him wildly, like one awakening from a nightmare.

"Where? Where'd you find it?"

Joungo pointed native-fashion with his lips toward the creek. In an instant, Jason had the nugget in one hand, Joungo in the other, and was racing to the spot. He saw the gouged bank, the strewn gravel—and he saw the sheen of more gold.

He was too overwhelmed to shout or behave at all foolishly. For a long time he remained staring at the river. The hand in his struggled to free itself, and he looked down in dreamy, detached fashion at the small, pleading face upraised to his.

"What do you see, Ya-ton? What do you see?"

Jason knelt. Taking the boy by his shoulders he held him at arm's length.

"I see us, youngster, us, with a great big U! That's what I see."

"You are—pleased—with present?"

"Pleased!" Jason exploded. Then a strange, intent look overspread his harsh features, and he choked on a sound that was half laugh, half cry.

"Why, young 'un! Is that what was eatin' you?"

The boy did not understand such talk. But that did not matter now. He was watching the other's face, listening, not to words but the inflexion of words. His eyes shone, and Jason saw that the trouble which had clouded them earlier was quite gone. (Copyright)

LULUBELLE



"What if I'm not the brightest kid in the class . . . I'm the smartest!"

IT caught him unprepared, and identified itself insidiously with another time and place. In his mind's eye, there arose before him the cruel vision of yule logs, and wide fireplaces aglow with warmth and light, and the tinselled tree, and laden tables surrounded by the smiling faces of long ago—a vision against which he had raised the barrier of the years, and the harsh antithesis of an alien land.

Now, in a single moment of weakness, because of one small, dark-skinned child who had rekindled the embers he had thought were dead, it was all undone. Turning his head, he looked at Joungo where he slept peacefully on his camp bed—a long, terrible look.

Then he arose and went out into the night. The following day there were deeper lines in Jason's face, and a gentleness in his manner which had not been there before. All morning, rain drummed on the canvas, and while it filled the world with sound he spoke to Joungo of the thing that was aching in his heart.

He told him of the "big mob" of people gathered for the great corroboree in Beth-le-hem, of the small donkey just like the one he knew, of the man and woman who could find nowhere to "sit down," and the boy-child like himself who was born in a manger.

Hesitantly, diffidently almost, because he had long renounced such beliefs, he tried to convey to the great-eyed child watching him something of the meaning of that birth. How it was a very great magic that worked in people, driving out evil and letting in the good, teaching them to love one another, and moving them to show that love by bringing gifts, as the white men on walkabout once did, long ago.

into the spherical shape of a little bag the men always wore suspended from the neck.

This bag was called "ball-duk," and the string was always long enough to allow it to be held in the mouth. When the men became excited during fights and corroborees, the first thing they did was to put the bag between their teeth and bite hard upon it.

Into the beeswax replica, Jason pressed the bright red seeds of the abrus plant, until it was completely studded with scarlet, and even he was pleased with the result. Lastly, he fashioned a small woomera for Joungo's toy spears, the handle of which he coated with "kapei," a resin from the root of the ironwood tree.

On Christmas Eve he told Joungo once again of the Christmas magic and had him hang a washed flour bag beside his pillow. No child was more excited than he when he at last drifted off to sleep, and no father more tender than Jason as he placed the gifts of his hands into the humble bag.

When it was done, Jason went outside and looked up at the stars, which shone bravely through breaks in the ragged cloud. A great happiness sang within him, and he knew that he had found that peace on earth of which men in the outside world

woomera. And all heaven shone from his dark eyes.

Unable to contain himself, Jason reached out and drew the child to him.

"Merry Christmas, youngster," he whispered. "Merry Christmas."

Once again rain fell throughout the morning. And once again its tumult was forgotten. Under the bark fireplace Jason cooked a "duff" from currants and raisins he had carefully set aside, and baked a fat plain turkey in the camp oven.

THEY made a merry meal of that first Christmas dinner together, and Jason vowed there would be many more if he had his way. After dinner they slept, and when they awoke the rain had ceased.

Together they went down to the river, Jason with his long fishing pole, the boy with his knife and the "ball-duk" around his neck. There was no need for the woomera, for game was scarce. But there were big, fork-tailed catfish in the river, and "barra," and small shovel-nosed sharks which came in, with the salt-water crocodiles, on the swirling tide.

For a time he sat beside Jason while he fished. Then, wearying of this, he went to the creek which joined the river nearby. There was a hint of trouble in his

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



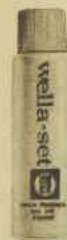
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Page 71



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Continued from page 31

"He leaves three sons: Burton, jun., a vice-president in Comstock Incorporated; Jeffrey, a physics professor at Yale University; and Roland, junior United States senator from Connecticut.

"His twin daughters, Marsha and Marilyn, who made their debut in Washington four years ago, are both doing postgraduate work in medicine at the Galesborn Institute in Stockholm, Sweden.

"Mrs. Comstock said they would interrupt their studies to fly home for their father's funeral on Monday.

"Details of the funeral plans will be made public when final arrangements are completed later today."

The voice went on: news of another crisis brewing in the Far East; a report of the early stages of New York's mayoralty campaign; a prediction of even warmer weather.

Sheila stared at the radio. "Burt—" she whispered. "Burt."

Tears gathered along her eyelids and ran unheeded down her cheeks. She turned off the radio and walked out on to the balcony in the morning warmth.

There was the city, just as it had been when she moved into the apartment twenty-two years before, her heartache as fresh as this morning, but old as time.

She spoke to the red-eyed pigeon on the railing.

"I hadn't really lost him then, though. We never saw each other afterward—but I hadn't lost him. We were closer through these twenty years than we could have been if it had gone on."

The pigeon walked cautiously along the railing, cooing nervously, and disappeared around the corner.

Sheila sank down on the redwood chaise and put her head back on the pillow. The sun probed her closed eyelids, faintly webbed with delicate veins. Her silver hair was still damp, and in the open air she felt chilled, so she removed the towel from her neck and draped it over her head.

Then she lay back motionless, her thoughts chaotic.

I'M sixty years old, she thought, and until today I've had a kind of contentment. Two years away from retirement, doing a job I love, well-paid, blessed with friends who love me, and this personal ivory tower to seek refuge in at night. Yet it's all been meaningful only because somewhere living in the same world, breathing the same air, seeing the same stars, there was Burt.

As vividly as if it were yesterday, she remembered the day he had first come to the laboratory.

On that long-ago morning the lab had buzzed with rumors. The youngest of the legendary Comstock brothers had bought the chemical company she worked for and was coming to inspect the laboratory personally.

Some of the older employees expressed fear at the imagined changes the new owner would bring. It was 1939, and the slow climb out of the Depression was gaining impetus. Most of the old staff were still sceptical of the better times, remembering lean days and periodic layoffs.

In Sheila's department, Abe Morris, research chemist, called her into his cluttered office to confirm the rumor.

"I'm sorry, Irish, I don't know what it'll mean yet, but I do know Comstock is the new owner, and is coming this

afternoon to look over the layout."

"You think he'll bring his own people in?"

"Honey, I'm telling you, I don't know. With your Irish luck he'll probably make you chief of staff!"

They laughed, but, beyond his balding head, Sheila could see herself in the grimy glass of the office door, and was woman enough to be glad that her hair was blue-black, her skin white, and her eyes the gentian-blue the Irish are traditionally famous for.

Perched on his swivel chair, his button eyes bright under a bulging forehead, Abe grinned at her. "Have you ever known two unlikelier-looking scientists than we are?" He turned and looked at the two images in the glass. "I look like a grocery clerk, and you look like a cross between Paulette Goddard and Hedy Lamarr."

"Abe," she said, "if you get the sack, I hope I go with you." Impulsively she leaned across the desk and kissed his forehead.

He touched his fingers lightly to the spot and shook

his head. "I'm not above a little subversive action to soften him up!"

"Isn't chicanery a little below your station, Miss Carrigan?"

Sheila swivelled quickly on her stool.

The man she saw standing stocky and square, in the office doorway, was the one.

She knew it instantly, irrevocably, even while a corner of her mind told her she had never believed one could love at first sight. Her pulse was fast, and she felt a flush rise to the roots of her hair.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I thought you were Abe."

"Yes." He grinned, but his keen eyes were hard.

"We think and say strange things under pressure sometimes. I'm sorry. I was having daydreams—seeing myself as the personal champion of fifty-seven worried employees. I'm embarrassed."

"Don't be. It's perfectly natural to be worried about the new boss."

He walked up and down the rows, his hands cupped

Miss Carrigan. I'm excited about the prospects. I'd like to see everyone who works here convinced of that. I expect a lot. But the people I'm keeping are able to deliver a lot."

Sheila fought an impulse to cling to his hand just a little too long, and said goodbye.

On the first of November, she moved into Abe's office, which, stripped of the accumulated clutter of twenty years, looked strangely warm and forlorn.

But there was little time to think about her surroundings. Burt Comstock moved through the plant like a whirlwind, winnowing the ranks of employees. The people he retained formed a core of dedicated, enthusiastic workers whom he referred to with a kind of brittle affection as "a hell of a team."

LIFE had never been so exciting. Sheila fell into her bed exhausted at night, after putting in twelve hours a day, six days a week, all through the transition days of winter. Her social life came to a standstill. The exhilaration she had felt fleetingly through her scientific efforts in the previous eleven years came to be a way of life with Burt Comstock. She needed no other stimulus.

At thirty-six, she had a sense of involvement in life, in the stream of history, such as she had never known before. Under Comstock, the plant was soon awarded demanding Government contracts, dedicating a portion of its facilities and personnel to development of highly classified military material.

Poland had fallen to the Nazis. France was on the verge of surrender. War talk invaded the laboratory, and intensified the importance of Sheila's work.

She listened to Burt Comstock's explanation of a proposed new development for military use.

"It's going to be our war before long," he said. "This big army we've drafted will be fighting within a year, and American lives may depend on how quickly first aid is available. It's those first few minutes after a man is wounded that could make the difference."

"So we've been asked to develop a powdered dressing of certain cleansing qualities that will arrest infection and protect an open wound until medical aid is available. The powder will be included in small aid kits that every man will carry. If conscious, he could even treat himself."

As always when he spoke of new and challenging work, his voice was vibrant, confident.

"On this one, we're working with a research group from a drug firm," he said. "I've assigned Abe to co-ordinate the job, but, as far as I'm concerned, Miss Carrigan, it's your baby. Get the people

To page 73

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1500 to 1800 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4085WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Very funny! Tell him we're vegetarians."

his head in wonder. "This is when a bachelor has the advantage. There's no need to explain the lipstick."

She went back to her bench, aware that much they had left unsaid was mutually understood.

I love you, Abe, she vowed silently, arranging tubes and bottles in rigid rows, like soldiers on inspection. And I love this room, these pots and bottles and burners, and the smells and stains and occasional triumphs, because they trigger excitement and determination.

She lifted her head and looked at Abe through the half-open door. I know how you feel, she thought, and I don't want to leave, either!

She brought a certain order to the laboratory, but at noontime she chewed listlessly on her sandwich, lost in reverie, imagining herself the champion of the other employees, impressing the new owner with a fervent plea on their behalf, winning this assurance that they would be kept on permanently at a substantial raise in pay.

She dropped the half-eaten sandwich into the wastebasket. The clock on the wall said twelve-twenty.

Everyone but Abe had gone out to lunch.

For a while she had heard him cracking peanuts, then typing a few lines in his halting fashion. Then she was aware of a lengthening silence that emphasised the emptiness of the rooms.

When she heard the inner door of Abe's office open and close she raised her head.

"Abe?" she called. "I've been thinking—Is Burt Comstock married? If he

behind him, his stride full of contained vigor. The scattered frost in his dark hair accented the brown, hard planes of his face. "How long have you been here, Miss Carrigan?"

"Eleven years."

His eyebrows rose. "That long?"

"I came here from college. It took me nearly six years to graduate, though, because I had to work."

"And Abe Morris says you've been his assistant for five years."

"That's right."

"How do you feel about the new situation? Still want to stay on?"

"Doing just what I'm doing now."

"Not exactly. I think you've the experience and qualifications to take over as research director."

"Abe's job?"

"That's right."

"He's a marvellous scientist! Why can't he—" she faltered.

"He is an exceptional man. I plan to use him in an administrative job. One I don't feel you're equipped to handle."

"Oh, my Irish head," Sheila moaned. "What an impression I'm making. It's a wonder you'd consider keeping me!"

"I like loyalty."

His smile reached his eyes, and they warmed to a sudden brilliance.

"If you're agreeable to making the step up on the first of the month, then?"

"I am, certainly. Thank you."

"Thank you for staying." He took her hand and shook it firmly. "We can do some pretty wonderful things here,

TIME OUT OF YESTERDAY

Continued from page 72

you need, and let us know what facilities you need. Abe will arrange space for the drug people. You'll hold daily conferences, and work integrally when you've evolved the project to that point."

The project was just two months under way when Paris fell. It was June, and summer held the city in delicious languor that numbed the senses and warmed the blood. Sheila, ten pounds lighter, and drawn with fatigue, watched the banners of day screaming away down the evening sky.

On this day in another city, the conquering banners of Germany had flown over Paris, the city of light.

She had seen Paris only once, during a summer holiday, but it had enchanted her, and captured for ever a portion of her heart. She grieved for the gaiety gone, the heartache and despair of a luminous beauty shrouded now with darkness.

She was very tired, and a woman. So she put her head in her hands and wept, while New York darkened to a black silhouette against the blaze of day. She wept because the war was closer now, because she lived with it every day in the laboratory.

And, just a little, she wept because she was in love with a man who blazed across her life like a meteor, and was impossible to catch and hold.

He was complete, too. She sensed that. He had a whole life, sacred and intact, outside his work; a wife who had supported and encouraged him, borne him three sons, and never allowed him to feel either unappreciated or misunderstood.

So Sheila would not put out her hand to catch the shooting star. But its brilliant fire warmed her, and her heart broke a little on the day Paris fell.

Not long after, the coordinated drug project was finished and the research team from the drug firm submitted the joint product of the two groups to the Government for approval.

Silence followed.

"Did we make it, do you think?" Sheila asked Abe.

"Honey, it's got to be demonstrated to the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Army, and all the brass in all branches of the Service. If they like it, they'll take it. But we'll be the last to know!"

"Abe," she said, shaking her head, "you're an impossible cynic!"

"But lovable," he said. Sheila laughed. "Amen to that."

Burt Comstock came into her office at nine o'clock the following morning, while she was hanging up her coat.

"Ah," he said, sniffing the air like a rabbit hound, "the sweet smell of success!"

"Imagine knowing what it smells like! Tell me, so I can know it when I smell it."

"Oh, you'll have no trouble recognising it. It smells exactly like a derivative of sulfanilamide."

"No!" Sheila clasped her hands to her breast. "They took it, didn't they! Didn't they?" She dropped into her chair.

"They did."

Burt Comstock strode around the desk, grasped her firmly by the elbows, and lifted her to her feet. "Congratulations, Sheila." He kissed her cheek.

"Thank you, Burt." Her heart raced joyously.

"Of course," Burt Comstock said, "the drug firm gets the kudos. We only get an assist on the play. But it takes the tangible form of some sort of medal or citation from President Roosevelt, and besides, we have a damned good feeling about it, don't we?"

HE grinned happily at Sheila and went on. "It was good work, hard work, and the end result was a major accomplishment. You're a good man, Sheila—a better one than some of the men I know!"

Abe came down from his plush new office then with more congratulations, and they all had to tell the news to the six staff members who had worked with Sheila on the project.

By then it was lunchtime.

"You and Abe are going to lunch with me," Burt said.

"My treat."

"Count me out," Abe said. "I never pass up a free meal and I shouldn't now. But it just so happens that a certain young lady I've been badgering for two months has agreed to have lunch with me today. For that I would risk incurring anyone's displeasure."

Burt Comstock laughed and then looked at Sheila.

"Will you?" he asked.

"Thank you, yes. I'd like that very much."

They ate in the guest dining-room of Burt Comstock's club. From their table near a second-floor window they could see the boats on the East River, the span of

bridges upstream, and, nearby, the angular steel frets of a new building climbing skyward.

The talk was easy. Burt was a man without pretence or affectation. His interest in people, in their work and accomplishments, was genuine.

Sheila recognised in him the kind of ego that is inoffensive to others, since it is not vanity, but a kind of self-awareness that amounts to an honest evaluation of one's own abilities. He had few self-doubts, that was apparent, and perhaps part of his particular charm was that he liked other people, and himself, as well.

He talked about his brothers, about the early struggles of the older two, Franklin and Andrew, to send him to college.

"Anything parents would do for a son, my brothers did for me. They never got to college, but they always had marvellous business sense, and when I came out with a degree—a visible result of their efforts—they blended our various talents into a combination I've come to respect as unbeatable know-how, courage, and practicality."

He paused and then said, "They aren't active on the scene any more. They sit in the old family home up in White Plains, quietly pulling strings, and doting on my family."

"They never married, then?" Sheila asked.

"No," Burt said, "and that's one of the real sorrows of my life. They swear they like it that way, but I look at those two wonderful men, both in their late sixties, with so much love and strength, and I feel guilty as hell that they spent it all on me instead of some woman who could be repaying them now with companionship, comfort, and affection."

After a moment, he said, "Everyone should be married, you know." He spoke very directly. "Why aren't you?"

"I'm pretty old-fashioned for a career girl. I've always believed in marrying for love."

"And you want me to believe that a volatile Irish temperament like yours has never been in love?"

Sheila looked at her plate.

"No, I wouldn't ask you to believe that."

"Then it must be by choice, and not lack of opportunity." He spoke gravely, and his voice had softened.

"Seriously, Sheila," he

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 352.—SUNFROCK

Pretty wrap-over style sunfrock is available cut out to make in black, grey, lime, green, with white check or spot. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/15/-; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/17/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

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1 All you need is: ½ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 tsp. Keen's Mustard, ¼ tsp. salt, ½ cup vinegar.



2 Just stir until the mixture thickens slightly. Then let it stand for a few moments (See? No lumps, no beating, no fuss.)



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THEN TRY a heavenly HAWAIIAN CHICKEN SALAD

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HAWAIIAN CHICKEN SALAD

2 large chicken breasts, cooked and cooled; 1 cup celery, sliced; 1 tbsp. shallots, finely chopped; 1 lev. tbsp. capers; ½ tsp. salt; 1 tbsp. lemon juice; 11 oz. can mandarin oranges, drained; 15 oz. can pineapple pieces, drained; 2 oz. almonds, toasted and slivered; ½ cup 2-MINUTE MAYONNAISE; ½ tsp. grated lemon rind; salad greens.

Combine diced chicken, celery, shallots, capers, salt and lemon juice. Cover and chill for 1 hour. Just before serving add the oranges (save a few for garnish), pineapple and almonds. Combine mayonnaise and lemon rind, mix in carefully so as not to break fruit. Spoon into a bowl with greens. Garnish with reserved oranges. Serves 8

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TIME OUT OF YESTERDAY

"I have a deep feeling about families. I value you as a remarkable woman, warm, and unscientifically lovely. You have so much to share with someone. Most of the Irish families I know are for marrying and begetting with great enthusiasm. It makes you somewhat of a puzzle."

"I always loved my work. I wasn't that I consciously came not to fall in love or marry. Rather, I always thought of it as something that would happen in the future — some day. Now some day seems to have come and gone, and I find myself at the age where spinsterhood appears inevitable, and I wonder how time ever slipped away so fast."

"My respect for you grows." He looked at her gratefully, over his coffee. "Some women couldn't talk about it without being shyly arch and coy."

"I'm not unhappy, Burt. My work has never been so satisfying, so satisfying. And what we've done today!"

"You are glad, and proud, aren't you, Sheila?"

"Yes — both. You brought all about, though. We could have done things like this with the former owner. He was a man who loved aloof from his staff, and he had no vision. With me, I feel we're all hurrying to the future."

"Hang on, Sheila." He smiled, putting her coat around her shoulders. "It's going to be a hell of a ride!"

ON the drive back to the plant, he spoke of his sons, with obvious love and concern. "Those two little things of mine, they wait for the draft call. They want to leave college enlistment. Burton's working on his master's degree at Columbia — chemical engineering — and Jeff is due to graduate next year from Dartmouth."

His face was sober. "Their father is very unhappy about it, but I point out that they're still at home, and unlikely to be leaving soon. It's just fifteen."

"How do you feel about it?" Sheila asked.

"I want them to finish school. But I don't say so, because I want them to be men, and whatever means adulthood to them is what they must do."

"How old are they?"

"Burt's almost twenty-one. Jeff's twenty-one."

Sheila said, "You've felt strongly that we'd be in a war soon. It must make very difficult for you, and for Comstock, too, to have your sons feel they have to go."

"Who said it had to be a war, eh, Sheila? It's life, and we're living it, and I couldn't change a thing!" The gatekeeper peered in as the car slowed at the plant entrance, then waved them through.

In the months that followed, there was no time to reflect on past accomplishments. The fear of war was widespread, rumors were heard everywhere that the government was preparing enormous stockpiles of materials to meet any sudden emergency.

At Comstock, the rumors took on the shape of reality: orders for development of chemical compounds and strategic items doubled in

a matter of months. Within a year the plant was overcrowded, its efficiency hampered by inability to move in any direction.

Burt called Sheila up to Abe's office on a November day in 1941. "There's no place to go but up," he said, "and the cost of skyscraper real estate makes even a gambler like me grow pale. So the alternative is, we move out to a place in Jersey that is right on the railroad tracks but has about forty undeveloped acres right next to the existing plant facility. We'll have to enlarge and modernize at first, of course, but then we move. The sooner the better."

Sheila shook off the dizziness she sometimes felt when Burt made one of his decisive moves. "Is it close enough to commute?" she asked.

"No," Burt looked at her seriously. "That's one reason I'm glad we're moving. It's time you got out of that hotel and into a house. Do some cooking, plant a garden, and

she's right, I'm sure. And I will come. Thank you."

It was a wonderful weekend, spent in the gracious home of a close-knit, loving family.

Blanche Gettman was all Abe had implied — womanly, olive-skinned, warm, and strong, certain of her love's worth and permanence.

The three of them had long talks in the snow-hushed country evening, walks along drifted lanes, and wonderful, leisurely meals in a dining-room warmed by a walk-in fireplace. Sheila had feared that she might feel like an outsider, but she had never remembered being made so comfortable, so welcome, anywhere else.

One Sunday afternoon they sat in the open-raftered living-room listening to a symphony broadcast, deeply content, and sipping elderberry wine.

They were sitting so when the announcer interrupted to read a bulletin that brought the harsh realities of the

said, "then you do love him. I'm sorry."

"So am I, but don't think about that — think of you and Abe, and your life together."

"I no longer have to think of it consciously. It's just part of me."

Sheila didn't answer. I know, she cried silently to herself. And what is part of you, you live with, somehow.

The new Comstock plant in Jersey was ready in April, and Sheila moved into a five-room cottage she had found after weeks of searching. With gasoline rationing, the cottage had the advantage of being just four miles from the plant. So she could drive it easily on her stamp allotment, and have something left for Sunday drives through the New Jersey countryside.

She was rediscovering a world she had almost forgotten: the world of front lawns, backyards, apple trees, and birds. In the morning, she awoke to smells and sounds so fresh and new that she found the bone-deep fatigue of the past months slipping away and a new zest, a rejuvenation, taking place.

She cooked her own dinner at night, sometimes alone, but often with Blanche and Abe.

She wished for family, a cousin or niece who might live with her, to share the daily surprises nature offered — to talk away the evenings, and enjoy the special charm of country mornings.

BUT there were none. Sheila could remember childhood visits to maiden aunts with her parents and, distantly, recalled two aristocratic old people who had been, for a short while, her grandparents. But her parents, dead nearly fifteen years, had never given her brothers and sisters.

She had no girlish day-dreams about Burt; never saw him, in imagination, living there, sharing her life. The impossibility of it all had gradually created a shield around her heart, so that she could work next to Burt for hours at a time without pain, or even a conscious yearning. In spite of herself, she was learning to live with the unanswered love, and endure.

She wondered whether Blanche might have told Abe. But if Abe knew, he never showed by word or sign that he suspected she was in love, or with whom. So she felt secure in her secret, and life at work was urgently exciting, with more difficult and challenging problems to solve daily, and the pressure mounting as the war effort went into high gear.

She knew that Burt's sons were in Africa. He spoke of them often, with brusque affection, and no tinge of regret.

But it wasn't until June that she learned Mary Comstock had gone into a sanatorium in Arizona to rest and strengthen lungs weakened by a chronic bronchial condition.

Burt was in Washington when Abe told her. "Can you imagine someone as gregarious as Burt rattling around alone in that big house in Connecticut?" Abe asked. "He'll move into his club in town, as soon as he gets back, I'll be willing to bet."

"Poor Burt!" Sheila said, genuinely shocked. "I didn't know his wife was ill. Just a year ago, he was surrounded by family. Now they're all scattered. The youngest boy is at school, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's at school in Massachusetts," Abe said.

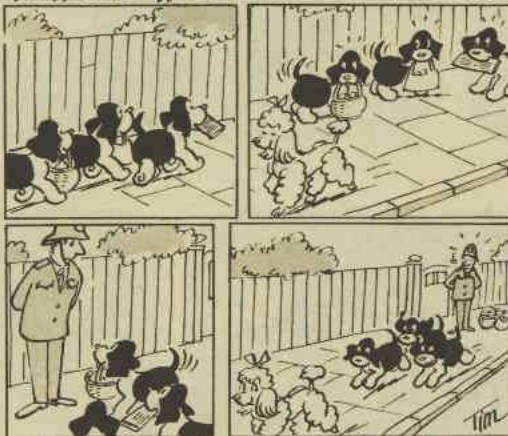
"When will Burt be back?"

"Well, he's been out to

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



get the smell of phosphorus out of your hair."

"Phosphorus has no odor," Sheila said.

"When a woman can make a reply like that, it's time for her to move."

Sheila grinned, but her face was stiff.

"Is that a smile?" Abe asked.

"Honestly, it's the best I can do. I'm so tired I think my face will crack."

"You need a change. Go visit someone over the weekend," Burt said.

Sheila thought of the friends she had neglected during the past hectic year. "Where could I go? I've lost touch with everyone lately."

Abe shifted in his chair. "I have an invitation for you, Irish," he said. "Not this weekend, but the next. I'd like you to come up into Vermont with me."

He cleared his throat, and ran a hand quickly over his bald spot. "You know the very nice young lady I've been taking to lunch?" His voice thickened for a moment, the lightness gone. "That girl loves me, a forty-five-year-old man. How did I ever deserve this?"

"Abe! How wonderful." Sheila embraced him, crying softly. "It's no mystery why she loves you. You have a twenty-five-year-old heart, and always will have. Oh, I am so glad for you, Abe!"

He smiled and patted her back, and accepted Burt's warm handshake and congratulations. Then he said to Sheila, "So will you come? I want you to meet her. She works in a child-guidance clinic here, but spends weekends up there in Vermont with her aunt and uncle."

Sheila's voice was full when she said, "Bless you, Abe —

world crashing into quiet Sunday villages all across America; Pearl Harbor had been attacked without warning by the Japanese.

Blanche helped Sheila pack in the blue-and-white guest-room. "I am sorry our happy weekend had to end so sadly," Blanche said.

"It won't alter any of your plans, will it?" Sheila asked. "You and Abe will be married next month?"

"Yes, we'll marry as planned, and I can be sure of my husband, can't I? Abe will be here for the babies and the everyday things. I am guilty to be so blessed. Other girls are not so fortunate tonight."

Blanche gave Sheila a searching look. "Abe hadn't told me you were in love. I saw the shock and worry in your face when the news came. There was someone besides yourself you were thinking of."

Sheila nodded. "I was thinking of someone else," she said, "but the war has no bearing on my feeling for him. He won't be in it, anyway. Like Abe, he's over-age."

She folded a sweater carefully, and met Blanche's level gaze. "I hope no one else sees what you saw. I had no idea I was so transparent."

"There is something wrong with this love?"

"Only that it's impossible. He's happily married, and doesn't know I exist, except as a good fellow. I thought, when the news came, of his two older sons, who recently enlisted, and I knew what the news would mean to him — and to his wife — because of those two boys."

"If you think of him like that, unselfishly," Blanche

AS I READ

THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 15

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, mauve, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
* Lucky days, Sun., Monday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, violet, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, red, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 24-DEC. 23
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, silver, red.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 24-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, black.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Postage and dispatch 6/- extra on all garments.

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I wish they'd load my tree with Hotpoint gifts...



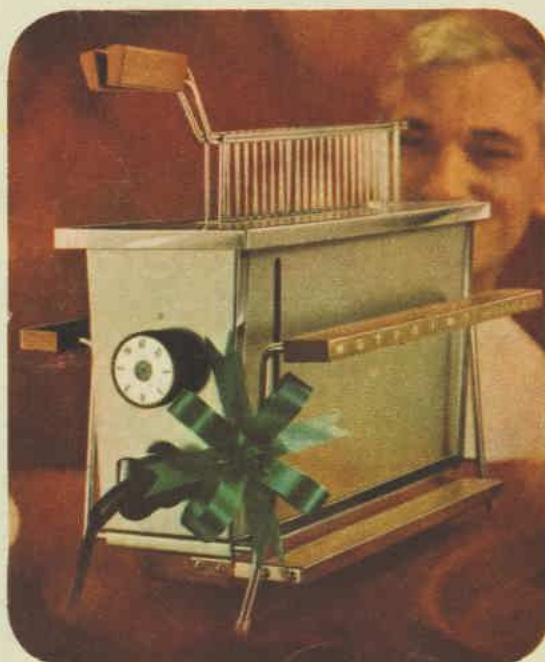
From Father—a Steam-and-Dry Iron to make ironing his shirts a breeze



... from Johnny—an Automatic Toaster he can forget to watch



... from Auntie—this new Frypan with Teflon for non-stick, non-fat cooking



... from Uncle—who fusses over grills—a speedy Vertical Grill to cook meats juicier



... from Sue—to speed up my cuppa—the fastest-boiling Automatic Jug

I wish they'd all give me



HOTPOINT electrical appliances

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Phoenix, just for a couple of days; he'll be here for the weekend. He called from Washington this morning and said you should get your hair done so it would look well for the crowning with the laurel wreath."

"What does that mean?" "Something vaguely exciting that he prefers to tell you himself."

She walked to the window. "Is Mrs. Comstock seriously ill?"

"Not seriously — chronically, I think," Abe spoke very quietly. "This is an ailment that's plagued her through a lot of eastern winters. She has every chance of a good recovery."

"Oh, I'm glad for Burt's sake," Sheila said.

She turned, smiling blindly, and walked back to her own office, appalled at the thoughts that had sprung into her consciousness the moment she learned of Mary's illness. Emotions she had thought were under control had sprung into life at the first indication that Burt might be more susceptible in his loneliness.

"My heavens," Sheila sank into a chair. "What kind of woman am I?"

The mirror gave back a flushed and beautiful face with darkly stricken eyes. "Is it possible," she asked herself, "that I want him on any terms? Am I willing to be a convenient substitute for an ailing wife, if he'll have me?"

She turned abruptly from her reflection, dismayed by her thoughts, by the high color of excitement that showed in the mirror.

That night she washed her hair, alone in her house, obedient to Abe's direction but perplexed at the reason.

She was sitting on a footstool by the fire, her damp hair loose on her shoulders, when the doorbell rang. For a moment she sat unmoving, startled from a reverie in which she had been lost to the world around her.

She thrust her feet into the terry scuffs lying on the hearth rug, pulled her white

Continued from page 75

robe snugly about her, and went to the door.

When she saw Burt standing in the shadows she felt no surprise, but only a sense of inevitability.

"Come in," she said, motioning him in with an effort at ease and cordiality. "Forgive me, Sheila." He strode past her into the fire-lit den. "I should have called. But we're friends as well as working partners, aren't we? So I wanted to tell you this in person."

He scaled his hat into a chair, and turned to look at her. Her eyes held his steadily, but her heart had surged into her throat. "What is it, Burt?"

"You got my message, I see," he said, looking at her hair. "If I know anything at all about women, they like to be forewarned, so they'll look their best on important occasions."

Sheila shook her head. "I don't understand."

"Tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock, on behalf of Comstock Chemical, you and I are going to receive a special citation from President Roosevelt in recognition of our achievement in the drug research project."

HE smiled at her stunned face and went on. "It'll be filmed for newsreel presentation and there'll be a lot of newsmen and photographers there, so I had to give you at least a hint to do whatever primping and preparing women do before an occasion like this."

Sheila sat down abruptly. "The President?" she whispered. "Where?"

"Right in the courtyard of the plant. He's making an inspection tour afterward." He laughed suddenly, richly. "What I'd have missed if I'd allowed anyone else to tell you!"

"Thank you — it's wonderful!" She stopped in con-

fusion and put her hand out toward him, pleadingly.

And then she was out of her chair and he was holding her in his arms.

"Sheila," His voice held a question, a long-withheld question.

"I love you," she said, her face against his. "I never meant you to know."

"A man would have to be a moron to be ignorant of love in a woman like you, Sheila. But I didn't know, for a long time. It was a lie I told myself daily! You're imagining it, I said. She

of anguish before sensation gave way to reason, and they could sit side by side on the hearth cushion, hands locked tightly, yet still wordless.

"That's not for us, Burt," Sheila spoke with effort. "If it would help to put the reasons into words, I would."

"I know them all, darling. My heavens, what a woman!"

His voice shook, but he was careful not to look at her tumbled hair and flushed face.

"If it were only this — this wanting . . . but I loved your mind and spirit first, long before the physical feeling

TIME OUT OF YESTERDAY

THE BOYFRIEND



"All right—just one more go on the swing then we must take him home!"

doesn't love you. But still, eventually, I knew."

He raised her face and kissed her hungrily. For a long moment they clung in silence.

Sheila was the first to move. She pulled herself away from him, and looked up into his face, close and hard above her own, drawn with pain and undisguised emotion.

Something of her struggle for control touched a response in Burt. He dropped his arms and stood silent, his eyes brilliant.

There were long moments

grew. And I can't destroy that special integrity that makes you what you are."

She pressed his hand gratefully, close to tears.

"We'd have been perfect as husband and wife, Sheila . . . but we like each other so well — there's so much respect and admiration — we'd make lousy sinners." He laughed harshly. "No man should give a woman like you second best. And that's all I could give, because we never can be married."

"I know that. I know you love your wife."

"It's true, heaven help me. I do — in a way so different from you — her serenity and calm, her devotion — she's been a loyal and helpful wife. I've been grateful and happy with her."

The pressure of his fingers numbed Sheila's hand.

"I'd never expected to experience these emotions of youth again — just like a college boy, all trembling hunger that turns my tongue to dust. But no boy would be capable of feeling what I feel for you."

SHEILA made every effort to hold her voice steady. "We met twenty years too late, Burt. Now other people—dear and important people—are involved. We can't continue this post-mortem. It hurts so dreadfully." She covered her eyes with her free hand and pressed back the ready tears.

"Sheila . . ."

"Good night, Burt. I'll see you in the morning." She rose and moved away from him toward the door.

He hesitated, fumbling for his hat, and followed her.

They stood a little apart in the doorway, their speech strained, disjointed.

"Now you must see that I'll have to resign — I can't stay — possibly, Burt — it would kill me — seeing you."

"No, you're right, we can't go back to the way things were — it's terrible to lose you — but I realise —"

Desperately, he pulled her close and kissed her once, then while her closed eyes welled with tears, he was gone . . .

Everything went like clockwork the next day. Sheila knew, as she greeted the President, with Burt at her side, that her appearance belied her anguished night.

Swept along by the President's personal magnetism

To page 78

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"A special occasion and I felt terrible!"



My husband and I were at the races and when I pointed out Betty Johnson, an old school friend of mine, he said, "School friend? She looks younger than you." I felt terrible.



After the races I talked to Betty and I realised she did look younger. I simply had to ask her secret. "Easy," she said. "Almost any girl can be younger-looking with Palmolive soap facials."

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TIME OUT OF YESTERDAY

Continued from page 77

and physical courage, she moved through the ceremonies with ease and dignity, in spite of newsreel cameras and microphones that filled the courtyard, the flashbulbs that popped incessantly.

Then, with a discreet escort of Secret Service men, Burt accompanied the President on a tour of the plant, and Sheila, walking with them, almost forgot her own pain in admiration of Roosevelt's stamina.

When the President shook her hand at the gate, saying goodbye, she noticed the beads of sweat glistening on his forehead and saw the controlled grimace as he swung himself on powerful arms from the chair he had been using, to the rear seat of his limousine.

He grinned broadly to the assembled employees and gave a jaunty salute as the car rolled out to the road.

I'll remember this all my life, Sheila thought. And every time I do, I'll feel this pride and awe, and the same almost physical pain.

She went back through the courtyard, past the camera crews packing up equipment, past the trucks and lights, into the quiet of the laboratory. The congratulations of fellow workers followed her, expressions of warmth that couldn't reach her, although she smiled in reply.

In her office she began mechanically to empty her desk, retaining only what she needed to finish out the one week she still owed to a job that had become almost a way of life. She'd have no difficulty getting another job, she knew; too many exciting offers had been made to her in the past years for her to worry about that.

But in a few minutes she would have to see people at Comstock about research projects nearly completed, or just begun; responsibilities to relegate.

Meanwhile, she had a few quiet moments to herself, and she put her forehead in her hands and turned her bridled thoughts free. It was too orderly a life I had, she thought — too narrow, too cautious. Maybe there were no upsets, but there were no surprises, either.

Burt came into my world like a broom, sweeping out the corners, upsetting the little rigid patterns, letting in light and air and warmth. Now I'll never be satisfied again to retire to that narrow existence. I'll always be seeking new challenges, new experiences, new accomplishments.

Sheila sat at her desk, her heart quiet, and her soul burned clean. A peace that was almost palpable possessed her.

"And I never saw him again," she said softly.

Characteristically, she could sit idle no longer. She went inside, shivering a little in the cool shade, and moved restlessly about the rooms.

She peeled a hard-boiled egg and ate it sometime in early afternoon, and when she had finished it she took a cup of bouillon into the living-room and turned the television on. There was a special—a filmed documentary on the life of Burton Harvey Comstock.

Sheila sat on the sofa and watched it all unfold again before her eyes: Burt with his brothers outside their first small plant; Burt adding the plant she had worked for to his holdings, Mary holding a pony cart with three young boys sitting in it. And then the presentation of the citation in the courtyard of the New Jersey plant, Roosevelt's

dynamic words, commanding presence, and herself — a young and beautiful woman looking at Burt with a brilliant smile and stricken eyes.

More film clips: Burt's appointment as ambassador to an Eastern European country struggling vainly to remain out of the Soviet camp; then post-war triumphs; then Mary again with the twin daughters born after her return from the Western sanatorium—children she had borne in her forty-fourth year.

It all passed like the turning of a kaleidoscope, patterns neatly and attractively presented, a picture of a life wrapped in a neat package and unemotionally displayed.

But how the vitality of the man came through! Even in the later segments, as he approached his seventieth birthday, there was a hardness, a peculiarly male quality that mocked his white hair and the deep lines in his face. Once a recent picture of Abe appeared, bald and stooped, with his wonderful, sensitive face and piercing eyes, looking like a benign and beloved gnome. How she missed him, even now!

But years, work, and five children had moved Abe and Blanche into another world that rarely touched hers. She had seen them only twice in ten years, and their contentment had been disquieting to her own dormant discontent.

At last the television special was over: the tributes, the impressive recitation of accomplishments — the eulogy before the rites.

SHEILA took her cup to the kitchen and stood with her hands in the sink, conscious of the silence, thinking of the questions her mind was asking. Did we make the right choice? Do I have nothing, really? Have I been deceiving myself all this time? Should we have taken whatever we could, just to be together on any terms?

She shook her head as if to clear it of cobwebs. Once I knew for certain that we were right, she thought. Today, with Burt gone, I feel cheated. Jealously, she longed for the comfort of her former peace, hard-won and precious. In the shock of pain and recollection, it had fled.

Suddenly she realised that the doorbell was ringing for the second time, and she hurried to the door.

A uniformed messenger stood in the hall, hat in hand. "Miss Sheila Carrigan?"

"Yes."

"This is for you." He extended a white envelope, with a formal half-salute.

"Thank you," Sheila took it and closed the door, turning the envelope over and over in her hands.

"What on earth?" she said. She opened it then, and extracted several pages, closely covered with an unfamiliar writing.

There was no salutation. "It occurred to me," the letter began, "that by now you would have heard that Burt is dead, and that you are alone in your grief."

"As my children and friends gather to support and comfort me, my thoughts turn again and again to you, and I feel impelled to send you some comfort, if indeed I can, and my deep gratitude, which certainly you have earned, and should be made conscious of, now that his life is over."

"You are wondering whether Burt told me that you two were in love. No, he never talked of it, and seldom mentioned your name, except to explain when you left the company that such an excellent research sci-

tist had any number of choices of better jobs, and it shouldn't surprise us that you were moving on to a new company."

"But I knew all about you — your work, your intelligence, and beauty — through Abe."

"When Burt mentioned your resignation during a visit to the sanatorium in Phoenix, I was stunned and vastly relieved. You see, I had just spent four miserable days studying a newspaper picture of you two accepting a citation from the late President Roosevelt."

"Maybe no one else would have seen the truth, but I was in a peculiarly aware condition, and in your two faces, turned toward each other, I saw a vibrant union that terrified and defeated me, sick and helpless as I then was."

"What followed I find hard to believe, even now."

"I know you loved him, and he loved you. But, except for that one reference to your resignation, you never intruded between us again."

"Our lives went on as before, only richer, better. His tenderness toward me increased. Strengthened and encouraged by his affection, I gained steadily in my fight to regain my health."

"I had a great deal of time in which to puzzle over the situation, and I came to the conclusion that, together, you and Burt had chosen to preserve what had always been a good marriage, and that the effort of the difficult moral decision had somehow made him a stronger, wiser, more patient man."

"I wondered if it had left you stronger, too. Or, being a woman, had you been left desolate."

"Through the years that followed, I could not put you out of my mind, although I felt no fear or jealousy. There was no necessity for such feelings — no room for doubts or regrets. Our daughters came the very year I returned from Phoenix, and they were a consummate joy."

"In spite of his age, how Burt loved and enjoyed them!"

"I tell you all this because I feel you deserve consideration, with his family, on this day of shared grief."

"Perhaps, if I cannot lighten your grief, I can remove any latent doubts you may be entertaining about the wisdom of the choice you made."

"Because you made it, a family remained whole, sons flourished under their father's guidance and counsel, daughters grew in grace and beauty, their standards of ideal manhood very high, because they had their father as an example."

"All are making significant marks in our world today. They will raise sons and daughters to aim high, too."

"Somewhere along the way, human frailty being what it is, some will fail."

"But some will continue the struggle on the same high level, and you will have contributed to their triumphs, in generations to come."

"I have been a most fortunate woman."

"For your part in this life of challenge, and achievement, this is an appropriate day to convey my thanks, and my sympathy."

Mary Comstock. Sheila sat with the letter in her lap, unmoving, while twilight crept gradually into the room and the darkening sky opened to probing fingers of light reaching up from the city to pierce the night.

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Variations on a color theme

• Separates for summer (not for the girls this time, but for their escorts) are setting a trend for tailored and color co-ordinated wardrobes.

Teenagers WEEKLY

COLIN (standing, left) and Graeme, smartly dressed for leisure in co-ordinated sports coats, shirts, and trousers, greet their friends (seated from left) Yvonne, Fred, Pete, and Joy.



A NEW fabric, a spun-rayon-and-linen mixture which lends itself to the smart tailored treatment of summer leisure wear for men, is being used in a handsome series of co-ordinated garments.

Carefully styled separates make it possible for the young man about town to start with one sports coat and one pair of trousers in toning colors and patterns, and to add, as the occasion arises and his pocketbook allows, shirt, shorts, and jac shirt. He can then double up on any of these items in a co-ordinating color or pattern.

With only a little planning necessary he can wear anything he has with everything. And to top it all off his girlfriend will be envious, practically pea-green in fact, because the prices are so reasonable and the colors so attractive.

In the pictures on this page Peter Robinson, Graeme Thompson, and Fred Wieland, three of The Strangers, pop singer Colin Cook, and singing girls Joy

Lemmon and Yvonne Barrett, all from Melbourne, show how bright and breezy young men — and their girls — can look this summer. They posed for pictures at the Park Royal Motel, Parkville.

These clothes are from Stafford-Ellinson's McGregor Range available in leading stores in all States including Myers, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide; David Jones and Grace Bros., Sydney; Boan's, Perth; and Soundy's, Hobart.

Prices of individual garments are as follows: Sports coats, plain, £15. Sports coats, patterned, £16. Slacks, £6. Shorts, 80/. Swim shorts, 55/-. Jac shirts, 70/-.

— MARGARET BERKELEY



GRAEME (left) and Fred, pictured with Joy, show a version of the separate story for jac shirts and shorts for summer wear. Color pictures are by Les Gorrie.



COLIN (centre) and Peter model the easy-to-wear jac shirts. Yvonne shows that a jac shirt does something nice for a girl, too.

Are you a Funny Girl?

• I have been in despair for years because my looks have always been way out of style. But now I've discovered that I'm a Funny Girl.

THE title for this style is from the stage show of that name, which stars another Funny Girl, Barbra Streisand.

It is very easy to be a Funny Girl and they are very much in fashion at present.

Funny Girls revel in having things that other girls cry over (and even the Funny Girls do until they realise that they are assets!), such as crooked noses, straight eyebrows, uncurlly lashes, and thin legs.

Adding them up, I have millions of assets, so from now on it won't be hard for me to be a top-notch Funny Girl.

Barbra Streisand and Rita Tushingham are two. Audrey Hepburn could be a Funny Girl, but she IS beautiful and that isn't really an asset.

Things that look hideous on other girls become things of beauty on a Funny Girl.

Let's have a look at my qualifications for saying that I am a Funny Girl:

• My eyebrows: First-class Funny Girl material. They're too light and colorless and definitely do not arch magnificently as all the fashion books say they should.

• My eyes: Oh, joy! I'd be great if I had nothing to justify my claim but these. They are inches — literally — too small. This mightn't be too bad if they responded

to enlarging eye make-up. But they don't.

• My lashes: Dead straight and too short. They're not bad on the lower lid, but they're colorless and no amount of supposedly waterproof mascara will stay on them.

• My nose: I hate it, so the least said about it the better. It peels, it looks ghastly with powder on it, and it's awful!

• My mouth: Too little, too sensitive. Lipstick makes it look like I'm a little girl using Mother's lipply. And it cracks. And I've got no lip-line.

• My skin: Too pale, never bronzed, too delicate. Runs riot when it's wind-burnt, sun - burnt, moon - burnt,

touched, kissed. *Quelle mess!* • My figure: Not enough of it in the right places.

Think you've at last found the real YOU? Then come join me — let your peculiar looks have their way. Be your own particular brand of beautiful — be a Funny Girl.

The only trouble is that no one else has discovered that I am a Funny Girl.

Yet all Funny Girls have to keep on hoping. Hoping that one day someone will come along and will love them so-o-o much that they will not realise that they are plain and will kiss them on the nose (a big or a long or a crooked nose) and say, "Hiya, Funny Girl."

— "JAMESINA."



BARBRA STREISAND, Queen of Funny Girls, and the best example of how girls can turn their "liabilities" into "assets."

Hoodlums are not so tough

I WOULD like to ask readers why it is so many teenagers attempt to create an impression of toughness by becoming weak-willed, sheep-like followers or members of hoodlum gangs.

Although a small percentage of these hoods are as tough as they appear, the great majority of them put on a big show of toughness when they are with their friends, but at heart are really cowards.

These toughs do not seem to realise how stupid they look to the rest of the community. I think that the police should take more severe measures with these teenagers, and that much heavier fines should be imposed for the carrying of studded belts, bicycle chains, knives, and other weapons.—*Ian Richards, Renmark, S.A.*

Making gifts

STOP spending money this Christmas and make some of your gifts. One that will be much appreciated by older folk can be made as follows:

First salvage some of Mum's old plastic flowers, wash in warm water, and dry in the sun. Next find some silver and gold paint and old newspapers. Having collected these and a brush, paint the flowers. They can dry standing up in empty jars.

While waiting for them to dry, find an old vase, wash it, and when dry paint either gold or silver. When everything is dry, set the flowers in the vase (plasticine or dry beach sand can be used for a firm stand), and you have a masterpiece. Driftwood or painted dry fern or leaves can be added.—*G. Mitchell, Nundah, Qld.*

Help the young

COULD I make a plea for older people not to be so reluctant to help young people learn their jobs. They're always too busy and impatient to realise that under all our supposed flippancy we are quite nervous and are really very anxious to do the right thing.

If we make a suggestion we are often laughed at instead of being given an explanation as to why the

suggestion was wrong. In the end all our enthusiasm goes, and we are left feeling bored.—*Louise Paddison, Springwood, N.S.W.*

Poem for Mum

MOST parents appreciate it if their children give them a handmade gift, and from time to time there have been suggestions for various such items. But has anyone thought of writing a special poem for the occasion? For last Mother's Day I wrote my mother a poem, which she has treasured ever since, even though it was only of four lines. Writing special poems for parents shows just how much they mean to you.—*Christine Williams, Hawthorndene, S.A.*

Adult's answer

I FEEL I must answer the letter written by "Angry Teenager," who accused adults of lack of understanding.

The mother of a teenager, I was 16 years of age when World War II ended, I think it is the average teenager who does not understand adults.

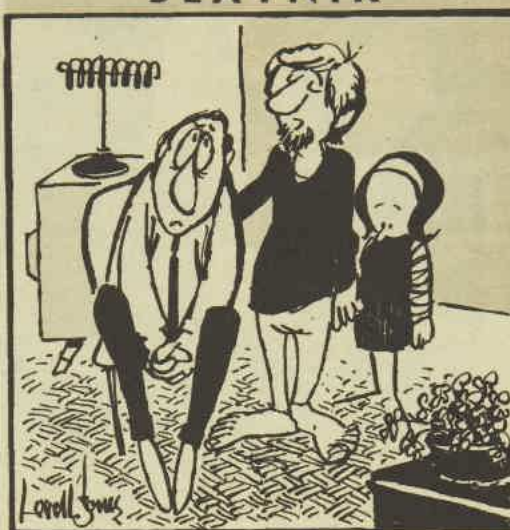
After all, in our teen years there WAS a world war being fought by our fathers, brothers, uncles, cousins, and neighbors. It was during our teen years that the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

We saw pictures and read the accounts of its horrible destruction. But never do I remember an attitude of "don't care" and of having nothing to live for.

It was a very war-laden atmosphere in which we grew up, and judging by our

own teen years today's teenagers "have it made."—*Mrs. L. Wilcox, Dee Why, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK



"Pop, let me have the car tonight and I'll tell Jenny's brother to sell you some shares in his record company."

own teen years today's teenagers "have it made."—*Mrs. L. Wilcox, Dee Why, N.S.W.*

Teen music

DURING a long discussion on teenagers with a group of adults, we came to the subject of radio. An alarming majority of the group dismissed the subject, saying that teenagers sit around all day and most of the night listening to dreadful, trashy, so-called music. Hearing such comments,

I realised that adults merely hear the shouting, screaming songs, and don't bother to listen to others, but label them all as trash. But an ever-increasing amount of songs today have important messages behind them.

Admittedly, many hit songs are complete nonsense, but there are those which are written aiming to teach teenagers about the world's affairs, of which most know very little.

Other songs are intended to make them think for

themselves, and not just follow the modern trends and fashions like blind fools.

I'm not trying to say that the teenagers are right and all the adults wrong. Most teenagers are far from perfect. But I'm trying to show that many people are judging them unfairly, and could try to see their points of view.—*P. A. Korner, Como, W.A.*

"Seventeen"

ONE ten and seven units, A mystic's combination! In years, it marks a turning point.

A child no more . . . And it breaks upon you Like a chilling draught, The realisation that The true unwinding Experience of maturity Has caught you up In its tangled threads.—*"XVII," Netherby, S.A.*

Army life

THERE are many who wait in fear and dread for the news whether they have been "captured" by the Army or are allowed to go free. Many youths who have been picked for National Service enter with downcast and gloomy faces.

Little do these boys realise that in the Army, apart from the strict discipline (which benefits and matures them), they will find

friendship, equality, and fun. So, come on, boys, make the best of it and cheer up. It can't be as bad as you think.—*A. Smith, Glenelg, S.A.*

Classic squares

HOW many readers condemn pianists who prefer playing Mozart and Beethoven as being squares? I play the piano, and by now, after over seven years of study, I have learnt not to mention that I play the piano to any new friend who does not share my interest.

I'm sure you know the reason why! "Oh, are you one of those types?" they say. This really makes me mad, but I know now how to joke about it until we are better friends. During a recent eisteddfod I was pleased to learn that many of my fellow competitors shared my feelings.

Who said that only squares play the classics, and only brainy boys and girls (who wear glasses) learn the piano?

In this eisteddfod there were about 15 boys out of 40 competitors. Although they did not qualify as proper mod types, they were all nicely dressed, and there were certainly five who were dressed really modernly—tight pants, jumpers, and mod shoes.

I feel that if those people who have opposing views were to attend an eisteddfod, they would surely come away showing more tolerance to us, and have changed their ideas.—*Anne Wharton, Castlecrag, N.S.W.*

THE WAR OF THE NOSES

ROUND ROBIN

● I see that an English cosmetician has some revolutionary ideas for the Army.

HE reckons soldiers' morale would be improved if they were able to use more comforts—and even fighting equipment—involving cosmetics.

"The days of just issuing a soldier with a cake of soap and a new razor blade with his pay, and leaving it at that, must go," he said.

He believes soldiers should be given hair cream, deodorants, best-quality soap, masculine perfumes.

"Many tough civilians use such things—and no one suggests they are cissies," he said.

The cosmetician also suggests that cosmetics similar to theatrical make-up should be used in battle instead of on-the-spot mud, etc. "It would be more efficient," he said.

This is an interesting new interpretation of the old military saying "Trust in God and keep your powder dry!"

Competition among firms to sell cosmetics to soldiers would be fierce.

Imagine a TV advertisement in which a tough sergeant orders a soldier out on a camouflaged night patrol.

"But, Sarge, I haven't any make-up on."

Sergeant: "You look lovely without any make-up."

Soldiers would be exhorted: "Don't let your hands say Kitchen Duty. Use Sudso."

All jokes aside, it is a very real problem—soldiers need such appearance aids.

I remember when I was in the Citizens Military Forces. My sergeant said to me one day: "Robin, I thought you told me you were in school cadets with Private Jones."

But he looks much younger than you do."

I could have died, because it was true. I asked Jones his secret.

"Simple," he said. "I was 15 in Fourth Year. You were 24!"

—Robin Adair

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

● The quickest way to keep your looks fresh and bright is to get back to basic beauty every now and again. Here's how:

Basic good looks

START the day with a glass of hot water to which you have added a dash of lemon juice, fresh or bottled. Follow with the juice of an orange.

During the day, drink plenty of water, hot or cold, but let the bedtime glass be piping hot.

Drink at least one glass of milk each day to help your hair and nails.

If a general pick-me-

up seems indicated, beg an iron tonic from your doctor, or do the job on your own by eating plenty of grapes, raisins, prunes, parsley, and all dark green vegetables.

Get plenty of sleep, aiming at eight hours each night, and, if you can manage it, continue the good work for two or three weeks for a real beauty boost.

Remember there's nothing like oxygen for putting color in the cheeks. Do some deep breathing night and morning before an open window and get all the fresh air you can.

You can stimulate the general circulation—and, incidentally, feel right at the top of your form—by applying friction to the whole body with a rough towel, body brush, or string glove—one of the best ways of getting an out-of-kilter skin blooming again.

Be sure to work from the extremities toward the heart, paying special attention to shoulders and back of the neck.

—CAROLYN EARLE

New Hair Beauty



BEAUTIFUL, silk-soft hair with the exquisite jewel-like translucence of amber or a precious stone, is reflected in your hair when shampooed with the modern "Peek-In" Glow shampoo by Delph.

● The first Australian girl chosen to sing at the Christmas Show in Vietnam, pretty teenage singing star Lynne Fletcher, will be billed as "the Sweetheart of the Australian troops."



LYNNE FLETCHER

FOR, with her typical girl-next-door looks and a sweet personality to match, Lynne was chosen because the organisers consider she typifies the young Australian soldier's "girl back home."

"I was very honored when they told me that," said Lynne. "I don't know if it's true, but I'll do my best to make the soldiers a little less homesick."

Lynne, 18, of Brisbane, has appeared on most television variety shows including "Bandstand," "Sing, Sing, Sing," and "The Don Lane Show," and she has made many interstate television, dance and club appearances and recently cut her first record.

Lynne's singing career began about two years ago when she decided she was tired of working as a receptionist.

Audition

"I'd always liked singing and would sing at home, just as other teenagers might read a book," she said. "I was quite shy but decided to audition for Johnny Marco, who was compering a teenage television show in Brisbane at the time."

She was very nervous when she discovered there were about 200 people in the audience.

"I sang 'I'll Step Down' and that's what I should have done—before I started," said Lynne. "I don't think I made any noise, or, if I did, it was just a little squeak."

But the producers thought Lynne would televise well and decided to try her on the show. She was a success and three months later, after matching by the producer, Nat Kipner, she became a regular on Queensland television.

About 18 months ago she

moved to Sydney to join the "Bandstand" family and has made many appearances on the show, as well as doing quite a lot of club and dance work and recently recording "You Say Pretty Words."

Lynne goes home to Brisbane to visit her parents about six times a year.

"We're a very close family and that's why my parents were so worried about my trip to Vietnam," said Lynne.

'Sweetheart of Aussie troops'

By
KERRY YATES

In fact, when Lynne was first chosen to appear in the Christmas Show her parents didn't want her to go.

"When I rang to ask permission they said no," said Lynne. "They thought it would be far too dangerous."

But when Lynne got off the telephone she thought about the trip all the afternoon and wrote lists of things for and against her going.

"I knew it would be a chance to do something really worth while. If my kid brother, Ian, 17, was there, I know what a big thrill it would be for him."

"Big break"

"Also, I knew it would be a big break for my career. For after the three weeks in Saigon we go on to the American bases in the Philippines and Hong Kong."

The points against the trip were that she'd miss Christmas with the family ("I've never been away from home at that time before") and

that she'd be worried about her mother being worried!

"I rang Dad back again, but he still said no," said Lynne. "Then, after I'd given up all hope, he rang back two days later and said if I really wanted to go I could."

"They've been really great about it — though Mum is crying already."

Lynne admits she hadn't really given a lot of thought to Vietnam until she sang at a Sydney club recently. After the show a group of young soldiers asked her if they could have an autographed picture.

"I was very tired so I just grabbed one photo out of my bag and wrote a message to them all together."

"But one of the boys looked so sad and said, 'Couldn't I have one for myself, please? We're going to Vietnam next week and we mightn't be back.'"

"That did it. I got out a pile of pictures and gave them each one with a special message. You never know, perhaps I'll meet them again when I'm up there."

One condition her parents made was that Lynne spend a week at home before she leaves Sydney.

Old songs

"It will give me a chance to make lots of new clothes, too," she said. "I'm taking pretty, feminine dresses because that's what boys seem to like best."

Her three-quarter-hour act will include lots of old songs.

"I know 'Waltzing Matilda' and 'On the Road to Gundagai' are far from the pops I usually sing, but I hear the boys just love them," said Lynne. "I'm also going to learn some well-known American songs for their troops, too."

"If it's possible, I'm going to visit the hospitals. I'd just love the chance to say Merry Christmas to all the fellows from the girls in Australia."

ROSEMARY, 15, IS 'STRUCK' ON MATCH LABELS

By Jayne O'Flahertie

● A schoolgirl recently proved herself a match for hundreds of the world's phillumenists — or matchbox label collectors.

FOR fifteen-year-old Rosemary Auchmuty, of Newcastle, N.S.W., won the 1965 Juniors' Cup, an annual competitive award made by the British Matchbox Label and Booklet Society.

A society of several thousand members, it has branches all over the world for matchbox label collectors.

"It was a terrific thrill," said Rosemary, who has collected 6000 labels during the past four years. "It was the first time that the cup has been won outside the United Kingdom."

The theme of the 1965 competition was "train spotting," and entries from all over the world were displayed at the Bonnington Hotel — known as the mecca for phillumenists — in London in October.

Rosemary chose as her topic "Trains in Overseas Countries," which took up six foolscap pages illustrated with maps and fifty of her matchbox labels relating to the theme.

Rosemary's father, who is Vice-Chancellor of the Newcastle University, first inspired her to start a matchbox collection.

"Whenever my father returned from an overseas trip he would bring back boxes of matches from the different cities he visited," said Rosemary. "I had so many of them I decided to think seriously about organising a collection."

Penfriends in Malaysia, India, U.S.A., England, Czechoslovakia, and New Zealand have also helped her.

"They are always on the lookout for new issues so I can keep up to date with my hobby," she said.

"Some of the labels I have, including ones from Germany and Sweden, are over 100 years old and are as valuable and rare as many stamps."

As well as this hobby Rosemary found time in between her Fourth-year studies this year at Newcastle Girls' High School for debating, art, and writing. But her best love is music.

She plays the guitar, clarinet, and the piano, likes classical music and jazz — and is a staunch Beatle fan.

When she leaves school Rosemary plans to do an Arts course at University with the aim of becoming a writer.



● Rosemary Auchmuty

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



WE'RE NOT GOING TO THE MOON. JUST TO THE MOUNTAINS FOR A WEEK.



LET'S GO, EVERYBODY.



HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE US TO GET TO THE MOUNTAINS, DADDY?



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Helping the troops

"WHAT, if anything, can an 18-year-old girl do to aid the war in Vietnam? I cannot go as a nurse as I have no training, and I am a prospective teacher. Only established entertainers get the opportunity of putting on shows out there, and I don't know whether I would be much good as an entertainer, although I have been told I can sing and I would give it a go. I'm at a loss to know what to do, either at home or in Vietnam, but I don't like sitting at home while the boys are out fighting for us."

"Kay," Vic.

There are many things you can do (from giving books and records to writing letters) and a commit-

tee has been formed to organise and co-ordinate the activities of all the people who want to help as you do. I suggest that you write to them for particulars of what kind of help would be most appreciated. Write to The Australian Overseas Forces Amenities and Entertainment Fund, c/- Anzac House, College Street, Sydney.

Nasty letters

"MY girlfriend and I always go for the same boys. At first the boys like us, but for some reason a few days later they hate us. We found out why. A girl in our class writes to them and says very nasty things about us. She does this to all the girls. Half the time she takes the boys away from us and they

begin to like her. She's done this 14 times so far this year."

"Angry," N.S.W.

Ignore the girl and her letters. The boys will soon realise they are being taken for a ride.

They're all hoods

"I AM 18 and considered very attractive. My problem is that boys are always asking me out. As our town is very small and the boys are hoodlums I always refuse. This has caused the local community to think I am stuck up. I have spoken to my parents about going to the city to work, but they won't allow me to leave. What do you think I should do?"

"Bewildered," N.S.W.

It seems incredible that every single boy is a hoodlum. Are you absolutely sure you aren't being a little too selective? However, you don't have to go out with any boy unless you like him and would like to go out with him. If you don't like them and this makes people think you are stuck up, you'll have to put up with it. When your parents consider you are old enough is time to think of moving to another town.

Like him, like him not

"THERE is a boy I like (at least I think I do) at school. One day I think I like him a lot, the next day I hate him and then I like him again. It's terribly frustrating. Could you please tell me if I do like him or I don't? Please don't think I'm fickle. Also, he looks at me all day and if I look at him he looks away. Do you think he likes me?"

"Mixup," Qld.

I think he likes you and that you like him.

Paying her way

"AS my boyfriend and I still go to school, we have agreed that I should pay my own way when we go out together, and I have always done so. During the holidays both of us are working, but he has told me that he still expects me to pay my own way, as he wants to buy a surfboard and other things. Do you think I am selfish to want him to pay now, or are my friends right when they say that he is the selfish one?"

"High Finance," Vic.

As you are both working I think you should go on sharing expenses. I can imagine how much being able to buy a surfboard means to him. However, it would be gentlemanly of him to offer to take you somewhere special once or twice and pay for it. This would be a fair solution.

She hates kissing

"HAVE you ever met a girl who hates kissing? I am 16 and I have been to several parties where they played 'Spin the Bottle.' Every time I had to kiss a boy I felt sick. I told myself it was only because I felt indifferent to the boy, but recently I attended a party and had to kiss a boy I liked very much. Now I feel I will NEVER like kissing. I wasn't repulsed by the kiss, but I did not enjoy it. How can I hide my feelings at these parties? I like parties, but can't get out of the games."

"Ugh," N.S.W.

When you are older and fall in love with someone you will enjoy kissing him. Many girls feel the way you do — that kissing is a very special thing, more than just a party game. As you all get older these games will be considered very childish, and no one will suggest playing them at parties. In the meantime, either just say you don't want to play or choose that time to go to the bathroom or to start to help getting supper ready or something. Don't feel you have to join in — in the long run you'll be respected for it.

Bring the flavour right out of its shell with ETA mayonnaise



No Summer fish dish is complete without ETA Mayonnaise

This bright new label makes ETA Mayonnaise as easy to see as it is to use. The new wide-mouth jar invites you to spoon its subtle, blended flavour straight on to salad; the embossed graduations actually help you measure out exactly enough ETA Mayonnaise to make an endless variety of delicious dressings and rich nourishing sauces for all kinds of dishes. Try this week's recipe then create others of your own, but be sure to use smooth ETA Mayonnaise for perfect results.

This week's recipe suggestion from ETA

VENETIAN SALAD (Serves four to six.)

Cucumber Dressing:

Peel and dice one green Cucumber. Add to boiling salted water, poach gently for five minutes. Drain, cool thoroughly; fold into 1 cup ETA Mayonnaise. Chill.

Salad: 1 cup Seafood (Tuna, Salmon, Prawns, etc.),

3 cups cold, boiled Rice, 1 cup mixed,

diced Celery, Radish, Peppers and Onion,

2 tablespoons finely chopped Parsley,

Lettuce, Water Cress, Tomato Wedges.

METHOD: Toss seafood, rice, diced salads

and parsley. Line platter with lettuce leaves,

mound seafood salad in centre. Mask

with Cucumber Dressing. Trim edge

with water cress and tomato

wedges.

Product of ETA Foods division of the Murriekville Holdings Group—an all-Australian Company.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

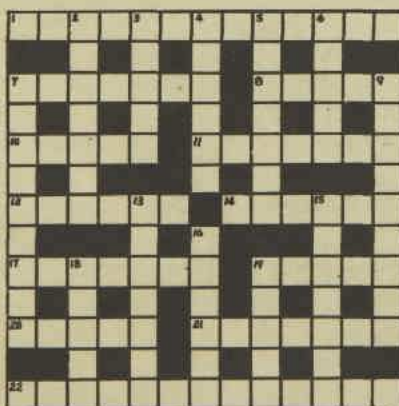
MANDRAKE is holidaying at his new home, Xanadu, when the police chief rings and asks if he can call. Mandrake agrees and brings him on a hair-raising trip. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Cup final (3, 3, 3, 4).
2. It conceals the real reason but it contains the actual words (7).
3. Abide and all is well at the end (5).
4. Cry as a sheep with the table (5).
5. Lays out money for profit in garments (7).
6. Nine to chant (6).
7. Island in the Baltic Sea at the mouth of the Oder (6).
8. Gymnastic performer with car and boat (7).
9. Residue of turpentine distillation kept in irons? (5).
10. Agave fibre (5).
11. Want of trust (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. An essential part of anything (7).
2. No heraldic green color is open to view (5).
3. A choice item (6).
4. Salad plants (7).
5. Son may be broken, but it covers me with prognostics (5).
6. Their place is behind bars (9).
7. Ultimo (4, 5).
8. Cloudy patches in the heavens produced by stars (7).
9. Appointment to a certain use (7).
10. Stretched out into a long line (6).
11. Stood up by taking the reins (5).
12. More prevalent in strife retortion (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3634.—Low-waisted, semi-fitted A-line sleeveless dress with front-panel pleat in skirt (purchased flower). Sleeve pattern also provided. Sizes: Young Jun., 30, 31, 33in.; Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

2256.—Shirt-dress with convertible collar, short-cuffed sleeves, and inverted front pleats in skirt. Sizes 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.

3363.—Blouson dress with slim skirt and bow trim at waistline join. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3157.—Pretty knee-length nightie with draw-string neckline. Sizes: Small (31-32in.), Medium (34-36in.), Large (38-40in.) bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

2341.—Boy's pyjamas with long sleeves, convertible collar and top-stitch trim. Tropical pyjamas also in pattern. Sizes 2 to 14 (21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

3125.—Girl's beachdress, front-buttoned, A-line, with matching scarf with bias tape ties. Sizes 7 to 14 (25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.A.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
ADDRESS _____		



CHRISTMAS GIFT PACKS IN '60's AND '100's

JOYEUX NOËL

KΑΛΑ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥΓΕΝΝΑ

FELICES PASCUAS

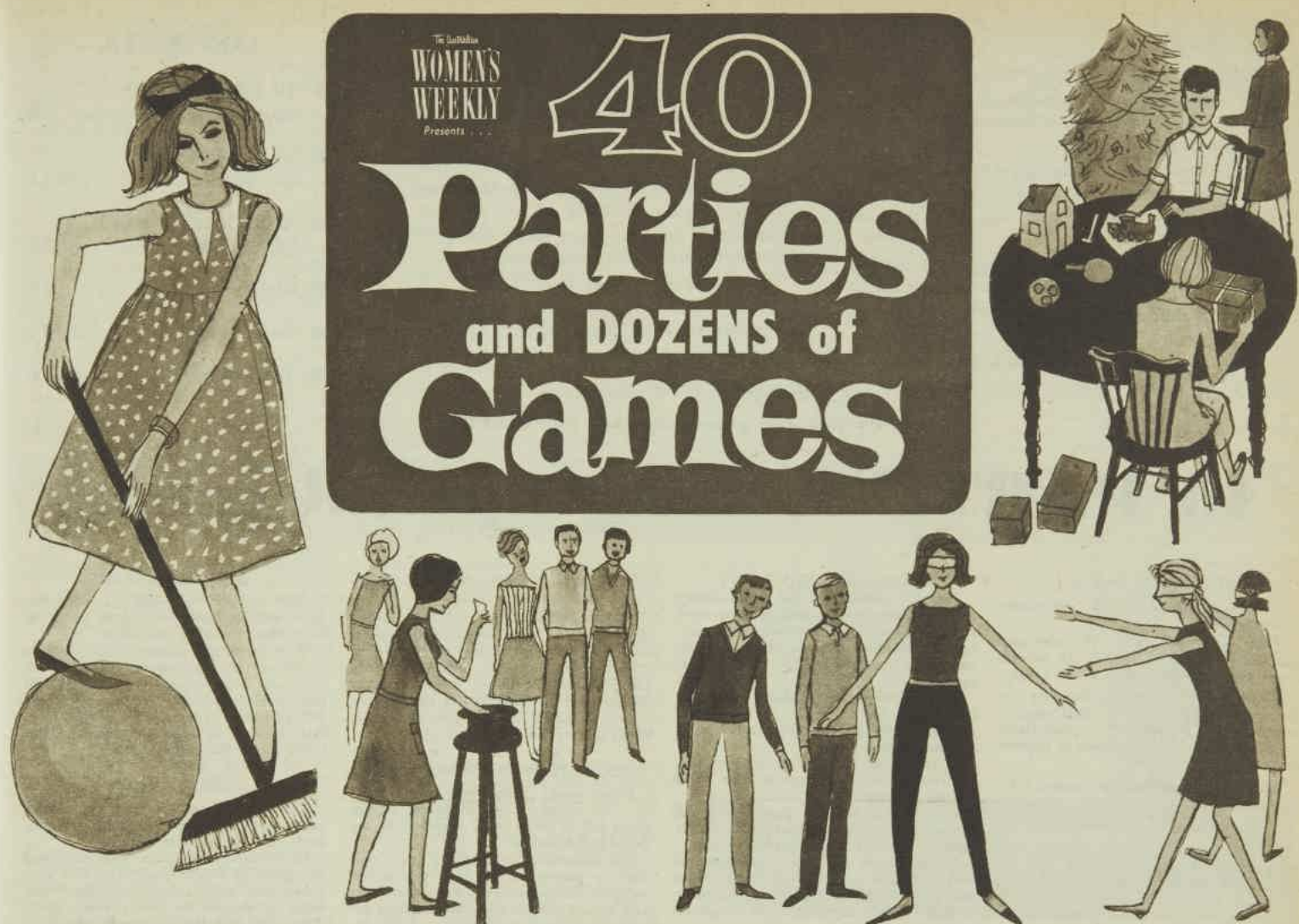
VROLIJK KERSTMIS

Buon Natale

FRÖHLICHE WEHNACHTEN

Merry Christmas

Wherever you go, all over the world, friends are saying Merry Christmas with **Peter Stuyvesant**, the international passport to smoking pleasure



THE AUTHOR . . .

THESE party ideas are from "The Seventeen Book of Etiquette and Entertaining,"* by Enid A. Haupt, Editor-in-Chief of "Seventeen," a famous American youth magazine.

As Editor-in-Chief of "Seventeen," Mrs. Haupt is in constant touch with teenagers, in person and through a heavy volume of mail that crosses her desk daily.

Mrs. Haupt also is author of a newspaper column, "Young Living," that is syndicated throughout America. This work gives her another wide teenage audience.

* Published by David McKay Company, Inc., New York

The thousands of inquiries on social, school, and psychological problems she receives — and answers — provide a "direct wire" to the dilemmas that confront youth.

Social and civic work, too, during many years have given her a deep understanding of changing times and their effect on the under-20s.

She says: "I believe in young people and sympathise with their hopes, dreams, and frustrations.

"I also have a very long memory."

Parties, says Mrs. Haupt, are important parts of the give-and-take of living, working, and playing.

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Parties and games sketches by MURPHY

40 PARTIES, many special games

AUDITIONS PARTY

Make your invitations like newspaper announcements:

"Joan — and Katie — announce that auditions will be held at 24 Nosuch Street, from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. on Friday.

"There will be ample opportunity for dancers (solo, couples, or groups), singers, musicians, puppeteers, magicians, comedians, actors and actresses to demonstrate their skills.

"Midnight supper will be provided by the sponsors.

"Please phone — for reservations."

The supper — served at 10 p.m., but everything is exaggerated a bit in the theatre!—might be spaghetti, hot French or Italian bread and salad, Welsh rarebit, or just sandwiches. Serve cheesecake for dessert.

SHARE-A-RECORD PARTY

Feel like dancing to Bob's and Susie's and Tony's records as well as your own? Give a share-a-record party and ask everyone to bring one or two of his current-and-choice—name-tagged to prevent mix-ups.

Cut invitations in the shape of records from thick black paper. In the centre of each place a bright red seal from a stationery store.

If your walls can take it, tape or tack up record jackets; otherwise, pin them on the draperies.

Make it a costume party, with all comers dressed as songs (next column). Or play the game of Who Am I?

Pin the name of a singer, composer, or instrumentalist to each guest's back. Make him guess his identity by asking questions of fellow guests, deciphering their mysterious answers.

COME-AS-YOUR-FAVORITE-SONG PARTY

Classics, old-timers, and the newest tunes on the hit parade are all good sources for costume ideas. Easy ones would be "Greensleeves," "Roses Are Red, My Love," which ought to be very pretty indeed with all those hearts and flowers.

A boy might be the gunslinger who killed Liberty Valance.

EXAM POST-MORTEM PARTY

Exams over? Toast your term papers . . . in effigy. Take advantage of the slight lull to invite other members of the Bored-of-Education.

For entertainment, spring a crazy quiz that's a parody of the ones you've just survived. Stack new records on the player and spread a table with the makings for heap-em-yourself sandwiches.

PANCAKE PARTY

Boys love to cook—and eat—pancakes. Have two or three frying-pans going, so more than one chef can work.

With bacon and sausages kept warm in a covered dish, a casserole of tomatoes, milk, and a trayful of syrup, honey, and jam (some people like to squeeze a lemon over pancakes), you have a delicious meal that couldn't be easier to make. (P.S.: Don't forget the kitchen clean-up.)

SWEET-16 PARTY

Turning 16 is so special it cal's for a party. Since presence demands presents, limit your list to close friends.

Invite them for coffee and cake and the game of Predictions. You and your guests each write a funny ten-years-from-today prediction for every other guest. Then you read the end results aloud.

SPOOK PARTY

Masks are a must, and the best kind for this party is the size of a pillowcase with slits cut for eyes, mouth, and breathing space.

A mask is very scary with no face marked on at all, very funny if you mark on one with felt-tipped ink pens, and very pretty if you add glitter for eyeshadow, upholstery fringe for eyelashes, sew on beads for earrings and a necklace.

Add a hank of thick black cotton rug yarn and you could be Cleopatra.

Have a cauldron of water bubbling in the fireplace, on a grill, or on the kitchen stove to cook frankfurts in, and let each guest spear his own with a long-handled fork or sharpened branch.

Relishes, hot-dog rolls, baked beans, and other yummys team with the witches' brew of cider or orange punch.

Ghost stories (if you're low on these, try the library), bobbing for apples carved with the initial of your true love's first name, and fortune-telling add to the fun.

If one of your friends has the gift of fast, comic patter, he might be the fortune-teller or you might write simple funny predictions in plain old milk on slips of paper and let each guest pass his slip over a candle flame to read the message.

Messages? "You will be asked to babysit next Thursday." "Riches await you." "You will own a basset-hound before you are 30." "There is a cloud in your life at present, but it has a silver lining." "Within seven years a sports car will be made with your initials on it." "You will get through high school by the time you are 25."

A good game to play is "Which Witch Is Which?" Hang a sheet across a doorway, allowing just enough room for feet and ankles to be seen. Each girl appears barefoot—one girl at a time. The one who keeps the boys guessing the longest is the winner.

★ ★ ★

AFTER-THE-GAME FEAST

What better way to celebrate victory (or forget defeat) than by having an after-game get-together in your kitchen? Set your "table" on the counter; serve quick-to-fix cocoa and cake; let guests start munching the minute they come.

SQUARE DANCE (OR ANY DANCE)

You might arrange to have this at school or in a church hall. If no one in your group knows how to "call," check your library for one of the excellent books on square dancing.

Have the girls bring box suppers, and follow the old tradition of having each boy pick out one of the boxes to find his supper mate.

Idea: Start a square-dance club to meet every second Friday night.

★ ★ ★

WRAP-A-PRESENT PARTY

Serve yourself a double dip of fun while you fill a Christmas stocking. Here's a gay holiday party to wrap up a season's worth of cheer for you and the children in your local hospital or children's home.

Ingredients are a few friends, reams of ribbon and wrapping paper, and presents, presents, presents!

Approach hospital authorities and tell them you would like to contribute some gifts for their children's Christmas.

They will tell you the types of toys needed. Biggest hits are inexpensive blocks, coloring books, oversized beads to string.

Pass the information on to your guests when you invite them and ask each to bring a few gifts to your wrap-a-present party. It's best to set a limit (10/- buys a lot) and let them see how good they are at bargain-hunting in stores or their own cupboards.

You supply the wrappings and food. Cocoa and cookies are good; the guests can nibble while they work.

For atmosphere, play carols on a phonograph.

Remember, children are more impressed by lots of crazy packages than by fancy bows. Wrapping a set of jacks? Tie each separately and string together.

Bundle lumpy things in colored tissue or crinkly kitchen foil; garnish with jingle bells or a lollipop.

Decorate flat packs with faces made of candy canes and peppermints. You'll have as much fun thinking up silly wraps as the youngsters will opening them.

APRIL FOOL PARTY

This is also called a Drawcab Ytrap, meaning a backward party.

Girls ask the boys to this one—and, with luck, you might even get some good-sport brothers to give the party and provide the food.

Until everyone arrives, have records of "Good Night, Ladies" and "Auf Wiedersehen" playing and everyone dancing.

Next the appetisers are served—and at an Ytrap party, they're dessert, of course.

If the brothers want advice about this course, suggest doughnuts split in two, filled with ice-cream and topped with fruit preserve.

While you're waiting for refreshments—the main course, really—you can go on with the dance, with the boys being the wall-weeds and the girls doing the cutting in.

Foolish but delicious main course: Fat sausages instead of frankfurts. Split each of them like a frankfurt bun and insert a third of a slice of bread.

Best place to serve these would be the kitchen. Eat the sausages with a fork, of course. At the end of the meal, serve little glasses of tomato juice.

LUNCH BEFORE THE GAME

What better way to put your crowd in a cheering mood than to serve a buffet lunch before you all go on to a sporting event? Handsome decor—pennants and club colors—is simple.

The food is easy to fix partially the night before, partially the day of the party.

And an all-in-line buffet table makes serving very easy, too. Guests can collect plates, forks, and napkins at one end; fill their plates; pick up glasses and begin eating without having to backtrack or wait for one another.

Don't plan to play games at this party (you won't have time).

★ ★ ★

COME-AS-YOUR-HERO (OR HEROINE) PARTY

This kind of costume party is one everyone enjoys, because it isn't hard to dream up the costumes.

Variations on the theme are Favorite Fictional Character or Favorite Comic Strip Character parties.



● Spook party



• Pyjama party

Page 4 — PARTIES AND GAMES

EAT YOUR WAY ROUND THE WORLD

Some people will go anywhere at the drop of a hat. Others go at the drop of a spoon (which means friends are coming, too!). How about you? Like to travel—in gay company, of course?

Then assemble your friends, choose your itinerary and go—around the world via a United Nations party! Your passport to fun? Exciting (yet easy-to-make) conversation-piece dishes.

Where would you like to travel? For a buffet party, with a guest list of six couples or so, we suggest a round-the-world tour.

Your route, starting with appetisers, might include, among others, England

and Sweden, then sunny Spain, perhaps Italy and Mexico, with stop-offs for salad and sweets in such faraway places as Indonesia and Rumania.

and Sweden, then sunny Spain, perhaps Italy and Mexico, with stop-offs for salad and sweets in such faraway places as Indonesia and Rumania.

This IS a cooks' (and diners') tour — and one which increases international understanding as it pleases the palate.

It's easy with recipes translated into simple terms. Special travellers' aids are canned foods—including Swedish meat balls, Scotch broth, ravioli, and beef stew—that need only a quick heating before serving time.

If there's someone artistic in your crowd (you?), make posters to hang round your party room by cutting out travel pictures and travel-ad headlines (like, "Getting there is half the fun") and pasting them together.

Other decorations: Flags; colorful foreign stamps to scatter on a crepe-paper tablecloth.

Start your party off with a scavenger

hunt. When you make up your "hunting" list, include each of the countries on your menu. Your list might read, for example, find something French, something English, something Russian. Some suggestions (for you, not for your guests!): The "something French" might be a poodle or a bottle of French perfume; the "something Russian" could be a Russian novel, such as "War and Peace"; the "something English," marmalade, perhaps.

There are times when you want to give parties for girls only. Here is an old favorite:

PYJAMA PARTY

This can be a very special kind of girl-fun. Start the evening with nibble food—

pretzels, potato chips, crackers (with a spicy dip), lots of ginger ale and fruit juice.

Just about the time you're down to salty crumbs in the pretzel bowl, someone's bound to ask, "Well, when do we eat?" That's your cue.

Bring out a pretty tray heaped with the makings of hearty Danish open-face sandwiches. Next serve a selection of fresh fruit, neatly trimmed, lightly sugared to bring out its juicy goodness.

Sound tempting? The best is yet to come—a spectacular chocolate pie with a savory biscuit crust and topped with toasted almonds.

For fun and games, get out your camera (with flash attachment) and keep it popping. If a tape recorder is available, have it on (but hidden) when the girls arrive. Later, play it back and let everyone hear herself as she really sounds.

You can shop for inexpensive favors, which you pick because of each girl's special foible (a toy football for a girl who worships a football hero, a toy watch for a girl who's always late), and have everyone guess which guest is described before she receives her gift.

You might tell fortunes with cards . . . and at bedtime, word games and ghost stories can spin out the fun a bit longer.

You also can make this a beauty party, where you set each other's hair, give facials, and experiment with make-up.

PARTIES FOR PLenty

On a lavish note—what about parties for plenty . . . crowd parties, such as your church youth group's, where you're asked to be in charge of food?

If you can cook for eight, you can cook for 80! But you must multiply both the food and the number of hands needed to help prepare and serve it.

And since it's usually a club or class party, use organisation to line everything up. Consult your home economics teacher for good simple menus and ask her help in locating good cookbooks.

Next, line up your refreshment committee. As to shopping, let each of your "chefs" be responsible for the necessary ingredients for her own particular specialty (and, remember, it's "cheaper by the dozen," so buy in quantity when you can save).

If you plan a meat dish, such as barbecued chicken (quick to do, filling and luscious to look at), assign three girls to prepare the birds and the barbecue sauce, one to take charge of a quantity salad, another to prepare a hot vegetable (a casserole would be better than a vegetable that must be cooked and served instantly), and three to prepare a dessert (such as pie, which can be done in quantity and not suffer).

Eight belles, and all's well!

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NEW YEAR PARTY

Welcome the New Year with a gala celebration for ten couples. For invitations, print the vital statistics (time, place, etc.) on narrow colored streamers. Roll each tightly, tuck deep inside a deflated balloon, place in envelope, and mail. Each person must blow up his balloon and break it to get at the invitation.

Have noisemakers and confetti on hand for the magic midnight hour! (It's the one time in the year that neighbors don't mind noise.) Serve some bubbling mock champagne earlier in the evening while guests compete in a party-hat-making contest.

Provide guests with crepe paper, feathers, pins, and tape. The couple creating the maddest hat wins a prize. Dancing rounds off the evening.

Here are two resolution games: First give each player paper and pencil so he can jot down a serious or humorous resolution for the New Year. Put all the slips of paper in a hat and, as the host or hostess reads them off one by one, let the others guess who wrote each one.

Second, give each guest a list of 15 letters of the alphabet. He must use these



• New Year Party

to write a resolution, beginning every word with one of the letters, in their given order. Allow 15 minutes for this.

Current Events is a good seasonal game, too: Ask each player to write a list of 10 important events that took place in the year just finished. The first completed entry wins. Let other players read items on their lists which don't duplicate the winning ones.

★ ★ ★

FAREWELL DINNER PARTY

Dressy clothes, soft candlelight, and a picture-pretty table are in order when you plan this sophisticated feast for someone departing.

Invite a few couples and ask them to bring inexpensive presents to heap for a centerpiece. (Your contribution could be a book of snapshots of the crowd.)

Happy chatter and a delicious dinner will keep everyone busy enough, but you might, for fun, play the game of Predictions.

Let each guest write a five-years-from-today prediction for every other guest—the more fantastic the better—and read it aloud.

Save these prophecies to see, later, how close they come to being true.

For sentiment's sake, capture the fun with your flash camera and send the snaps to the guest-of-honor when he's settled in the new surroundings.

★ ★ ★

GARAGE GAETIES

Fill the driveway with little tables and chairs, set up a soft-drink bar and turn your garage into a gay room for dancing.

The walls are no problem. Cover them with jackets of dance records secured by masking tape, or with travel posters.

The ceiling is easily decorated with crepe paper streamers or strings of Japanese lanterns. You will need to dust the garage floor with sand to blot up oil and grease spots, then sweep it clean.

If you can, cover it with an old rug or, better still, a sheet of linoleum. Put unusual candles on the tables.

BRING-A-STRANGER PARTY

Some day soon add new faces to your crowd with a Sunday open house to which each guest brings a friend unknown to most of the others.

Let a girl bring another girl, a boy bring another boy, if you like; just be sure to ask plenty of each!

Afraid people will be shy? Team charades, group singing, and occasional nibbling will keep them too busy.

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JAPANESE HIBACHI SUPPER

This can be indoors or outdoors, but you'll need something to cook on for each group of four—hibachi grill, charcoal grill, or any electric grill you can put a frying-pan on — or an electric pan.

Give each group (who, ideally, would be seated on cushions on the floor) the fixings for sukiyaki and directions for cooking this quick Japanese dish of vegetables and beef. Most cookbooks have the recipe.

If your library has a record-lending division, you might borrow Japanese records to play.

Appropriate favors for the girls would



• Bring-a-stranger

be Japanese fans or chrysanthemums, wired to combs, to tuck behind each ear.

Tea, rice, and rice cookies would round off the meal.

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FAMILY SUNDAY SPECIAL

A family that's nice enough to let you give a party deserves one of its own.

So why not turn the tables on your family and play hostess to them at a long, lazy Sunday breakfast?

Start with fruit-topped cereals; follow up with a main course that doesn't force you to do a vanishing act in the kitchen. (One good suggestion — waffles cooked at the table.)

Finishing touch: You do the dishes! For fun, vary your scene. If you eat weekday breakfasts in the kitchen or dining-room, move to the living-room on Sunday. Set your table in a sunny window; use a tea-cart to make serving easier.

PARTIES AND GAMES — Page 5

A NICE TREAT FOR ALL YOUR FAMILY



• Zodiac birthday tree

TOWN TREASURE TOUR

Plan a walking tour to notable spots in your town or suburb—not necessarily to the best-known ones.

The library, your history teacher, the local historical society or similar group can help you work out interesting places to see.

Send your groups off in small numbers, four at the most, each group starting at a different point of interest. You'll need to give each a map to follow or written directions.

Good souvenir: Paste the map and a page of information about the places on the tour inside a folder of colored paper.

Follow up the tour with the kind of lunch or supper that might have been served in the early days of the area.

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CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE

It's a breathlessly gay, frantically busy time when you shop for gifts, help decorate the house, trim the tree, wrap your presents. It's party time, too—but how can you fit in time for a party you give yourself?

Easy. Have an open house! Combine the fun of getting ready for Christmas with the warm, generous hospitality of the season.

Have a tree-trimming party or gift-wrapping party.

For invitations, send your guests shopping bags to carry their gifts and wrappings in; you provide plenty of scissors and sealing tape.

You can sing carols, dance, and play games at your open house.

You'll have time to enjoy your own party, too, because you serve delicious Christmas refreshments that take just a few precious holiday minutes to fix; cider, thick creamy eggnog, crackers and sharp cheese, coffee cake, light angel-food cake, cookies, stuffed dates, candies, nuts.

Just take all these elements, arrange them cosily around the glowing candles and evergreens on your buffet table, and gather around.

In this hospitable season, it's a good feeling to be able to say, "Come to my open house!"

FUN IN DIGGING UP YOUR AREA'S 'RICHES'

SWIMMING PARTY

If you're lucky enough to have a pool in the family's backyard — make it a pool-side picnic. If there's a public pool in the neighborhood, pool your resources and get in the swim! Of course, a picnic's a party anywhere — by a mountain lake — near a lazy rippling river — on a beach.

Choose an accommodating menu—one you can serve anywhere, hot or cold, any time — for lunch or dinner. A blessing in disguise is the kind of food you can make a day ahead, with no last-minute fuss on the morning of your party.

First, make a check-list of the things you'll need; you may have some of them, such as paper plates and napkins, in the house already. If you're picnicking away from home, include a vacuum flask — to keep punch icy cold — and insulated bags to keep perishables safe.

When you've finished your shopping, invite one or two of the girls on your guest list over for KP (that's Kitchen Party). You work together to get the food ready.

ZODIAC BIRTHDAY PARTY

It wouldn't be a party without ice-cream and a cake with candles (to wish on!), gay decorations, favors, and games.

But though the traditions of a happy birthday never change, the food—and fun—become more grown-up and sophisticated as you do.

Invite your guests for eight, the fashionable come-for-dessert hour. Serve a pretty pink birthday cake, pink punch.

For a surprise, design a Zodiac Tree centrepiece to bloom over your pink-is-for-girls paper tablecloth. The Zodiac Tree may be any sizable leafy potted plant, to the branches of which you can tie Fortune Apples—one for each guest.

Each "apple" is decorated with the appropriate sign of the Zodiac and the guest's name. A "fortune" is inside, an astrologist's view of your friend's personality, gleaned from the books on astrology you'll find in your public library.

The tree is simple to arrange; just shape tissue paper into ball-shaped forms, enclose the "fortune," and tie with ribbon at the top. Then tie the "apples" to the tree with ribbon.

The Zodiac Tree takes advance planning, but adds a delightful bit of table-talk your guests will love. After cake and sipping, clear the table for games—cards, or whatever is most popular with your crowd.

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WRITE YOUR OWN FORTUNE COOKIES

Type the fortunes on small slips of very thin paper, tuck them inside little turnovers made of packaged cookie dough.

To help you get started writing fortunes for your party, here are some suggestions: "Your secret ambition may soon be realised but don't trust all to luck." "An interesting stranger is coming into your life." "You will soon have humble honor of doing dishes." "Not all fortune good, cookie!" "Sudden wealth, not necessarily money, is headed your way." "Your heart line may soon become tangled, but there's a happy ending." "Some hidden capability is about to bring you good fortune." "Look for some unexpected money. You probably won't find it, but keep looking!" "What you have been wishing for lately will soon come to pass."

NOVEL DINNER'S CO-HOSTESSES

DINNER PARTY ON THE MOVE

Co-hostesses make a party more fun, less work. A wonderful way to keep a party going is to keep it going from place to place. Guests on the go never wonder, "What do we do next?" And a "progressive" dinner party gives not one but three hostesses a chance to shine, sharing the fun (and funds) of entertaining.



• Kriss Kringle party

Here's how this party works: The crowd gathers at one house for appetisers, moves to the next for a main course, has dessert at a third. Each hostess prepares her third of an easy dinner early enough to leave her free to join friends in trooping from house to house.

So that no girl pays more than another, expenses are totalled, then split three ways.

TASTE-TESTING PARTY

Serve miniature sandwiches — each with a numbered flag on a toothpick — made of different ingredients.

(Don't put in any unpalatable or otherwise foolish fillings.)

Let everyone try to guess which is which.

The guest who guesses most wins.

You can do the same with the drinks.

Since some fillings and fluids can be recognised easily by their looks, it's not a bad idea to blindfold testers.

Carry on the "test" theme in other sections of the party.

Make guests figure out what dance tunes are, who's playing and/or singing.

KRISS KRINGLE PARTY

This is the most satisfying kind of pre-Christmas get-together you could plan. It's the kind of party where everyone has fun by working—making or refurbishing toys for needy children.

Invite three couples (plus a co-host) to join you at your workshop one afternoon. Ask each guest to come armed with a hearty appetite and a toy or the makings of a toy.

When the last toy has been finished and the last morsel of food devoured, take the gifts to your favorite charity organisation for distribution.

NEWS PARTY

This is an interesting variation on the fancy dress party — with a built-in charade-type game.

Each guest has to arrive dressed — or carrying something — to represent a personality currently in the news.

For instance, a guest wearing tennis clothes and carrying a red cloth could represent a Spanish Davis Cup player.

The highlight of the party is an identification parade. Each guest makes a list of as many "news items" as he can pick.

The guest with the longest accurate list is the winner.

It is wise to appoint a judge of the costumes.

Except in obvious cases, each guest should bring along a newspaper cutting to justify his dressing-up.



Charity get-togethers

• Here's how to have fun and fill the till for school, church, or a charity.

Draft workers from your class, divide them into teams of four or six, and offer to rake leaves, mow lawns, and weed gardens for citizens of your community.

Charge a set fee and let it be known that proceeds earned will go into the fund.

Or start a community car-wash day.

Arrange for the use of a large public area, such as a municipal parking lot or a schoolyard, near an adequate water supply.

Set up an assembly line with separate teams to wash and rinse cars, sweep out interiors.

Auction off the services of eager volunteers at a simple record dance.

Sample: A "taxi ride" (in a wheelbarrow). Offer some silly, some practical services.

Charge one toy or a game as admission to a dance for the local children's home. Hold the dance in an un-

decorated hall to keep the expenses down; let records supply the music.

Let class cooks whip up a batch of their favorite cakes or confections to be sold at a public cake sale.

Wheel a convenient spot to set up your wares.

Earn money by selling typed copies of recipes.

Vary the usual bridge-party format with an all-games party. You set up chairs and tables for expected customers and supply the refreshments.

Let guests bring their own games and pay to play. Ask local merchants to donate door prizes.

Stage a gala carnival. Let school clubs compete in setting up novel booths and award a prize for the most original.

Darts, weight-guessing are old favorites. Try a funny portrait booth. Paint comic pictures (amusement-park style) for people to pose behind. Snap them with a picture-in-a-minute camera.

BOSTON TEA PARTY

A hop, snack, and open house: That's the party formula dreamed up by Boston, U.S., teens. It's a tea dance—with a difference.

The new time for dancing (to records) is four o'clock in the afternoon.

The day for a get-together is (surprise!) Sunday.

Even the menu is different (though tea still heads the list).

REFRESHMENTS

Hot Tea Iced Tea Punch
Cream Cheese and Date-Nut Bars
Ham-Asparagus Rolls
Chicken Sandwiches
Lobster Puffs
Pound Cake

If in any doubt about these, look up a cookbook.

Invite your friends—some old, some new—set up the buffet, put on some records, and dance.

Since all you need is stand-up room, you can invite as many people to a tea dance as you can comfortably squeeze into your room or budget.

Make arrangements for three of your very best friends to help the day of the party. Assemble the cutlery and china you will need. Bake the cake well in advance.

The day before the party, buy all necessary groceries, frost the cake, do advance preparation for the punch, and make the cream cheese and date-nut bars, and bake the shells for the lobster puffs.

The morning of the party you and your crew can follow the plan . . .

No. 1 Girl: Make creamed-lobster filling; refrigerate. Fill puffs, arrange on trays. Wrap and refrigerate.

No. 2 Girl: Make and wrap the sandwiches, place on tray, refrigerate.

The No. 3 Girl and You, the Hostess: Roll up the rugs for dancing and stack records. Set the table. A white or lace cloth is traditional; so are the flowers, candlesticks.

Just before the guests arrive, put the tea service at one end of the table, punch bowl and cups at the other.

The cake, with a server, should be in the centre; plates of sandwiches can be right in front.

Let guests help themselves or ask one of them to serve the punch and another to pass sandwiches.

When you serve hot tea, offer guests milk, wedges of lemon and sugar—in tiny cubes or granulated.

For fun, try cinnamon-stick stirrers. Whenever you serve iced tea, provide wedges of lemon or bottled lemon juice, superfine sugar.

A nice change is orange juice, fresh or concentrated, to sweeten and flavor.

★ ★ ★

IN-THE-PINK PARTY

First dress up your party place with an all-pink decor.

Plan a pink menu, and here's your cue for refreshments — treats that look

too pretty to eat but are too good to pass up.

Tickle pink your guests' appetites with rosy cupcakes . . . heaps of strawberry ice-cream, with strawberries as an accompaniment . . . cherry thumbprint macaroons . . . fancy, pink sandwiches, such as prawn-cucumber rounds . . . ruby-toned fruit jelly . . . a sparkling bowl of punch sparked with red food coloring.

Add an extra touch of rosy glow with a pair, or a row, of slender pink tapers arranged in your prettiest holders.

If your family has no pink or rose patterned crockery, an attractive effect can be obtained for the price of suitably colored paper plates.

For the dancing, add this special touch:

Make a little program for each guest, decorated with a tiny pink rosebud.

The program will provide everyone with a perfect memento of your pink party.

SWAGGIE PARTY

The boys should come dressed as typical Australian swagmen. Girls, borrow your brothers' old jeans and patch old checked shirts. Bring out your old sandshoes and make swaggies' hats to wear over plaited hair.

The party should start about 6 p.m. when it's still light enough to gather wood for the fire. For a roaring success with the firemaking, don't forget the matches and old newspapers, and *always build it in a properly made fireplace.*

If the party is to be held in a public park or bushland area, remember you must get permission from the local council to use the grounds and light the campfire.

Spin some records on a portable radio-gram while the fire is being built. The choice of records is important.

Bush ballads ("Waltzing Matilda" is a must) will be ideal.

Each guest should bring along a steak or whole fish to barbecue and the host can supply ingredients to make damper, pancakes, and billy tea.

NEW TEA DANCE IDEAS FROM AMERICA



• Boston tea party

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21 GAMES for any party

CHARADES

Divide your guests into two teams. Decide on a subject, such as book or movie titles, slogans, or proverbs.

The teams go into separate rooms, and all players help think up a title or phrase for each member of the opposing team. Write the selections on slips of paper.

All return to the same room. Each team's slips of paper are distributed to the opponents. Each player must individually act out in pantomime his phrase or title so that his own team can guess it.

Time each player. The team doing the fastest guessing job wins.

MAGIC CIRCLE

You need an accomplice to get this started. You announce that you're about to put on an amazing demonstration of telepathy or magic or what-have-you.

You say that you will create a magic spell and that whenever somebody feels he has it, too, he can take part in the demonstration.

Then you stand up in the centre of the room and go into an incantation something like this: "Around this room I weave a magic circle; don't anybody move until you feel the magic."

After a bit, someone is bound to say "What gives?" or something—at which point your accomplice will hop up and announce she "has the magic spell." Tell her to leave the room.

After she's gone, go over and shake hands with someone. Tell the guests that if she really has the magic, she'll be able to tell which person you shook hands with. Then call her back in—and she'll go unerringly to the person you shook hands with.

The trick, of course, is that you've agreed with her beforehand that you will

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OLD FAVORITES and NEWCOMERS

shake hands with the first person who says something after you've said the magic incantation.

Keep this up till some smart ones catch on and announce they have the magic feeling, too. Then let them test out their powers by going out of the room themselves.

Eventually everyone will get it, but you'll be amazed how long it takes some of the brightest people to figure this out.

★ ★ ★

BROOM DANCE

Divide the group into couples, but leave one volunteer without a partner. Instead, supply him with a broomstick.

When the music starts, everyone must dance, including the gallant lad with the broomstick.

The moment the music stops, he drops the broom and claims the nearest partner for the next dance.

Everyone must switch partners, and the guest who is left wins the broom. This goes on until everyone has had a chance to dance with everyone else.

Vary the length of the musical interlude so guests won't know when to expect the break, but give them a long enough time to get acquainted with each new partner.

BALLOON AND BROOM RELAY

This calls for two or more teams, with four to six players in each team. Your props are colored balloons—a different color for each group—and a broom for each team.

Give the first player on each side a broom and a balloon and stand by with extras in case of breakage.

The first person sweeps the balloon (or tries, anyway) to a goal line and back, then hands broom and balloon to the next in line and takes his or her place at the end of the row.

First team to finish the sweep wins—a toy broom for each member.

★ ★ ★

HOLD THAT BALL

To play, set goal lines about eight feet apart. Then line up in teams, with two or three couples in each team. The lead couples are given a small ball, which they must hold between their foreheads while running sideways from start to goal line and back again.

The only time they may touch the ball is when it falls (which is often).

It is then passed to the next couple—who start for the goal line, and, with luck, may get there to win the prize.



● Balloon-broom relay

'GHOSTS' FOR THE BLITHE SPIRITS

BIG NOISE

With about two feet of string, tie an inflated balloon to each girl's ankle.

Announce that a boy can cut in on a couple only after he has stepped on and broken the girl's balloon.

It is perfectly legal for a boy to try to protect his best girl from an approaching male by using some fancy footwork.

★ ★ ★

MATCH MATES

Get your party off on the right foot by mixing and matching couples from the very beginning.

Tear small sheets of heavy, colored paper into jagged pieces. Put half the pieces in one bowl and the other in another.

As guests enter, have each of them take (girls from one bowl, boys from the other) a card.

After everyone has arrived, each must look for the mate who has the matching half of his card. Couples stay together for the first game or dance.

This game can be varied to suit the season, the occasion. For example, at a Valentine party your cards could be broken hearts.

For a costume or personality party, write the names of the male and female members of famous couples on separate cards (Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet and Ophelia, Mickey Mouse and Minnie, etc.).

Each guest must find the other half of his famous pair.

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GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT

Boys circle the room one way, offering first their right then their left hands to girls as they approach, circling the room the other way.

Each starts dancing with the nearest partner when the music begins.

★ ★ ★

GHOSTS

The players are seated in an informal circle.

The first player calls the first letter of a word of more than two letters which he has in mind.

The second player thinks of a word beginning with that letter and adds the second letter.

The third player adds the third letter, and so on. Each player must be very careful that the letter he adds does not complete a word.

For example, the first player calls "T," the second "R," the third "O."

The fourth player, unable to think of any word but "Trot," is forced to add the "T" and complete the word. For this, he becomes a "half-ghost."

Anyone who speaks to a half-ghost becomes a half-ghost.

The next player then starts another word. Any player whose mistakes make him a half-ghost twice becomes a ghost. Anyone who speaks to a ghost becomes a ghost.

Ghosts are out of the game but still remain in the circle and attempt to draw the players into conversation with them.

A player must always have in mind a word of more than two letters when he

calls a letter. Frequently a player, in a tight spot and unable to think of a word from the letters passed on to him, will attempt to bluff and call a letter anyway.

Any player suspecting that this is the case may challenge the player to state the word he has in mind.

If he is unable to do so, he becomes a half-ghost; if he does name a legitimate word, the challenger becomes a half-ghost.

For example, let us suppose that the letters so far named are TRINIT.

The next player names the letter "A." One of the other players, who expected the player to add "Y" and complete the word "Trinity," suspects the player of bluffing and challenges him.

The player names the word "Trinitarian" and the challenger becomes a half-ghost.

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MAN HUNT

Let the girls be the aggressors with an all-out "man chase." Blindfold all the

girls, give them a twist or two just to confuse them, then turn them loose.

Their object is to catch a partner for dinner, the next dance or game.

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DOG SHOP

Write the names of breeds of dogs on as many cards as there are boy guests.

Make every boy draw a card from a hat on arrival. Then put all the boys in a pen at the end of the room.

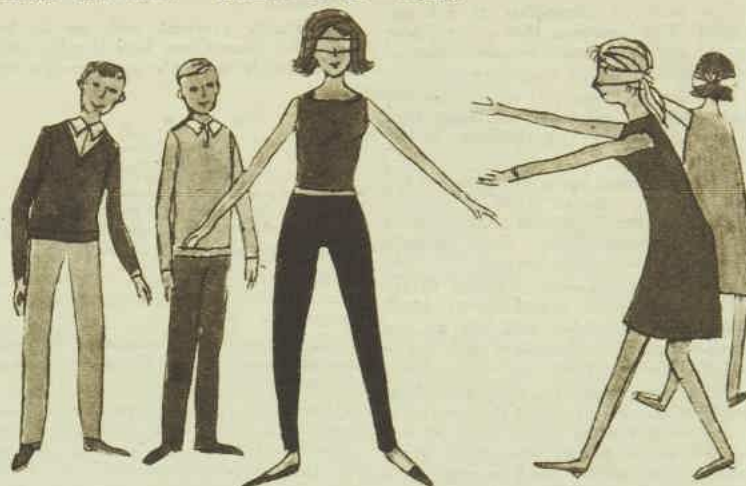
Make them sit on all fours and yap, growl, howl, bark, or bay, according to the type of dog they have drawn from the hat.

The girls must then go to the shop to buy a dog.

They must listen to the unholy row of yapping, snarling, baying, and decide from the noise what dog they want.

If one says, "I want a bulldog," she must take as partner the boy who drew the bulldog card, no matter how off beam he is in his idea of how a bulldog growls.

Very few get the dog they think they're buying.



● Man hunt

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LOLLY RELAY

For this each person gets a toothpick to hold in his teeth. A lolly with a hole is passed from toothpick to toothpick. This is particularly funny when a very tall boy stands next to a short girl.

FARMYARD

Divide guests into teams—one called Turkeys, the other Ducks.

Scatter dried peas and dried beans on the floor and give each turkey and each duck a straw.

By suction through the straws the turkeys must pick up beans, take them on the ends of the straws to a basin and drop them in, making turkey noises as each bean falls.

The ducks must pick up peas in the same manner, and drop them in another basin, saying "quack quack."

Allow five minutes. Then count the peas and beans in each basin.

If there are any beans in the pea basin, or vice versa, each counts two off that side's total.



• Cinderella dance

WHO AM I?

Pin the name of a famous personality on the back of each guest.

He must try to find out who he is by asking the other guests questions which can be answered "yes" or "no": "Am I dead?" "Am I an actor?" "Am I a political figure?"

PACK AND RUN

Prepare two weekend suitcases in advance. Cram them full of various things—anything that could possibly be draped or attached to a human frame.

Throw in everything from lace-fringed scarves to earrings—the more the better—but equalise the contents of the two bags.

Guests line up in two teams. The first person on each side picks up the bag, runs to a given destination, opens the bag and puts everything on, picks up the empty suitcase, and goes back to the starting point.

Then he takes off everything that was in the bag, hands the repacked bag to the next person in the team, and the performance is repeated.

The winners deserve more than a prize, but maybe they'll settle for a packet of safety-pins to help meet similar situations with greater aplomb.

APPLE-CHIN RELAY

Divide the guests into two opposing teams and get them to stand up in two lines. Now tuck an apple under the chin of the first person in each line.

He must turn to the next in line and, without using his hands, tuck the apple under that person's chin. If the apple is dropped, it goes back to the person who dropped it.

BUZZ

Your guests, seated in a circle, count off. The player who begins says 1, the player next to him says 2, the third player says 3, and so on around the circle, each player in turn calling out the next highest number, except when a 7 or any multiple of 7 comes up—and that is where the fun comes in.

No player may say 7 or a multiple of 7; instead he must say "buzz."

So counting would be like this: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, buzz, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, buzz, 15, 16, one buzz, 18, 19, 20, buzz, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, two buzz, buzz, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, buzz, 36, three buzz, etc.

The counting should be as rapid as possible, and anyone who fails to buzz at the right time is eliminated from the game or has a point charged against him.

The survivor or the one who has no points against him wins.

CINDERELLA DANCE

Have each girl drop one shoe in a big box. Shuffle the shoes and cover the box with a big sheet.

When the music starts, each boy must walk by the box, grab a shoe without looking, find the girl it belongs to, and claim her for his partner.

NECKTIE RACE

Make the boys take off coats and neckties and divide them into two teams.

Give the end boy of each line a necktie. He has to put it on, tie it, untie it, take it off and pass it to the next boy who repeats the process. Team to finish first wins.

BACK-TO-BACK RACE

Stand partners back to back. Tie their ankles loosely with strips of cloth and make them link their arms.

Line them up and set them to race (clear the furniture) to the end of the room and back. Thus each partner runs forwards and backwards in the course of the race.

The race causes hilarious fun as the back-to-back partners strive to co-ordinate their steps.

BEAT THE PAN

Bring out an old kitchen pan and a big wooden spoon. Send one player out of the room while the rest of you decide upon something for him to do when he comes back—pick up a certain magazine, turn off a lamp, kneel in the middle of the room, or what have you.

When he comes back in the room, he is "directed" by another player, who taps softly on the pan.

He taps more loudly when "it" gets nearer the object he's to touch. The tapping gets soft again if he moves away.

No words are allowed; but you'll be amazed at how much the pan can say in its own way.



• Lolly relay

SIT-DOWN AND ACTIVE GAMES

Q. There are always a few boys who manage to arrive half an hour ahead of the party. What can a hostess do with them? At our age they are staggered by this kind of mistake and they shrink into an embarrassed shell.

A. Early-comers do require special handling. The best technique is to put them to work (much more relaxing than a long chat with your father or little sister). If you plan to have dancing, save rolling up the rug for the strong-armed early-comers. Ask for advice: Get them to go through your records and help you select the evening's musical program. Important rule is to keep a boy busy; he'll forget to be self-conscious.

★ ★ ★

Q. How do I introduce strangers so there isn't that thud of silence following their names?

A. Some appropriate scene-setting remark can form the basis for a babble of conversation: "Mary, this is John Jones, who knows all about skiing—"

Q. Should I get a friend to answer the door so I can stay with the other guests?

A. Do whatever makes you feel most confident. The one who does handle the door — a brother, a sister, a friend — should direct the girls first, then the boys, to the places you've planned for them to leave their things. Usual greetings go something like this: "Hi, Mary! Hello, John. Good to see you! Mary, will you leave your things in Lucy's room—first on the left? John, let me put your coat here in the cupboard."

★ ★ ★

Q. Some girls have a talent for getting parties off the ground. Mine just don't seem to launch well. What am I doing wrong?

A. Possibly what's wrong is your thinking that you're doing something wrong. The hostess sets the mood of every party, so start yours enthusiastically—mostly by making every single guest feel that his (or her) arrival has made your life complete.



"To stop the boys huddling in the kitchen we put on no food — so they all went home!"

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ANSWERS to

Q. I find it's very hard to get one person introduced all around a group. Is there a trick?

A. Well—no. With luck and a small number of guests you may be able to command a moment's silence and proceed to introduce the group to a girl, or a boy to the group. (If the newcomer is a girl, you say, "This is John Jones . . . Edna Williams . . . Jerry Jackson . . ." And then, to the group, you say, "Mary Baxter." If it's a boy, you say to the group, "This is Gary Smith," and then you say to Gary, "Edna Williams . . . Jerry Jackson . . . John Jones.") But if you've got a large gay group chattering away, just introduce the newcomer to people in one corner.

★ ★ ★

'Flexible' hostess

Q. I plan my parties in detail, really organised; they're always fun, but somehow my plans get shelved halfway through the party. Should I try to be more in control?

A. Stay as you are—flexible. Party plans are primarily to get the social ball rolling. Once the party's in motion, you're quite right not to insist on following a rigid schedule. If you've planned games or dancing and everyone's having a great time telling anecdotes about what happened last term in maths class, don't break the spell. Just ponder happily about what fun your friends are. Spontaneity is one of the real pleasures of a party.

★ ★ ★

Q. What do I do about parents at my party?

A. Ask them to help greet your guests. Once everyone's arrived, they can—and probably will!—disappear to another part of the house.

Q. How can I avoid having a party wind up as a kissing session? My parents are furious when they find the lights low and a lot of smooching going on.

A. Food, dancing, food, cards, games, food, table tennis, food. Be sure not to start the romantic proceedings yourself. And do have some fast-paced or funny records on tap for emergencies. People get that springtime feeling to slow, dreamy music — never to one or more comedians or some novelty song.

★ ★ ★

Q. My best friend is a problem at parties; she just sits the party out in a corner, waiting for people to come and talk to her. I can't not invite her, but she never budges.

A. Actually it's part of your job as hostess to budge the shy ones. Draw her into a game that's being organised or get someone else to. Give her a job to do — greet people at the door, make the waffles — or, best of all, ask her to make a point of helping another shy person (preferably a boy) have a good time.

★ ★ ★

Q. My mother says a good hostess makes everybody feel at home. Please, how do I do it?

A. Mix, dance, talk with all your guests. If there's a boy who's too bashful to ask a girl to dance, ask him yourself — your privilege as the hostess! Get your date to dance with a girl who's miserably shy — and get your brother or someone to cut in. If a few couples seem determined to dance only with each other, arrange double cuts — or a circle switch of partners. (And, however much you prefer to cling to your best beau, you can't be that exclusive when you're the hostess — and, since he in a sense is the host, he can't, either.)

The Australian Women's Weekly — December 22, 1965

your party QUESTIONS

● Here are problems often faced by party-givers — and experts' solutions.

Q. I want to give a Valentine party but can't think of any boy to ask as my date. Should I give up the idea?

A. No, no, no. Ask your friends as individuals rather than as couples. This is a perfect way to get to know members of the opposite sex, who—as you know by now — are really very shy.

★ ★ ★

Q. The most embarrassing thing is to have a friend who wasn't invited call when we're having a party. (I have two sisters, so we can't invite all our friends every time.) My mother says I can't take time from the party for a long chat—but how do I cut the call short without letting my friend know she was left out?

A. It's part of growing up to understand you can't be asked to all parties (or all clubs, societies, committees, etc.), and if your friend hasn't learned this yet, she'll have to soon — or be an overly sensitive, unhappy grownup. But, to answer the immediate question, just say, "Oh, Mary, I so want to talk to you, but we have guests. May I call you tomorrow morning?" If Mary is ruffled or hurt because she wasn't asked, be as bland and noncommittal as you can. And ask her to the next party.

★ ★ ★

Q. How DO you handle crashers?

A. If they're friends and there's room, you might ask them in — obviously not to a sit-down dinner! Objectionable crashers are another matter, and that's when you need parents or an adult to help. They can ask the crashers — privately and one at a time — to leave. If it's not practical for them to join your party, just tell them the simple truth: "I couldn't be sorrier, but I can't ask you in because we already have quite a crowd. Next time!"

Q. It may sound foolish, but I honestly worry about what to do when there's one of those horrid lulls in conversation — especially when it's my party.

A. Keep some controversial topics of conversation in the back of your mind for such emergencies. Comment about a popular movie or song. Start a discussion about school or the real trouble with the school basketball team. Ask someone about a planned trip or an exciting part-time job. The point is not to do the talking yourself but to stimulate others to talk.

★ ★ ★

Is it proper?

Q. I would like to give a surprise birthday party for a boy. Is this proper? What should I do about presents? Most of the boys will give them to him anyway, but the girls wouldn't ordinarily. Should I say no presents on the invitation — or say 2/- funny presents only — or get one myself and have everyone sign the card?

A. Your idea is very proper indeed — and a wonderful way for a girl to "treat" a boy! About presents — the funny, inexpensive ones are always fun. If you think your friends would want to give the boy something grander, perhaps solve the problem by collecting a small sum from each person and buying the birthday boy something you know he wants.

★ ★ ★

Q. At a party, when the boys huddle together by themselves, is it all right for a girl to go over and talk to a boy she likes?

A. Yes—but make it casual by asking another girl or two to go with you. That way, the other boys won't find a splendid opportunity to tease the one you like.

Q. If you're having entertainment at a party, when do you have it?

A. If you're having a dinner party, the planned entertainment should take place after dinner. If it's an evening party with the food last (sandwiches, cake, coffee), you'd have the entertainment first.

★ ★ ★

Q. How do I go about getting guests to go in to dinner or refreshments?

A. If there are boys present, the best way is to flatten yourself against the wall to avoid the stampede once they hear there's food. Usually you just say something like "Supper's ready. Let's go in, shall we?" If your party is a large one, ask a few friends to help you circulate the word that the food is ready.

★ ★ ★

Q. Our house just doesn't have enough chairs, and my sister and I long to have a big party. Should we ask our parents to rent folding chairs?

A. Unless you really need them for a sit-down meal at many tables — or you're planning a colossal game of musical chairs — don't spend your money hiring chairs. Most young people really prefer sitting on the floor.

★ ★ ★

Q. Help! I can't seem to get my parties to end — and this is bad news for me with my parents and for my friends with theirs.

A. Success is not always sweet! Your best bet is to arrange with a few friends to enforce the curfew by gathering up coats and saying, "Everyone, come; you can't party for ever." Other aids: Play a record such as "Good Night, Irene"; turn the lamps on full and dispense with the mood lighting. If all fails, get your parents to come in to say good night.



"Well, MY father won't mind going out tonight, so we can have the party here!"

- Ask only as many people as you can entertain comfortably in your house, kitchen, garden, or wherever the party is to be.

ASK only as many people as you can afford to entertain.

You can invite people any way you choose — with a date, without a date — just so you have an idea of the prospective boy-girl ratio. (To be safe, you might ask one or two of the stag boys to bring a friend. Just a few, though; a wealth of boys is not necessarily a blessing, since boys tend to herd.)

You can invite girls to come by themselves — or arrange for boys on your list to call for them and take them home.

You can invite girls only — and ask each to bring her own beau. (Unless your party is very casual, it's a nice idea to confirm the invitation by sending a card or note directly to the boy, too.)

Invite your guests ten days or two weeks before the date of your party.

To prevent hurt feelings, avoid talking about your party in front of those who are not invited. Above all — even if you've been trying to catch up with her for days — never, never ask Sally to a party in front of someone you're not planning to ask.

(Above all, take care not to talk about Sally's party in front of anyone else, unless you're sure that person's been asked, too.)

Plan your party so you can be one of those confident hostesses who have as much fun as the guests. Your menu should be the kind that's either fixed before the party or cooked with the guests watching and helping (waffles, hot dogs, hamburgers).

New recipes, difficult recipes should be tried in advance.

A check list is a soothing bit of organisation. Here's a sample:

For a buffet dinner before a dance (for 12) . . .

Plan—to save time, trouble

Menu

Swedish meat balls
Noodles baked in sour cream
Tossed salad
Hot croissants
Mixed fresh fruit
Squares of frosted cake
Milk
Coffee

China

12 dinner plates
12 dessert dishes
12 glasses for milk
12 coffee cups and saucers

Silver

12 dinner forks
12 dessertspoons
Sugar tongs
12 spoons for coffee
Serving spoons, forks — four sets

Decorations

Flowers for dining table
Flowers for the living-room

Serving things needed

Large casserole
Large baking-serving dish
Large salad bowl (or two?)

Serving dish with napkin
Glass (or silver) bowl that can go in refrigerator to chill
Cake plate with doily
Large jug, for milk
Coffee pot, cream jug, sugar bowl

Linen

Tablecloth
12 napkins

Wraps

Girls' in my room
Boys' in hall closet — six hangers available?
Hand towels
New cake of soap
Cleansing tissue
Safety-pins and bobby-pins

Once it is planned, get your party prepared as early as you can.

Food and flowers can be bought the day before; food can be cooked or partly cooked in the morning; the table can be set as soon as your family is willing — all with the idea of giving you time to bathe, dress, even nap.

One of a hostess's pleasures — if she's has planned right — is the leisurely inspection tour of the food, the table, all the little details before the first guest arrives.

MANY WAYS TO GIVE INVITATIONS

THERE are about as many ways to invite people to a party as there are kinds of parties.

You may give your invitations in person, by telephone, by writing little notes, by sending cards you either make or buy. If you have folded visiting cards, called "informals," you may use them.

When you ask anyone in person or by telephone, it's a good idea to follow up the invitation with a reminder.

Information

The important thing is to include all the information in your invitation — the date, the time to come and your name and address.

Give extra information, such as "Sweet Sixteen Party for Marilyn Baxter" or "Buffet dinner before the dance."

Also other information on what to wear—"blue jeans," "black tie," "bring your bathing-suit."

Put "R.S.V.P." and your telephone number, to make answering your invitation easier.

Or simply include in your message, "We'll be counting on you; let me know if you can't come."

"R.S.V.P.," by the way, stands for "*Repondez, s'il vous plait*" — French for "Please answer."

ON NEXT PAGE: HOW TO SET A TABLE, PLACE THE GUESTS, AND SERVE THE FOOD.

Formal tables

● Of course you're a good cook (or an expert with frozen prepared foods!), but a point for any hostess to remember is that even indifferent food tastes better served attractively — and delicious food is superb in a pretty setting.

IF you think of each table you set as a picture, the result will probably be more imaginative.

Any table needs balance — balance of plain and patterned silver, china, and linens; balance of bright and soft colors; balance of textures; balance of excitement and serenity; even balance of different periods of design.

Color is your friend or foe, depending on how you use it. Too many colors are confusing; too few are dull.

If your china has a colored pattern, play up the colors in linens and centrepiece.

A plate with a design in gold, rust, and green would be delightful on an olive cloth with gold napkins — with a centrepiece of gold and orange pompons and marigolds.

Break a rule

Supposedly, pale colors are more formal, but that's a rule to be broken.

A rich red cloth and napkins with gold-rimmed china, cut crystal, and scrolled silver brims have as much elegance as a silver-grey cloth with rose-embroidered china and a centrepiece of pink roses and white freesia.

By varying the colors and textures in linens, you can make the same set of china, glass, and silver look formal or rather casual. As an example: Violet-patterned china on woven blue mats — informal; same china on a white lace cloth — very formal.

You have to strike a balance with the varying, though. A wild plaid cloth, per-

fect with contemporary white china, would be a miserable partner for the violet-patterned china even if the plaid were basically violet — just as the same cloth would be ideal for a barbecue and very much out of place for an engagement party.

A too-serene setting — one with everything so overmatched — is dull. A relatively simple pattern, if repeated throughout, can bore the eye.

You can add excitement by teaming plain plates with patterned bread and butters or by adding checked napkins to a solid cloth.

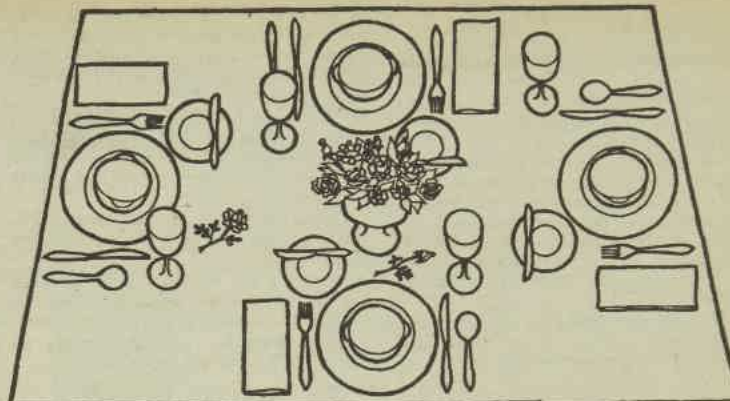
Too much excitement is equally bad. For example, one floral pattern is plenty; if china is flowered, simpler glass, linen, and silver are more attractive with it.

An all-one-period setting can be dull, too. Simple modern china might be much more interesting with gaily colored glasses — and classically patterned English china might be more interesting with stark contemporary glasses than with the traditional cut crystal.

All pieces should share the same degree of formality, though — no chunky mugs with fragile china.

Set your table for an informal sit-down meal as shown in sketch above right.

As you see, all the silver up to the dessert course is placed in the order it is used. If soup is to be served, soup cups and saucers are placed on the service plates and soup spoons are at the far right. If you plan to serve fruit instead, substitute teaspoons for the soup spoons.



At a more formal meal, eliminate the butter plates, and you might find it convenient to place the dessert silver as in lower sketch when the table is set for the first course (that small fork to the left is for seafood cocktail; as usual, silver is placed so you work from the outside in).

Here are some tips for the placement of various objects at a sit-down meal:

● When a roast is to be carved at the table, the carving set goes to the right of the carver, just above his place setting — the idea being that when the roast is brought in, all the implements will be to the right of the platter.

Spoon hints

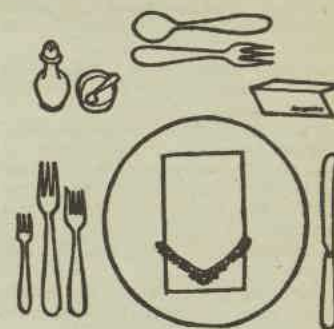
● Condiments are put on the table with their serving spoons to the right of them (or on their plates) rather than placed in the goodies.

The first person taking the condiment inserts the spoon.

If the spoon is relatively clean after use, it is returned to the plate; otherwise, it is returned to the condiment.

● Regular teaspoons do not go on the table except when they are used as substitutes for soup or dessertspoons.

When served with hot tea or coffee, teaspoons are placed on the saucers.



● Coffee cups appear on the table from the start at breakfast and sometimes at lunch.

At dinner they should stay out of the picture until dessert.

Small after-dinner cups normally appear only in the living-room, but, occasionally, if you are pressed for time, they are brought to the table.

● Placecards may be perched either on a folded napkin centred on the plate at each place or just above the place setting.

● Continued overleaf

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● From page 15

● Plate patterns and napkin monograms should go right side up when seen from the chair behind the place setting — in other words, no flowers or figures standing on their heads!

● In deciding what serving implements are needed, choose a fork and spoon, unless the food to be served can be managed easily with a spoon — peas, for example.

Incidentally — a soup or punch ladle is a big help in serving casseroles; most serving forks and spoons slither to the bottom of deep dishes.

● Mats or tray cloths go on trays only when a meal is to be served on the trays. They are not for iced drinks, coffee, or tea.

● Table "separates" are more interesting than peas-in-a-pod sets — but they should be harmonious rather than disorganised in effect.

And dinner plates should match, though butter or salad plates need not match dinner plates.

● At a sit-down dinner, people should be seated not too near and not too far. If eight or ten crowd your table, serve the meal buffet-style. And if four people are lost at a vast dining table, group them at one end.

Seat people so they are spaced boy, girl, boy, girl.

● The male guest-of-honor sits at the hostess's right, the female guest-of-honor at the host's right. All girls? Then the guest-of-honor sits at the hostess's right.

● Merry idea when you have a crowd for a sit-down dinner (say, Christmas) is to seat some at the dinner table, some at one or more card tables.

For dessert, have some of the card-table eaters change places with the dinner-table group.

This keeps the card-table guests from feeling left out, gets the tables cleared, and gives everyone a stretch.

● Centrepieces needn't always be flowers — figurines, antique bottles, a paper creation made for a special-occasion party are just as decorative.

Here is a simple way to serve a sit-down meal:

● Have your first course on the table when you bring in your guests. If you're having heated crackers to go with soup, have them at your right so you can start them around the table.

● When the first course is finished, remove the soup cup and saucer (or fruit dish) from the left, leaving the plates at each place. Carry out two cups and saucers at a time.

If you have five or more guests, plan for one of the girls to help carry out and serve dishes.

● Bring in the serving dishes that hold the main course and set them in front of your place (on mats to protect your table).

Then bring in the heated plates on which you'll serve the main course.

As you pass each filled plate to the girl who's helping you, she will — starting with the guest-of-honor — remove the place plate with her right hand and set the filled plate, which she holds in her left hand, in front of the guest.

If you have fewer than five guests, you simply pass the filled plates down the table; some helpful soul will make a collection of the place plates.

● After the main course, remove all the dishes, the salts and peppers, and all but the dessert silver.

(At a formal dinner with maid service the dessert plates would be brought in with a dessert fork and spoon placed in the centre of each plate, a finger-bowl partly filled with water on a small doily on the plate.)

Each guest removes the silver, places the fork on the left of the plate, and the spoon on the right; then the guest removes the bowl and doily and places them to the left of the dessert plate.)

● Then bring in the dessert. Serve the plate at your place and pass it to the guest-of-honor, who will trade plates with you. Fill that plate and have it passed down the table, saying, "This is for Joan ..."

● When you've finished dessert, you leave the dining-room and forget about clearing the table. If it's evening and you've used candles, ask someone to put them out — but you go with the guests and bring the coffee once they're settled.

A simpler way to serve a sit-down meal would be to omit the first course and the service plates.

Have a dish or small bowl of salad at the left of each place and the main-course serving dishes in front of your place, ready to be served when your guests are seated.

Fill your own plate and exchange for the plate of the person sitting at your right — and so on around the table, till all are served.

Forget the finger-bowls and, after clearing the first course, bring the dessert and stack of dessert plates to your place to serve.

Set your table for a buffet breakfast, lunch, or supper like this:

● Place everything so it's easily accessible to the guests as they go round the table helping themselves to china, silver, and food. Make the order progressive, so they won't have to backtrack or reach around the centrepiece.

● Be sure to give your arrangement plenty of "breathing room."

● Group like pieces neatly in units — plates, napkins, and silver together; hot dishes together; salad apart from these.

● Jugs of milk, ice-water, or punch (with glasses), hot drinks go at the end of the table.

Set your table as below.

SEATING GUESTS AT THE TABLE

● Cover the table with a cloth; but use no doilies or mats on the trays that hold the tea and coffee services.

● On the tea tray set a teapot, hot-water pot (on an alcohol warmer if you have one), tea-strainer in a little dish, sugar, cream, and a plate of thin lemon slices.

● On the coffee tray set the pot, more sugar, and cream.

● Arrange cups and saucers, spoons, napkins along the sides of the table, cookies and sandwiches in the centre. Some hostesses like to omit the saucers and place the cups on tea plates (salad plates, really).

